

## Wildcard

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## Summary

By the age of four, Theseus learns that you should always value life, for it can slip away at the most unexpected moments.

Now 16 and a vigilante, Tommy has to juggle running away from heroes while simultaneously helping innocents, trying to pay the bills, and eventually, when all options run out... He has to work for the heroes as a civilian.

Yeah, life might not be easy for him but with his two friends forged in fire, he might just make it work

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ALL CHARACTERS ARE JUST THEIR PERSONAS, NOT THE REAL PEOPLE

## Maybe we'll meet again, in another life.

### Chapter Summary

(Not everything is as it seems. You'd do well to remember that.)

Fire was everywhere. It swarmed higher and higher, the building had gone up completely in flames. The heroes coughed and sputtered, looking for any survivors. A small child with a white headband tied around his head was struggling to pull himself from under a stray piece of rubble, and Bad gasped. "Oh my m-muffin, Sappy, what are you doing here-" He pulled his child up with a worried expression. "What on earth are you here for."

"I-I saw some kids, papa. One was bleeding but here wasn't on fire. One of them said his name was um..." The seven year old tried to recall. "Theseus?" Sapnap shivered, tears dripping down his face. "Papa, I'm scared! I wanna go home!"

"Shh, hey, it's alright. We're gonna go home."

Booming laughter rang through the wreckage as a magma covered villain stood atop the destruction. "Tremble in fear, for Magmaman is here!" A jet of burning hot lava was sent their way, and Badboyhalo easily dodged, even with his son in his hands. He hissed angrily. "***How dare you-***"

He didn't see it coming.

The magma made a sharp 180 turn and splashed him hard. His clothes were thankfully fireproof, but-

Sapnap was being carried back in the lava-

His son was immune to fire, yes, but he was ***being fucking TAKEN-***

Bad sprinted and reached out for his little bundle of sunshine, praying to whatever power above that his baby boy would be ok.

In the end, he was found sobbing on the ground. Everyone had managed to escape, and his husband, Skeppy, had walked up from behind him. "Bad? Oh jeez, what's wrong?"

"They took Sappy." The words rung in his ears, as if confirming what he dreaded was true. "They took our baby."

A shout was heard in the distance. "Tubbo! Kid, where are you?" The ram hero, Jschlatt, was searching among the rubble, near frantic. Philza walked up to the panicked man. "Was Tubbo here?"

"Yeah! He was playing with these two kids when that asshole attacked, and now I can't..." He trailed off. "I can't find him."

"The same thing happened with me." Bad slowly made his way over to the two, Skeppy trailed behind him. "Sappy was here because he said he saw a bloodied up kid, and one other one. I'm

assuming that the other was Tubbo. As for where your son is now. Um." Bad looked away, unwilling to break the news. Skeppy, bless him, was the one to finish his love's sentence. "They took our son, they might've taken yours as well." Schlatt looked unbelieving, his frame shock slightly. "No, they... They couldn't have taken my boy, right?"

Silence was an oppressive blanket.

"R-Right?"

"I'm sorry, Schlatt."

The heroes silently mourned their missing children, and victory had never tasted so much like defeat.

"Hey, new kids. Wake up." Tubbo was shaken awake. "Wh...?"

"Oh hey, you're up." Tubbo blinked himself awake to meet eyes with a scraggly looking boy. It was the bloody boy he saw earlier. "Oh! Um, you are..." He trailed off, not knowing his friend's(?) name.

"Theseus. You're Tubbo?"

Tubbo nodded.

"And that's Snapnap?"

"Sapnap. But yeah. Where are we?"

"We're at the facility."

"Facility?" Tubbo got up and looked around. He was in a cell, it was dingy and slightly cold. Sapnap lied in the corner, still unconscious. "When are they gonna let us leave?"

Theseus let out a dark chuckle, brushing some of his long blonde hair out of his face. It looked knotted. "If you're lucky? They'll sell you. Maybe back to your families for a ransom."

"If we're not?"

"Then they'll kill you, or you'll be one of their newest experiments."

It was dead silent. Tubbo looked horrified. "Oh my god." His eyes darted around frantically. "W-We have to get out of here."

"Good luck. I thought I'd gotten out, but I was too hurt to carry on."

"If you..." Tubbo contemplated, eyebrows scrunched together in thought. "If you weren't hurt, do

you think you would've gotten out?"

"Yeah?"

"I know a lot of medical stuff." Tubbo looked at Theseus, determined. "Sapnap is good at fighting. Plus, you had gotten out before, hadn't you? That means that you're at least a little competent when it comes to fighting, as well as the layout of here."

Theseus looked shocked for a moment before a huge grin split across his face. "You know what? I think you may just be onto something, New kid."

Sapnap stirred, and Theseus nodded at his conscious cellmate. "I guess you can call me by my nickname then, although don't do it around the adults, k?"

"Ok."

"Call me Tommy."

"Nice to be working with you, Tommy."

"You as well, Tubbo."

Sapnap blinked his eyes open. "...Where are we?"

"So, what's the plan?" Sapnap looked between his new and old comrades. "We gotta have one if we're getting out of here."

Tommy sat down next to the other two. "I have a couple of ideas, here's my best one." He grinned a bit when he saw that the two were both looking at him intently. "So, we know that you-" he pointed at the black haired boy. "-are good at fighting, and you-" he pointed at the ram hybrid. "-are good at first aid. I'm good at fighting, but not any first aid, so Tubbo's gonna be a big help." The boy preened a bit at that. "My power is also going to be a main staple of this plan."

"What's it do?"

"I was getting to that." He pulled a pack of cards from seemingly nowhere. "My power is called wildcard. Each card of this deck has a different power on it, and whichever one I draw, I get for like, fourth minutes if I don't turn it off before. My wildcard always gives me a power that helps me achieve what I was going to use a power for. Sometimes I have to kinda guess though, like if I was drowning and did a pull and it gave me flying, I'd have to figure out how to solve the problem with flying. It never gives me something that won't solve the problem, thankfully. I just have to get creative sometimes." He grinned with the other two. "If I do a helpful pull, then we might be able to get out."

"That's super cool! Me and Sapnap have hybrid powers, he's half blaze and I'm a ram hybrid."

"Oh, cool." Tommy nodded. "So, here's the plan-"

Alarms blared through the facility. The researchers looked around, alarmed, and unknowing of what was happening.

*WARNING! SECURITY BREACH! WARNING! SECURITY BREACH!*

They ran to the control pannels to the head officer. "Officer, what's going on?!"

"Theseus, along with the two others that we got back today escaped again! Search the perimeters, and don't leave a single stone unturned! We need those kids alive."

"YES SIR!" They ran off, unknowingly ignoring the seven year old that was sneaking in and downloading their files.

A few minutes later, a small voice reached the officer's ears. "Excuse me, Mr?" His eyes diverted quickly, and Theseus was standing there in his hospital gown glory. "Sorry about this." He fell through the floor, and the officer suddenly smelled salt. His eyes opened, and he found himself in the pacific.

Tommy grabbed the USB before running off, his bare, calloused feet not making a sound on the polished linoleum. He mentally thanked his deck for giving him portals, and spoke into the walkie-talkie that he snatched from one of the wardens. "Guys, I got the files and am going to our meeting spot! Where are you?"

"We're in the med-bay! We've stocked up on stuff, but we locked the door and the scientists are almost in! We need a portal, now!"

"On it!" He envisioned his two partners in crime next to a swirling portal to the outside, but while he was trying, he bumped into someone amongst the chaos.

Magmaman stood there angrily. "C'mere, *runt!*"

Tommy turned and ran. "No, I don't think I will!"

Tubbo and Sappap stood outside, worriedly waiting for their blonde friend. "Do you think he got caught?"

"Nah, just give him a minute. He'll be out before you know it."

A purple swirling portal opened next to them, and lo and behold, Tommy hopped out of it. Tubbo cheered, and Sappap sighed in relief. "Oh god, we thought you were caught."

"Me? Tommy? Never. I'm too good to be caught."

Schlatt's son laughed. "But of course." Sapnap's tail wagged excitedly, and only then did Tommy notice the rest of his mutations. He had horns and pointed ears, as well as sharper canines and slight claws. It was pretty cool, but Tommy'd never admit it. As for Tubbo, he had slight horns and goat-slit eyes, along with a puffy tail and what looked to be hooves, although Tommy wasn't sure.

He huffed, and looked back at the now flaming facility. Second burning building of the day, anyone? The reality of their situation finally seeped in, and he let out an unbeliving laugh. "We did it."

"Heck yeah we did!" Sapnap cheered loudly this time, hopping a bit in the air. "We did it together, all three of us!"

Tubbo giggled. "I'm just glad we're all safe. Speaking of, does anyone have injuries that I should patch up? Dad showed me the ropes of first aid."

"I scraped one of my knees bad, but that's about it for me." The half-demon not looked at his comrade. "Anything for you?"

"I ran into that magma bastard, so a few burns, but not much else."

Tubbo nodded. "I should be able to patch those up. Sit down, let's talk about what happens now."

A few minutes later, and somber acceptance had seeped into the hybrid's faces. "So, we won't be able to go back? To our parents, I mean."

"Yeah." To his credit, Tommy looked both uncomfortable and regretful, do at least he wasn't enjoying it either. "There are too many bad guys on the hero's teams, and if we go now then they're sure to nab us again, and I assume security won't be so lax the third round."

The sound of cause ripping was the only sound as Tubbo tied off the bandaids. "That makes sense. So, what... What happens now? Where do we go from here?"

"I want to stick together." Came out of the dirty blonde's mouth before he could stop it. "You guys are strong, and I don't think we'll survive on our own anyways."

"He has a point." Sapnap nodded. "Plus, we're friends now! I'm not leaving either of you behind."

Rubbo's smile was small and shaky, but it slowly filled with determination for the second time that day. "Well then, I guess it's been decided."

"That doesn't mean we can't talk to them at all." When the two looked at him confused, he sighed. "Sit down, it's time for me to tell you about the wonderful world of vigilantes."

# The bittersweet release of forgetting

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap does something that he never wanted to do.

"Toms! Get ready, we're going out!" Tubbo's voice echoed throughout the apartment, and the echoed *ok, got it* was his response. The three boys had been living in the apartment for a while now, Sapnap and Tubbo both kept track of their ages and birthdays, so the three were all around fifteen and sixteen.

Ever since the boys were eight, they had lived in the same old place, living off of the kindness of the woman named Clementine. Tommy once told her that if he'd ever gotten a pet, he'd name it after her, to which she chuckled and smiled.

Clementine was a kind old woman.

Tommy didn't like talking to her.

"Tommy?"

"Coming!" Tommy raced down the steps, suited in his vigilante costume.

"Alright. Aries, Eudaemon, are you two ready?" Tommy looked at the two. Sapnap had his blaze powers at the ready, his hands and below the knees were disconnected from the rest of his body and floated above where they should've been, a homage to his blaze heritage. Two flaming horns sat atop his head and his eyes were a blank white, his costume was made mostly of a black, although some blue lines had been stitched in.

Those were homages to his parents.

Tubbo's costume was also completely black, a simple turtleneck, pants, and black gloves combo with tall combat boots to finish off the look with some silver minor accessories.

Tommy had the simplest costume out of the three, he was also decked out in full black with a red highlights on some places.

They put on their masks and jumped out the windows, ready to start the patrol.

"Ready as I'll ever be, Atlas."

"Get back here!" Willow, the mind control hero was chasing after them with a few other heroes trailing behind ever so slightly. The trio of boys sped past the buildings, huffing and laughing.

"No thanks!" Tommy leapt past a noodle shop. "Sorry big guy!"

Willow pulled down his own mask and let power flow into his words. "*Come here.*"

They stopped, fog overtaking their senses. Well, two of theirs, at least. Tommy pretended to go



slack and slowly shuffled over to the man, a glazed over look in his eyes. The hero grinned and sighed, clearly out of breath. "Fucking finally. If all I had to do was mind control you, I'd have done it years ago." A piglin hybrid and a bird hybrid rounded the corner. "Where are they?"

"The troublemakers are right here. Can't believe it took so long to catch these little upstarts."

"Yeah. Poor kids, though." Philza frowned. "I wonder why they did it." He reached out to slip the mask off of Tommy's face when-

-his hand was slapped away.

"Wh-"

"Sorry, but you can't catch us right now. If that happens, then everything we're working towards will topple, and we'll just be in danger again." He grabbed his friend's hands and sped off, mentally thanking Tubbo for creating speed-enhanced boots. Philza let go with a yelp, and Blade took no time in chasing after the two.

"C'mere."

"Shit-" Tommy surveyed his options. "Shit, shit, shit, what do I do?"

"What's happening?"

"Willow got you guys, now the Blade is coming after us!"

"*Shit!*"

"Yeah!"

Sapnap turned to Tommy. "I'm gonna fireball 'em!"

"Whatever, just don't kill him!"

"That I can do!" He turned and shot a few blasts to the hero hot on their trail. The smoke caused him to pause and cough, giving them enough time to make their getaway.

After a few moments, Tubbo wheezed. "T-That was..."

"Fucking terrifying?"

"Yes."

Sapnap straight up cackled. "It was fun though, no?"

"Oh, it was fun as hell to torment those old men." Tommy intercepted. "But we gotta get back to patrol. Maybe somewhere where there won't be those assholes?"

"Good idea."

Philza watched his son trudge back to the other heroes pissed. Bad and Skeppy ran to the other two. "What happened?"

"We found the trio again today. They managed to get out, but not without saying something... concerning."

Bad's dad instincts kicked in. "What happened? Are the boys in danger?"

"Not yet, apparently. Atlas said something about everything they're working towards would be falling, and that they'd be in danger again."

"Again?"

"I don't know." The winged hero looked at where the kids ran off, a regretful glint in his eye. "I wish I did."

He turned to his comrades. "Everyone, I want you to split up and look for the vigilantes!"

"Let's split, the heroes are probably searching for us right now."

"Good idea. Meet me back at home base in...." Tubbo pondered. "Does four hours seem good?"

"Perfect."

"Great. Eudae?"

"Good with me."

"Well then-" Tubbo smiled. "Get back home safe. Love you two."

"Love ya, bro!"

"...Love you. Bye, Aries!"

Tubbo nodded and took off. The two boys watched their brother figure hop away, and dashed the opposite ways.

Crime wasn't in just one spot, after all.

Sapnap leapt past buildings and laughed loudly. It was a great night, and he was just feelin' good. The wind on his hair, being able to use his blaze demon power to turn into this cool ass form, it was INCREDIBLY Gucci.

That is, until he saw them.

Skeppy and Bad were patrolling, presumably looking for him.

*Damnit, damnit, damnit, why them!? I don't wanna hurt my parents.*

He looked around desperately before climbing to a taller building. Would they be able to see him from here?

....Guess it was time to find out.

After a couple of minutes of nothing, he curled up, tucked his knees to his chest, and really *thought*.

When was the last time he had a conversation with them? When was the last time he was just able to talk to his dads without them trying to catch them?

Was he a bad son?

He curled up further and further, his head dropped down. The sounds of Skeppy's boots were far, but they were getting closer the more that the minutes ticked by.

He sat up and stretched, still in a bit of a headset when-

"Gotcha!"

-Bad grabbed him. He didn't even notice the man's stealthy footsteps. But since it was an accident, and Sapnap was still not shaken out of his mindset, he said something that he'd regret later.

"Papa, stop it-"

Everything went quiet. Everyone went quiet.

Bad looked horrified at himself, and yet hopeful that his little boy might just be alive. Skeppy looked like he was still trying to process the words.

"S-Sappy...?"

Sapnap, terrified at the prospect of being found out, broke out of his father's hold.

"Wait, Sappy, is that really you?" Bad looked so desperate for it to be his son, for even a sliver of a chance for him to be his baby boy-

Spanap teared up and held out his hands slowly. He didn't care anymore about finding out. It was just something he had to accept that they knew. Plus... Maybe he wanted his dads back, too. "I-It's me." His voice quivered. "Hi, papa."

Bad immediately engulfed him in a tight embrace, arms shaking and tears dripping down his cheeks. "O-Oh, oh my muffin, Sappy, I missed you so-"

"Sappy?" Skeppy joined in their embrace. He was laughing and crying, little hopeful laughs. It was nice. "Holy shit, Sap, we thought we'd lost you for good." Bad didn't bother correcting him, too held up in embracing his boy.

"I'm sorry...!" Sapnap held on tighter, because in the end... it didn't really matter how much he wanted his dad and his papa back. He'd get them back eventually, but now was quite possibly the worst time for them to find out.

The darts filled with what Tubbo had dubbed "brain-forgetty-juice" sat heavy in his pockets. Tommy and Tubbo were both paranoid about someone ever finding out, and then made those.

Sapnap soaked in the embrace, knowing that it wouldn't last.

Nothing good ever did.

So, as he reached into his pocket to fish out the syringes, he sniffled. He was crying for two different reasons now.

You see, Sapnap knew what he had to do, but didn't know if he had the strength to do it.

"Papa?"

"What's up, Sappy?"

"You aren't supposed to know that I'm... here?" He trailed off. "You aren't supposed to know that I'm around. Not yet."

"Eh?"

Sapnap sighed. "You aren't supposed to know that I'm alive yet, papa. You too, dad."

"What's that supposed to mean...?" Bad looked confused, and slightly hurt. "But Sappy... Why?"

"No one can know yet, papa. It puts me and my friends in too much danger."

Bad bristled, but not at his boy. "Who's endangering you?"

"You can't know that yet, papa. A lot of things are going to happen soon, and that's... That's when I can come home, alright? We can do stupid stuff that we missed out on." He let out a soft chuckle.

"Bake cakes, see crappy movies, talk about boys- uh, I'm gay by the way, but I don't think that's gonna be a problem with you for obvious reasons." Sapnap discreetly looked at his papa's husband.

"But papa, you can't know yet, and that makes me feel really bad for what I'm about to do."

"Do wha-" The syringe was jabbed into his neck, and he stumbled back. Skeppy reached out, only to be injected as well. Sapnap shook.

"S-Sappy...? Why?" Bad was crying again.

"Don't worry papa, it's not gonna hurt you, ok? You-" Sapnap's voice cracked. "You're gonna be fine, you just won't remember. It's too risky for you to know right now."

"Oh." Bad looked at his son, and gave him a weak smile. "I understand."

Sapnap's hand shook as he reached up and clamped down on the soft fabric of his mask. Bad gasped slightly as his mask was pulled down to show a quivering smile. "I'll come back, ok? This isn't a 'You can't know I'm your son ever,' it's a 'you can't know I'm your son yet'." Sapnap motioned his father to bend down, never quite getting over the fact that his papa was ten feet tall. When his forehead was in front of sapnap, he kissed it softly and hugged his father one more time. "I'm sorry it had to turn out this way."

"It's... Alright." Bad's eyes slowly fluttered shut. "When... When we meet again, and you're safe.... Can we... Do all those things?"

"That sounds great." Sapnap was crying harder. "That sounds great."

Bad smiled. "You promise, ya little muffin..?"

"I promise."

Bad shut his eyes and didn't open them, his voice a whisper from being dragged to sleep. "I love you, Sappy."

"Love you too, papa. To the moon and back."

Bad did not respond.

Sapnap lifted his mask back up and leapt away.

Crime... Crime wasn't in just one spot, after all.

(He felt regret settle heavy on his back.)

# Small trippable objects become public enemy number one

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap trips and falls Imao

Tubo tightened Tommy's tie. "God, I still can't believe we're doing this."

"It's the only way, Tubs." Sapnap was draped lazily over their ratty couch. "We're too tight on money, and all the other places rejected us."

"I know, but..." He sighed. "It's dangerous. Yes, if we do this right, then we'll get a lot of money from a constant source, but if it doesn't then everything comes crashing down." He rubbed his horns slightly, a nervous habit that stemmed from sleepless nights. "I can't get an in person job, Sap might risk getting recognised if the forget-juice didn't work. You're our last hope."

Tommy nodded. "I'll be safe, alright? We can get money and stop living in this one-room shitty apartment with cheap ramen and water collected in public drinking fountains." He tapped his finger to his mouth. "How about we get some nice takeout for dinner? To celebrate?"

"Are you sure we can afford that?"

"Aye, Big man, don't even worry about it." Tommy puffed out his chest. "We'll eat real good soon if I manage to land this job."

"...Well, yes, but-"

"Tubbo. I can do this. I am Tommy, I'm like..." He screwed up his face. "98% sure tthat nothing will go wrong. Maybe."

Tubbo shook his head. "You're crazy. But... I have faith." He grabbed his broken down laptop and tapped on it once more. "Alright, all I need now is a power, or a hybrid."

Tommy summoned his deck and laid it all out. Raising his hand, he swiped one.

... What?

Big fuzzy cat ears sprouted from his head, and a blonde tail lashed behind him. His teeth felt slightly sharper, and his hands had pads on them.

He looked down at his card in horror. The words *cat hybrid* with a paw picture stared back.

"Oh fuck this." Sapnap cackled like a madman. "Holy shit- you- you're a fucking catboy-"

"Oh, shut it Sap." Tubbo typed it in. "Won't it be hard to keep that up though? Didn't you say your power only works for like, thirty minutes?"

"That's when I purposefully cut the time. When I don't stop it, I think it can last up to about two to three days."

"Oh." Tubbo blinked. "Well then I guess we don't have to worry about that."

"Great. Am I all good to go?"

"Stop just brushing this off!" Tubbo hissed venomously. "This is big! Huge!"

"That's what she s-" Tommy wheezed as he was punched in the stomach.

The ram hybrid shook his head angrily. "Am I the only one taking this seriously!?"

"Now you're getting it."

"I-" Tubbo looked like he was having a particularly rough time. "-cannot believe you." Turning to his blonde friend, he hesitantly put a hand on his shoulder. "Text me when you get out or if anything went wrong."

"I know. I'm just risky, not stupid."

"...eh..." Tubbo shook his hand in a so-so sort of motion. "Whatever you say."

*"Tubbo!"*

A teen pretending to be a man sat in the office, waiting to be called up. Heroes milled through the headquarters, some going up and talking to potential employees while others sat back and silently watched. It was only slightly unnerving for the boy, because right now he was not Tommy or Theseus.

His name was Thomas Smith who was an eighteen year old half cat hybrid.

Yeah, this was going to be and Experience™.

Then someone approached him, and he immediately was Buckled and Ready to Go. It was the mind control hero, Whisper, civillain name Wilbur.

He was not at all Buckled and Ready to Go anymore.

"Hey there."

"Hello." They sat in awkward silence for a minute, both unused to talking to strangers. "So, what's your name?"

"I'm Thomas Smith. You're Whisper?"

"Sure am! Although I'm out of uniform right now, so call me Wilbur."

Holy shit. A top ranking hero just. Gave him. The ability to use. His real name. He nodded carefully. "Then I'd prefer if you call me Tommy, everyone uses it."

*Nice!*

Wilbur nodded, examining the boy. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"And you're looking for a high profile job like this?" Wilbur tilted his head. "Kinda odd for a kid your age."

"With all due respect, I really need the money, and all the other places I was able to interview at didn't like hybrids." Wilbur winced. "I see. Sorry to hear about that."

"It's fine, just gets annoying sometimes."

The hero looked at him appraisingly. "I hate to change the topic, but what's your opinion on vigilantes?" He had gotten the same answers from all the other people trying to cater by saying something along the lines of *oh, they're horrible! I hope you catch them soon!* And prepared to hear the same spiel-

"They're useful." He snapped out of it. "Doesn't mean they should be excused, but they're useful."

Wilbur grinned. "Is that your final answer?"

The strange kid nodded sharply. "Yes."

The brunette chuckled. "I'm sure you'll do great things here, kid."

"You mean..."

"Welcome to the team, Tommy! A pleasure having you here."

The boy's slit pupils dilated, and a smile grew on his face with teeth a bit too sharp. "A pleasure being here."

He opened a groupchat.

### **Idiot Squad**

Meow mix mascot: I did it lads

Also who the fuck changed my name

Fire pun: :)

Tuberculosis: I couldn't stop him

Not like I was going to in the first place, *Sapnap*

Fire pun: :(

Tuberculosis: suffer

BUT

TOMMY!!



Meow mix mascot: Tubbo

Fire pun: congrats dude

What was it like

Meow mix mascot: hell but with water coolers and the fucking Blade staring me down the entire time

Fire pun: yikes

Meow mix mascot: anyways

Whisper interviewed me

Tuberculosis: yikes

Meow mix mascot: yeah

He asked me what my opinion on vigilantes was

Tuberculosis: y i k e s

Meow mix mascot: I told him that they did some good shit

Tuberculosis: Y I K E S

Meow mix mascot: is there anything in your vocab other then yikes

Tuberculosis: look at my name that I gave myself from my own vocabulary

Fire pun: woah there Jamal no need to act a fool

Tuberculosis: woah there Jamal no need to act like you know what any words with more then three syllables mean

Fire pun:

Meow mix mascot: get bent you fucking walnut

*Meow mix mascot has changed fire pun's name to Court jester*

Meow mix mascot: do a little dance for us court jester

Court jester: sleep with one eye open Thomas Smith

Meow mix mascot: too late you can't threaten me anymore

You've lost all street cred

Court jester: shut up nerd

Meow mix mascot: BAHHAHAHA

That's your best response? Bitch

Court jester: I can and will eat your knees

Tuberculosis: everyone knows that Tommy traded his knees for ratty emo clothing on the streets eleven years ago

Court jester: BFVDJSVSJSSVS GET HIS ASS TUBBO

Meow mix: this implies that I was out on the streets when I was like three Tubbo wtf

Court jester: none of us know your super mysterious past bro

Bro tell us your tragic anime backstory

Meow mix mascot: it all started when I was born

Both my mother and father failed to show up

Court jester: lmao relatable my mother never showed up to my conception

Meow mix mascot: OK WE GET IT YOU WERE LAID IN AN EGG

By your weirdly tall dad who I don't even know how he laid an egg

Tuberculosis: this brings me to a terrifying conclusion if Badboyhalo laid you

Your other bio dad is uhh Skeppy right

Court jester: yeah?

Tuberculosis: eggs have to be fertilized sap

Court jester: ??????

Meow mix mascot: bad is a fucking bottom bro

Court jester: OH EW I DIDNT NEED TO KNOW THAT

how would that even work

Skeppy's like 2'2 and bad is over ten feet tall

Meow mix mascot: I don't wanna know the technicals of your old men having sex dude

Tuberculosis: I hate to be That Person but what if he's a switch???

Court jester: stop stop stop this is giving me Bad Mental Images

Meow mix mascot: suffer for us, court jester

Court jester: sobs loudly

Meow mix mascot: yes this is adequate

Tuberculosis: how did the convo go from Tommy getting a job to Sapnap's parents having gay sex

Meow mix mascot: I don't even know anymore but I think sapnap is actually crying so I'm not really complaining

Court jester: you just live to see me suffer

Meow mix mascot: yes

Tuberculosis: looks into the camera like in the office

This is my life

Meow mix mascot: you should be damn delighted you get to know us

Tuberculosis: knowing you is like knowing the sleep paralysis demon I have

I know you're there and you don't leave no matter how hard I try

Meow mix mascot: thanks bitch

Anyways I'm on my way home rn

Court jester: great

What are we eating tonight

Meow mix mascot: pizza, no questions

Tuberculosis: sigh

Court jester: PIZZA PIZZA PIZZA PIZZA PIZZA

Tuberculosis: I'm getting cheese

Court jester: this pleases the court

Meow mix mascot: this pleases the court

Tuberculosis: please never contact me in any way shape or form ever again xoxo

Meow mix mascot: anyways I'm on my way home rn

Tuberculosis: insufferable parasite

Stay safe

Meow mix mascot: shhh stop

Sapnap doesn't know big words

Court Jester: listen up you fuckhxss

Bthsvsjsywcq abaj,:

Meow mix mascot: ??

Tuberculosis: he tripped and fell

Meow mix mascot: incredible

See ya

Tuberculosis: see you soon, Tommy



## Chapter four, also known as SAPNAP HAS TWO GAY CRUSHES

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap is gay and is in love with two whole men

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy hummed and clicked away on his computer. The first few days had been going fairly well, and as much as he craved the chaos that he normally brang, this could possibly be the main source of income for the boys.

Seeing so many small objects precariously places near ends of counters and tables but not being able to knock them off was torture, he decided. Being a half cat hybrid was incredibly torturous, he also decided. He dreaded the day that someone would put a cucumber behind him at lunch just to see how he'd react.

He beloved 100% that it would happen, because he was soon to find that everyone in this damned office was either an absolute idiot, or didn't care about the idiots. It didn't deter them from their work of course, but the day that Tommy had seen Wilbur walk in, several bananas taped to his head with teary eyes and he had proclaimed that god was real, it was getting harder and harder to believe that maybe he wasn't the most mature here.

That was saying quite a lot, considering he was himself.

The absolute bullshit cherry on the top of the cake of bullshit though, is that he had gotten more cat-like features then what he's originally seen the first time he'd shifted. When he had his "work persona" on (he had refused to call it his "catboy outfit", much to the dismay of Sapnap) his hands turned more into paws with pads, and his pupils were slits that dilated and shrunk much like a cat's. Another thing was that when he fell, he always fell on his feet with the recoil and damage reducing greatly. That was one thing he really liked. He could see in the dark, and his eyes were reflective. He could hear better, smell better, and he had the forbidden knowledge of what water tasted like now.

So, maybe his cat form wasn't so bad...

He hummed, sharp nails clicking away on his computer. Yeah, maybe this would be a good thing.

...He just jinxed it, didn't he?

"Hey, Tommy!"

He looked up. "Hm?"

Wilbur and the Blade stood there, both grinning and holding something behind their backs, although it was difficult to tell when the piglin was emoting. "We have something for you."

"...Ok?" Tommy spoke hesitantly, absolutely not trusting them at all. "What is it?"

They looked at each other before Wilbur shook his head. "A-actually, nevermind-"

"No, no, show me. I'm sure I'll be incredibly delighted by whatever you manage to offer me." He said, a dangerous amount of sarcasm in his voice.

"It's-It's nothing, Tommy-"

"Do I have to get it myself?" The two brothers looked at each other. The blade blinked, turned around, and left. "You're on your own, Wil."

"Eh- Wait no!"

"*Wilbur.*" Tommy looked at him, and suddenly understood how Tubbo felt every time he and Sapnap were on their bullshit.

He only felt slightly bad.

"You can give it to me, because I'm assuming it will be *professional* and *not a prank* and *appropriate for the office*, yes?" Wilbur looked *very* close to breaking, shaking with suppressed giggles.

"M-Maybe..."

"Wilbur."

"Tommy."

"Wilbur, what did you do?"

After a few moments of hesitation, the man slowly brought something from behind his back, smile wide.

At the same time, Tommy decided that he was going to kill this motherfucker, quit, and then rob the place.

*This man*, he thought, *this stupid finger twiddling bastard.*

"Do you not like it? I got-" He giggled. "I got it just for you."

In his hands was a blue cat collar, complete with a large golden bell in the middle.

"You *bastard*-"

Wilbur dissolved into stutters and loud laughter, dropping the collar to the floor. "I- I can-"

"*Wilbur you motherfucker-*"

The man only laughed harder. "Y-You're the resident cat, so I t-thought that y-you should get a collar!"

This was a horrible day. An absolutely awful day. And Wilbur, poor, poor Wilbur, didn't know that offering the new employee a collar pushed him over the edge. Tommy reachedvout his padded hands, lightning quick, and five minutes later, the brunette man walked out of his employee's office, bell in his mouth effectively gagging him while his arms were did behind his back with the surprisingly long collar. There were several cat scratches on him.

"So, how-" Techno stared at his brother, words cutting off as he took in the man's appearance. His eyebrows raised. "I take it he didn't like the gift?"

Wilbur spit out the bell, eternally grateful that there was no one else in the office but the three at the moment. "Yeah. Maybe it's because the quality of the collar was bad? Maybe he doesn't like blue?"

"See if you can offer him a red one in the future."

"Good idea."

### **The Sex Havers**

Meow mix mascot: who changed the name

I mean I know who it was but I want sapnap to say it

Court jester: sigh

(Does a little dance)

Meow mix mascot: not what I was asking for but go off I guess

Court jester: shhhhhhhhh I'm poppin off

Meow mix mascot:

Tuberculosis:

Court jester: sigh

Meow mix mascot: I actually can't wait for the day that I can punt you off a cliff

Court jester: Tommy just always makes me feel so welcome <3

Meow mix mascot: death.

Tuberculosis: I am so tired of the both of you

Meow mix mascot: cool, guess what happened at work today

Court jester: owo?

*Court jester has been removed from the group.*

Meow mix mascot: anyways

Tuberculosis: Tommy.

Meow mix mascot: Tubbo.

*Court jester has been added to the group.*

Court jester: Sapanp!

Meow mix mascot: I am this close

Tuberculosis: OK SO tommy what happened at work

Meow mix mascot: I fucking hate my bosses

GUESS WHAT THEY DID

Tuberculosis: ?

Meow mix mascot: THEY TRIED TO GIVE ME A BLOODY COLLAR

Court jester: GHSGAHSCSJSVSHS WHAT

Meow mix mascot: THW WHISPER TRIED TO GIVE ME A BLUE COLLAR WITH A BELL ON IT

Tuberculosis: I thought we signed you up for a job at a respectable office????? Why are you working at the circus

Meow mix mascot: I would like to quit

Tuberculosis: denied

Meow mix mascot: fuck

Court jester: I'm having the best day of my life

Tuberculosis: oh really?

Court jester: nvm I don't like that

Tuberculosis: hey tommy guess what

Meow mix mascot: ?

Court jester: ?

Tuberculosis: so me and sap were out shopping today

Court jester: WAIT NONONO DONT TELL HIM

Meow mix mascot: continue

Tuberculosis: and he saw these two boys that were cute, apparently

Court jester: they were fucking ethereal, beyond beauty and grace and they were so attractive



beyond words, get it right

Meow mix mascot: look at this simp

Tuberculosis: sapnap one of them was in a onsie and the other one was drinking straight up five energy in a big gulp

Court jester: men after my heart

Meow mix mascot: *look at this simp*

Tuberculosis: looking

Anyways, like the disaster he goes up to flirt with them

Meow mix mascot: oh god

Tuberculosis: WAIT I FORGOT

WE WERE ON THE SECOND FLOOR AND THE STAIRS WERE WET

Meow mix mascot: oh? OH?

Court jester: ok tubbo you can stop here haha

Tuberculosis: and so he does the wall leany thing while he tries to flirt

Meow mix mascot: OH??????

Tuberculosis: AND HE SLIPS

Meow mix mascot: THERE IT IS

Tuberculosis: BUT IM NOT DONE

Meow mix mascot: THERE'S MORE????

Tuberculosis: YES

AND SO HE GETS CAUGHT BY BOTH OF THE GUYS

Meow mix mascot: cliché but continue

Tuberculosis: and at the same fucking time they go "looks like you fell for us" one of them added a cutie at the end

Court jester: dbsgsvsgsgs I wanted to k i s s

Meow mix mascot: disgusting

Tuberculosis: but it gets better

He slips again and falls down the stairs

Meow mix mascot: HAHAAHAHA

Court jester: YOU SAID YOU WOULDNT TELL HIM

Tuberculosis: I lied

And so he falls down the stairs

Meow mix mascot: smooth

Court jester: shut UP TOMMY

Meow mix mascot: FUCK OFF SAPNAP anyways tubbo what happened next

Tuberculosis: I'm so glad you asked

So he looks up at them and he has a bloody nose because he fell on his face and he's like "I'm sorry!" And the one with black hair goes "its alright, it just makes you look rugged and handsome!" And sapnap stutters, gets up, yells "thanks!" And runs away

Meow mix mascot: I-

YOU RAN AWAY????

Court jester: YES??? EHAT WWAS I SUPPOSWD TO DO

Meow mix mascot: talk to them like a normal person????

Wait did you even get their numbers

Court jester: ,,,,,,,

Meow mix mascot: spectacular

Court jester: shut

Tuberculosis: I'm sure we'll find them again!

Court jester: thank you tubbo, you're so full of optimism

Meow mix mascot: can we get an f in the chat for sapnap being single forever

Tuberculosis: f

Court jester: :(

Meow mix mascot: die mad about it

WAIT

hold on

*Meow mix mascot has changed the chat name!*

Meow mix mascot: its perfect

Court jester: wait what's it say

Tuberculosis: DJEVJSVSH TOMMY OH MY GOD

Court jester: what's it SAY

Tuberculosis: it says " the sex havers (+sapanp)"

Court jester: TOMMY YOU ASSHOLE THOSE WERE THE LOVES OF MY LIFE

Meow mix mascot: die mad about it

Court jester: get back home immediately so I can kick your ass, I talked to TWO WHOLE pretty boys by myself

Meow mix mascot: I bet they weren't even that pretty

Court jester: THEY WERE

one of them has brown hair and he's beautiful and had a multicolored hoodie with a green swirl on the front and he had green eyes with little swirl pupils and little freckles and the other who was ALSO unfairly pretty had a beanie on and a little hair was poking out of it and he had really pretty brown black eyes and he had duck wings patterns stitched on his hoodie and he also had dimples AND THEY WERE BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND THE BROWN HAired ONE DID A LITTLE GIGGLE AT ME AND IT WAS SO ADORABLE AND THEN THE BEANIE ONE WINKED AT ME AND HAD SUCH A HOT VOICE AND DJDVSHSVSJS

Meow mix mascot: wow. Stalker

Court jester: IM NOT A STALKER THEY JUST WERE SO BEAUTIFUL AND IM JUST OVWR HERE WITH A BLOODY NOSE AND A HEADBAND

Meow mix mascot: is this what a gay panic looks like

Tuberculosis: yes

Meow mix mascot: incredible

Court jester: I want to marry them so hard

Meow mix mascot: thsibdvddh

"Ah! I'm so sorry!" A man held his hand out. "I didn't mean to bump into you!"

"It's fine." The man had hazelnut hair, and someone trailed after him. Tommy realized two whole things right then and there:

The man trailing after him had duck wings stitched on his hoodie and a beanie.

The man who helped him up had a multicolor hoodie and green eyes with swirls in them.

He made a third realisation a few moments later

These are probably the guys that his roommate had been ranting about for the past half hour.

"Hey, I don't mean to pry but-" Tommy brushed off his hoodie. "- Did you guys see a guy with a white meadband who flirted with you, fell down some stairs and then ran off? I'm Tommy by the way."

Brown hair blinked before a huge smile come over his face. "Yes! Do you know him?"

"Yeah?"

Beanie guy cut in. "He was so hot! Karl, why'd we let him get away?" He turned to Tommy. "When you see him, tell him that I think he's really fucking hot!"

"I think he's also unfairly attractive."

"He had muscles for days dude, but not too many. You think he had a six pack!?"

Tommy cleared his throat. "What's your names?"

Brown hair looked up. "Ah, I'm Karl, and this-" he festered to his friend. "-Is Quackity!"

"Hi! Does your friend have abs?"

*Simps are scary.* "Yeah? His name is Sapnap, by the way."

Quackity sighed. "Sapnap... That's a pretty name."

"It is." Karl nodded, wholeheartedly agreeing. "Can you tell him we said hi?"

"Tell him that we want to fuck him, Tommy!" Karl choked. *"Don't do that part! I-I mean I'm not denying, but-"*

"Oh, but I think I will, big man!" Tommy grabbed his phone. "Wait, can I get a picture with you two? I want to brag later."

"Sure?"

After a quick photo, Tommy sped back to the apartment with the full intention to tell Sapnap that they wanted to have sex with him.

### **The sex havers (+sapnap)**

Meow mix mascot: hey guys guess what

Court jester: what

*Meow mix mascot has sent one image!*

Meow mix mascot: these your mans?

Court jester: WHAT

YOU FOUND THEM

CAN YOU GIVE ME THEIR NUMBER

Meow mix mascot: I already left

Court jester: FUCK

Meow mix mascot: hey sapnap I'm almost home guess what

Hey sapnap

Court jester: what???

Meow mix mascot: they asked me if you had abs and I said yes because you do have abs and they fucking melted

Court jester: WHAT

AAAA WHAT????

Meow mix mascot: they're in love with you big man

Court jester: AAAAAAAAAA IM IN LOVE WITH THEM SO BAD

Meow mix mascot: k

Oh I got their names btw

Court jester: spill

Meow mix mascot: the one with duck wings is Quackity, the one with brown hair is Karl

Court jester: ,,,,they are so lovely ughhh they have such pretty names

Meow mix mascot: that's how they reacted when I told them about your name

They were all "ah that's such a pretty name"

Court jester: really???

Meow mix mascot: yeah

Court jester: hsvshsdvshsvzhsbs they think my name is pretttyyyyyy

Meow mix mascot: I'm also about to say something but you need to mentally prepare for it

Court jester: alright im mentally prepared

Meow mix mascot: ok so they said that they wanted to have sex with you

Court jester:

Meow mix mascot: well technically Quackity yelled that he wanted to fucl you and then Karl was like "well I'm not denying it but don't tell him" so he wants to have sex with you too

Court jester: h

Meow mix mascot: how do you feel

Court jester: they

They said

They

Meow mix mascot: yes

Court jester: the prettiest men on the fucking planet

Meow mix mascot: besides me

Oh also quackity wanted me to tell you that he thinks you're really fucking hot and Karl said you were unfairly attractive

Court jester: they

Meow mix mascot: YES THEY SAID THAT NOW STOP SAYING THEY-THEY-THEY UH THEY- OVER AND OVER

Court jester: I physically cannot

Hhhhhhhhhhhh I need to go

Meow mix mascot: bye

Tuberculosis: that was a disaster

Meow mix mascot: oh hey tubbo

Chapter End Notes

GUYS I HAVE A BURNING QUESTION how was yall's days

# Secrets can rot people from the inside out

## Chapter Summary

Uh oh! We're getting serious now

"I'm home." Tommy tossed his coat on the floor and slumped over the couch. "Where's Sapnap?"

Tubbo sighed. "Being gay."

"Oh god."

The brown haired boy nodded. "You shouldn't have told him about any of that stuff."

Tommy blinked. "But it was funny."

Hooves clicked on the ground as Tubbo went up to his best friend. "He burned two pillows and one of the walls."

"Oh."

"Yeah. Go talk to him." Slit, catlike pupils stared into goat-esque ones before his friend simply picked him up and dropped him in front of the room. Tommy continuously forgot that under his friend's soft green plaid, he was built like a brick shithouse.

A *strong* brick shithouse. The guy was not lithe by any means.

The blonde sighed, his cat ears pulled back in irritation. "Oi, Sapnap, I'm coming in!"

The noise that greeted him sounded nothing less of a horse dying. It fit him, in a sort of weird way, Tommy thought. His friend was curled up at the head of the mattress, hair flaming.

"Hey dipshit, you're going to burn the place down. Calm yourself..." He pondered before grabbing a half eaten veggie off the night rest. "Here, have a carrot."

A verbal keysmash erupted from his friend's mouth once again. What? How is he doing that? How can one fit so many voice cracks into a single drawn out groan of gay agony?

The world may never know.

"Stop moaning weird and make human noises."

"Fuck you." Sapnap lifted his head up, and his hair died down.

"There he is!" Tommy spoke, fake enthusiasm seeping into his voice. "Wakey wakey Sapnap, time to fucking engage."

Tubbo leaned in the room. "Ah, he's out of it?"

"Yup."

"Excellent." Tubbo grinned. "I have a job for you two."

"Why are we here again?" Sapnap discreetly eyed his roommate, whispering. The blonde stared back. "Did you seriously forget?"

"Yeah."

"We're taking down a mafia group, dumbass!"

"Oh yeah."

"I- actually, you know what? Just be quiet. We have a job to do."

"Got it." The two sat in silence, watching the men below them talk.

"And how much will you be shipping us, exactly?" A black haired man looked apathetically at the trembling man below him. "W-well sir, what were you thinking?"

"A metric tonne." The place went silent. The speaker for the drug dealers spoke. "A-A metric tonne?"

"That's what I said, yes. Did you not hear me the first, or are you simply incompetent?"

"Um, I heard you- it's just that I think it would take a bit to, uh, procure the stuff for you when you ask for that much."

"Oh? So that's a no, then."

"I'm sorry, it's-"

"The thing is, I actually don't do drugs." The place went silent again. "None of my team does. So, what else can you offer us?"

"Wh- um, drugs is all we do."

"All you do?"

"Yeah."

"I see." He shook his head lightly. "Well I suppose we can't have you and your little friends running around and taking advantage of people with addictions anymore."

A sleek pistol was removed from his coat and fired squarely into the drug dealer's representative. He gasped. "Y-you motherfucker-"

"God, even now you're all drugged up. I can see your eyes, that's what? Both weed and herion? I have no idea why they'd send someone who was clearly off his rocks to meet with the head of a



mafia."

"I- I'll fuckin' kill ya-" The man stumbled. Was he drunk too? Probably.

Tommy didn't feel the need to intervene. Maybe it was the fact that the mafia boss was simply extremely pog. Maybe it's because it was frankly pathetic how the drugged up guy came in like that.

Maybe it was because the mafia man in a mask and hat looked oddly familiar. He couldn't place where for a moment, before-

*Oh shit, is that-*

"Atlas, I think we should step in now." Sapnap stared.

"Eudaemon, trust me. Let these guys go. We can just tell Tubs we failed."

"...Alright. Let's just go."

They leapt away.

"Uh..."

"...."

Tubbo stared at the two. "You're back early."

"Yep."

"Wanna tell me why?"

"Nope."

Tubbo sighed. "Did you not do it?"

"Y-Yup."

"It's alright." The boys looked up. "I was just testing you, I knew you wouldn't actually do it."

"Eh!?"

"I actually just wanted to get a read on the group. I've been working on these tiny little listening devices. Look in between you shoulder blades." The boys patted their backs before Tommy's hand came back with a tiny hexagon. "You stuck these to the back of our suits?"

"Yeah! They can listen in, have a built in camera, can record audio, and they can send out an SOS signal!"

"You managed to fit all of that-" Tommy made an exadurated hand movement. "-in this tiny thing?"

Tubbo nodded proudly, puffing out his chest. "Pretty cool, right?"

"That's bloody awesome, dude. How do you send out the signal?"

"Oh, you detach it and press the button inside three times. It'll send the signal to me, but if I don't get there in twenty minutes then it send it to the nearest hero."

"Woah." Tommy stared. "Pog."

"The poggest, as you like to put it." Tommy chuckled while Sapnap was still examining the small device. "That's pretty cool, Tubbo." He spoke.

"Thank you guys. It took me a while to make it, so, yeah."

"I have a question about it, though."

"Yeah?"

Sapnap stared. "Did you seep your bee obsession into the design?"

Tubbo looked away. "No, of course not." He said. You know, like a liar.

"Wait, is that why they're hexagons-"

"Alright guys, time for bed." Tubbo looked at his roommates. "You know the drill."

"What are we, five?"

"You might as well be, based on the the way you act. Constantly."

Tommy cackled. "Woah there big man, am I sensing salt?"

Sapnap looked at his comrade, batting his eyelashes. "Yeah, is that salt that I hear?"

"Shut up you... yee yee American." The black haired boy choked. "Yee yee-"

Tommy gleefully snatched his phone and tapped in the password. "That's your new name in the chat!"

Sapnap looked up. "You promise?"

"...Actually, you get to stay as Court Jester."

"Nooooo-"

"Stop it you two. Am I the only mature one in this house?"

Tommy squinted at him. "You're not mature."

"Am too."

"You saw this guy that looked like he was on the verge of passing out from pure anxiety and slapped his ass."

Tubbo hesitated. "I... did do that."

"You are platonically married to this same man." Tommy squinted at him harder. "And then didn't invite me to your platonic wedding. The disrespect."

"I didn't even have a wedding though. Should I have?"

"Yes, absolutely. How will you show your love to him now?"

"My platonic love, mind you."

"Yeah yeah, that's what they all say. I'm going to sleep, supposed to be into work early tomorrow for some reason."

"Sleep well."

"And on the floor. I don't know why you do that, by the way."

"Long story, let's call it. Night."

"Night, Tommy."

"Sleep unwell, asshole."

"Thank you for your kind input, Sapnap." Tommy turned and made his way to the bathroom. It was a dingy old thing, some wallpaper peeling off, and cracks in the walls. He didn't particularly like it, but it was all they could afford.

He sighed. Tomorrow was gonna be a long day.

"So, you said you needed me early today?" Tommy looked at his boss, Wilbur. The chestnut haired man turned and grinned. "Ah, Tommy! I didn't even see you there! Come on in, and sorry for the cat collar thing I pulled."

"Are you apologising because you feel bad, or because someone told you to?"

"A little bit of both. Sit down." Tommy hesitantly slipped in the seat. "Hm?"

"Well, most heroes are actually going to be out for a mission." Tommy perked up. A mission?

"Oh?"

"Yeah. I can't tell you, but it requires quite a few of us. Unfortunately, that leaves some... problems." He paused.

"Well go on, then."

"You see, we've got a bit of important information in this building, mainly because it was being guarded by several high ranked heroes; now that we're leaving-

"-It won't be guarded anymore." Wilbur nodded. "Yup. So, I've called up some heroes from a bit

farther to come guard the place. We've actually got almost all the sensitive info in this building, so they don't really have any thing to protect over there."

"...Then why are you still acting like this is a problem? They come in and guard while you are all gone."

"There's gonna be two days where you'll be the only guy in here." Tommy blinked. What? "We can't push the mission back any further, but the heroes that are coming have to travel a bit."

"I see."

"Yeah..." It was jarring to see his usually cheerful supervisor so grim and serious, Tommy being used to the slightly snarky but upbeat mood of the man. He nodded. "Well then, if I just happened to have a solution to that problem, would you be ok with it?"

"A solution?"

"So I won't be alone for the two days. So I'll be protected, I mean."

"...By who? There aren't any heroes around that won't be coming."

"Now that-" He stood up, wary of the eyes on him. "-Is something I'm afraid I can't tell you." He turned and began to stalk out of the office. He heard the man's voice call out to him as he was about to leave.

"Why can't you tell me?"

~~(Dangerdangeryou'llbeindangerIalreadygottwopeopleIcareaboutindangerIcan'thaveyoutoo→)~~

"We all have our secrets, don't we, Whisper?"

He slipped out.

(Wilbur stared at the closed door with no small amount of worry.

Techno and Phil needed to hear about this.)

As Tommy closed the door, his voice came out in a wobbly low tone.

"I just wish this secret would stop rotting me from the inside out."

(He thought that the chestnut haired man hadn't heard him.)

Whisper stared at the closed door with new concern.

(He wasn't known for his excellent hearing, but that didn't mean he didn't have it.)

He wrote a small note down to tell the rest of his family about his encounter.

Besides, what secret could be so bad?

# Tommy is Not Ok

## Chapter Summary

Yeehaw let's trigger tommy

Note: this chapter implies child r@pe and severe abuse. If you aren't ok with those subjects, just... try not to read this chapter.

Thankk and g o o d l u c k

(Edit: PLEASE! READ! THE! TRIGGER WARNINGS! I PUT THESE IN SO THAT YOU GUYS DONT T R I G G E R Y O U R S E L V E S TAKE CARE OF YOUR MENTAL HEALTH YOU FOOLS)

"I'm just worried for him, dad." Wilbur looks at the blonde man. "Things don't add up with him, and I feel like there's something behind the scenes going on. He's just so jumpy, and..."

"I know, Wil. Something is up with that boy, and it doesn't ail my worries with the fact that he just became an adult."

Techno piped up. "Just get someone to ask him, then. It's not that hard." His brother sighed. "It's more difficult then that and you know it."

"Easier to just force the answers out of Tommy."

"At what cost, Tech? That'll ruin his trust, and we don't need that."

Technoblade shrugged. "Fine, then."

Wilbur was silent for a moment. "I think there's something a lot bigger then what I think is going on behind the scenes."

"Oh?"

"Might not seem like it, but I pride myself on being fairly observant." Wilbur looked far too uncomfortable for this to be a light topic. "He's jittery in hospital rooms, he doesn't like loud noises, sometimes his sleeve will ride up or his shirt and there are just- there's so many scars there, and I don't know if someone who had a perfectly normal childhood just happens to check off all the boxes for oh, I don't know, childhood abuse *or something?*"

"Childhood abuse? That's a big accusation there, mate." Phil looked at his son worridly. "I'm not saying you're wrong, but if it really was something as that, then..."

"Yeah." Wilbur sighed, sounding far more tired then he should've been, and his father is temporarily reminded of how stressed his kid is. "Yeah, dad."

"Whoever said it gets easier is a dirty fucking liar." His voice trembled.

Tommy did not want to be here. He desperately didn't want to be anywhere near here.

"Whoever said it gets easier probably never lost someone that was just too important, maybe."

A grave with a rotting body below it sat in front of him, and he felt sick.

"Hey there, Clem." He feels like he's dying. "I'm... I'm back."

Birds chirp throughout the forest and Tommy wishes he didn't remember what it was like to carry the corpse of someone who was good. He wished to remember anything but.

His sister's grave sat in front of him, and Tommy felt like he wanted to vomit. What do you say to someone who isn't there anymore?

"Things are hectic."

He took a deep breath.

(Behind him, a spirit of a girl is watching. She's bleeding badly from a hole in her stomach, and her dirty blonde hair falls in front of the sharp turquoise eyes she sports.

Clementine listens to her little brother and cries and holds him because she is not alive anymore, and she thinks that she was the worst big sister to exist.)

"So, lemme tell you all the bloody shit that's happened."

Tommy is shaking. The flowers he'd put down seemed like they were already wilting.

(I'm sorry, Theseus.)

"Here you go, I got you a bun this time. The baker was nice." Tommy placed a delicate looking honeyed bun on a napkin. "You like these, right?"

Sam chuckled. "Thank you, Tommy. You're a big help around here, I'm not sure what I'd do without you daily visits." The creeper hybrid was sat at his desk, tail waving lazily. He and Tommy had talked shortly after the boy had gotten hired and quickly taken a living to each other, Tommy was fascinated by the tech the centaur-creeper made, and Sam just enjoyed the blonde's excited rambling about his work.

"But of course! I am big man Tommy, after all." He waved a gloved hand. "Enjoy your bun, Big S. See you around."

"See you around, Tommy."

"Tommy, would you see me in my office for a moment?" Wilbur was standing there, no trace of emotion on his face. "We have some things we need to discuss."

The blonde slowly got up. "...Sure."

"Good." They left.

"So, uh, what's up?"

"Here, take a seat." The man offered him a chair and he shakily sat. He studied his boss's face and noticed the shaky hands, the furrowed brows.

"Oh jeez, I'm not getting fired, am I?"

"Wh- oh, no! Not at all."

"Ah, good." Tommy sighed in relief which only prompted more hand fidgeting from the man across from him.

*Always expects the worst from me. Maybe because I'm an adult? Does he not trust people older than him?*

"I've called you here today because I'm concerned." Tommy blinked. His thought process derailed entirely.

*Oh god, does this guy know? Is Wilbur gonna put me in danger? Do I have to get out of here?*

*I don't know why, but I don't want to...*

"O-Oh? What exactly does that mean, Willow?" He was beginning to fidget, but he moved his hands skillfully and in a way that looked like he was merely bored and was toying with his hands, not like he was slowly reverting back to a very very dark place.

*"Do better, Theseus. We expect better. It's not that difficult." The scientists watched him activate as many cards as he could, but his body was shaking from the exertion of three. People had limits, and the power you are born with can't grow or change. It stays fixed, and that's what you have your whole life.*

*He shouldn't be able to be doing this.*

*"Try harder, Theseus. Our little god should have no trouble completing these tasks, so why are you?"*

*Theseus sobbed and collapsed. He couldn't keep doing this. He couldn't, there was so much blood, so much pain. The stupid filthy adults just tsiked at him. One sighed and shook their head.*

*"Pathetic. Honestly, it's like you're trying to disappoint us."*

*"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll do better next time-"*

*The scientist shushed him. "Hey, hey, quiet. I know you're tired, but the problem is that you've hurt us. You've hurt us by not being able to do the simplest of tasks. This isn't something that can just be forgiven easily, Theseus." The six year old sobbed from the cold stone floors. Mr. Tanaka was the only nice one to him, how'd he mess up this bad?*

*(That's emotional manipulation, little one. He is not kind, he is the cruelest out of them all.)*

*"We can continue this tomorrow morning, but know that I am beyond wounded at your lack of*

*cooperation. We're doing what's best for you, why can't you just accept it and work with us instead of against?"*

*"M-M' sorry, Mr. Tanaka. 'M sorry that I'm such a bad k-kid." The six year old shook, attempted to stand up, and then fell to his knees. Mr. Tanaka shook his head. "At least you're polite; you got that from me. I'll send you to the nurse's office, and once you're done, you can go back to your room. If you're good, we'll let you see your sister."*

*Theseus sniffled. "Really?"*

*"Really." Tanaka smiled down at him, the grin was filled with faux warmth and kindness, it there was no way for the child not to know. He giggled. "Thank you, Mr. Tanaka!"*

*"Of course, Theseus." The man's hand that was once on his back slipped uncomfortably lower to the boy's rear, and Theseus shivered uncomfortably. Mr. Tanaka cared, so he should just stop being a big baby and stop getting uncomfortable every time the balding man looked at him like he was a meal, or whenever his lingering touches went just a bit too close to his no-no square.*

*Mr. Tanaka cared, right?*

*Of course he did, Theseus thought. Mr. Tanaka was creepy, but that was ok because he was the only one that cared.*

*(He doesn't, little me, that filthy bastard is only using you.)*

*"Tommy? Are you alright?" The blonde jolted slightly. "Y-Yeah, of course. I'm good."*

*"...Are you sure?" Instincts kicked in, and he responded with a "Yes, I can keep going." After a moment, he tacked on "Continue with what you were saying, please." He was shaking harder. His eyes were guarded, and his entire body was rigid. He felt like he should get somewhere high or secluded. He wanted to be anywhere except this particular room at the moment, but he had to stay.*

*The bills didn't pay themselves, after all. He didn't want to risk the chance of getting fired just because he was a little upset. It was no biggie, really.*

*He was just being overdramatic like everything else, he told himself. Really, he acted like a child.*

*"You're just being a burden by acting out like this, frankly it's unacceptable. You should know better then to have your little tantrums, Theseus."*

*"C-Can't breathe-"*

*"And? How does that relate to me? Stop asking for help, you're six and yet you act like you're two. Just help yourself instead of pretending to have a panic attack just for attention."*

*"Not-Not faking- oh god help me, please, please, I'll do anything-" The child hiccupped and choked, vision blurred by streaming tears and blood dripping down his face.*

*"Weak. If you really are having one, then don't ruin my day by bothering me with it. Go find someone else to annoy with your irritating blabbering voice, you stupid child."*

*"Tommy?"*

*"Please continue with what you were saying."*



"... Are you alright?"

"I'm fine."

Wilbur sighed and winced. "See, this is what I'm worried about. I just think that there's something you aren't telling me."

"...About?"

"Everything. So, Tommy." He nodded kindly. "If you would, please tell me what's happening? Or what happened."

Tommy stared blankly. "What?"

"Can you-"

"Yeah, no, no-" He rubbed his temple, feeling a headache forming. "I mean, what makes you think I'm going to tell you?"

Wilbur blinked. "Eh?"

"You're my boss, Willow." There was that damned name again, the one he used to distance himself from the man across from him. Wilbur really didn't like it. "I'm not just going to spill my life story to you."

"Oh..." He actually hadn't considered that. He was so caught up in his big brother brain screaming *protect protect protect* that he hadn't even realised that Tommy might not have wanted to tell him anything. In fairness, it was an odd situation. Your boss asking you for your life story because he was worried. "I'm sorry, then. I didn't realise."

" 'S fine. Just..." Tommy refused to make eye contact. "Whatever. Never mind. Thanks for caring, I guess." He bit his tongue on the last one, eyes widening.

*Fuck I didn't mean to have that slip out is he going to hit me is he going to slap me how's he going to hurt me-*

"Tommy." The man's face was soft. "I know this might sound a bit odd, but I don't just care about you as a boss, I also care deeply about you as a friend. I just really don't like seeing you this jittery and upset."

"Ah- sorry." Tommy forcefully calmed himself from the incoming panic attack he knew would be eventual. "Well, um, that's nice of you to say. I-" He physically could not meet the other man's eyes; voice coming out in a broken whisper. "I c-care about you too. You're alright." His cheeks were flushed with embarrassment, and his ears were pulled back.

The brown haired man giggled. "Alright, well, if you ever wanna talk, I'm here. You can always come to me as a friend too, not just your weirdly unprofessional boss."

Tommy brightened up a bit. "Alright. Thank you, Wilbur."

He smiled. "Anytime, Toms. Anytime."

Tommy felt as if that kind smile, one that he had almost never been offered by anyone in his life, was going to make him slip up.

(I just want a family.)

*(You don't deserve it.)*

Another step, another breath, another blink, another twitch.

Another second that went by before his eventual panic attack hit him like a freight train.

*Calm down, calm down, calm down, it's ok, it's all ok, there's nothing wrong, calm down-*

Everything was not ok.

He sharply turned a corner and dipped into an alleyway, distantly realising that panic attacks always hit hard, no matter if you expect them or not.

His breathing picked up, and he let out a few futile wheezes before collapsing to his knees and pushing himself up against the cold brick, arms hugging himself tight; too tight.

Fat tears stained his cheeks, and cat claws pierced through his black gloves, a shudder racked his body at the thought of why he always wore gloves.

*"A precaution. You're strong, it'll be fine." The surgeon who he didn't know the name of rubbed a cotton ball on his hand, it became abnormally cold. "We don't have any numbing agents, so just bite this fabric and don't move or I'll give you something to cry about." He lifted the small plate from its place on the cloth beside them; the square metal gleamed in the light, words on it incomprehensible for the child who was four at the time. "Just. Stay. Still."*

*He placed the smooth metal on the back of the child's hand and lined up the first nail. "This is going to hurt."*

*Then he brought the hammer down, and Theseus screamed.*

Tommy wailed at the phantom pain, and shaking lifted his glove off. No one knew about the plate, not even Tubbo, or Sapanp. He stared down at the pristine letters, feeling like he was going to vomit.

*Experiment sixty, "Theseus."*

*SS-rank. Dangerous.*

Acid welled up in the back of his throat, and he wheezed a little bit as the tears fell faster. Oh god, why couldn't he ever escape it? Physically he had almost gotten away unscathed, but mentally...

(Patchwork skin littered his body, gray and pale skin that should not have been on such an innocent skinny frame had been stitched there, replacing the owner's flesh due to a training accident, a burn, when someone hit him too hard to the point where it left a scar.

The head scientist was crazy; he thought it made the child look beautiful.

Tommy, however, disagreed.)

Cat claws pierced though the skin on his arms; only some of it rendering in his brain due to the fact that some of it wasn't originally his, and he let out a wheezy sob. Why was this happening? Why'd he look like such a freak? Why him?

His questions went unanswered. He buried his head in his arms, bit down on the fabric, and s c r e a m e d.

No, no, *no, no no n o mono n on onn o n o non on nonono this isn't good this isn't nice I remember all the pain why do I want to forget so badly! ?-*

"Tommy? Is that you?"

He choked and looked up again, tears running down his face.

Piercing green eyes met his, and he pushed himself further into the wall.

# Cat and mouse

## Chapter Summary

Tommy's on the prowl.  
(Also cute dadschlatt! Let's go!!!)

## Chapter Notes

Tw for lingering end if panic attack! Main part is over, just wrote the lil dredges of the last part also minor body horror

"S'm?" The creeper hybrid gasped. "Tommy! Are you-" He paused. "Can I come closer?"

Tommy nodded quickly, even though every nerve screamed at him not to. He needed- he didn't know what he needed, but he needed it *now*.

"Alright, I'm going to come closer." Sam made his way over slowly before kneeling in front of the shaking boy. "Hey there, Tommy. Do you think you can match my breathing?" He gently took a hand- the ungloved one, Tommy thought with horror- and pressed it to his chest. His breaths were calm and steady. "Breathe in for six seconds." Tommy complied. "Hold it in for six, and then let go for six."

After a couple of tries, the blonde finally got control of his breathing and ripped his hand away from the man's chest, cradling it as if it was burnt.

"There we go, much better!" The hybrid sat down next to Tommy, an odd movement considering the fact that he was built like a centaur. "Are you alright now?"

"Y-Yeah. Thank you, Sam."

"Do you wanna... talk about it?" The man offered up.

Tommy shook again, and for a second Sam thought he had brought on another panic attack when-

"It's a long story. I've just kinda been suppressing that attack for a while, so... Uh... Yeah."

The green haired man blinked. "That isn't healthy."

"Then it's a good thing I don't care about my health- I mean-" Tommy stuttered, obviously not meaning for those words to slip out. "I mean yeah, you're right, sorry."

"No need to apologize. Is everything alright?"

"Eh? Oh. Everything's uh, it's all good. Thanks." He reached out to grab his glove, but-

Sam got to it first. "I actually have a question for you."

*Fuck fuck fuck play it cool, play it cool! "Yeah?"*

"I saw something on your hand-" *FUCK* "-May I get a closer look at it?" He angled

"Uh- nope!" He snatched his hand away once more, slipping on the glove. "Thanks for your help gottagobye Sam!" Tommy stood up, feeling mildly woozy before turning.

"Tommy, wait-" He grabbed the plated hand, and Tommy choked painfully before turning around and hissing. "Don't *ever* do that to me *ever again*."

"Tommy-"

"Save it. Goodbye."

"I'm sorry." Tommy paused. "Hm?"

"I'm just worried, Tommy." He paused. "But I can't force you to say anything. I'm sorry for grabbing your hand."

"..." He sighed. "I'll see you on Monday, Sam."

"See you on Monday..." Tommy scampered off.

Sam sat alone in the alleyway, thinking. He assumed it was at least a bad tattoo that Tommy was embarrassed about, but no. It felt solid and square under the glove. Like a plaque, almost.

Almost as if there was a piece of metal on... him...

Oh *no*, he thought. *Oh god*.

With imperceptibly shaky hands, he dialed Wilbur's number.

"You're Tommy's boss, right?"

*"Yes? What happened?"*

"There is something very, *very* wrong."

Tommy stared down at his nameplate.

It stared back.

He wanted to rip that stupid piece of metal off of his hands.

*Nice going, idiot. Now he probably hates us.*

Tubbo was spying on someone.

His estranged father, to be exact. The hero had been leaping throughout the city, hooves clacking on every leap. The man and him were similar (related, but that wasn't important as of now), so he thought that some spying could teach him some things. He peeked over the current air filterer he was hiding to see the man punt a criminal into a wall.

It was *awesome*.

After the fight was over, Tubbo continued to stare. Schlatt opened his mouth, and-

"Whoever you are, come out. I know you've been following me."

Ah.

Shit.

"Seriously, I don't know who you think you are, but I won't hesitate to kick your ass."

Tubbo cleared his throat and the older ram hybrid whipped around. "Um- hello! Hi!"

Schlatt blinked. "What."

"Can you teach me that move?"

"What."

"Hello, Jschlatt!" The man blinked. "What's a kid like you doing out?"

"I'm sixteen! And vigilante stuff, that's what I'm doing."

"You shouldn't be."

The teen huffed angrily. "Well it's not like I get a chooce,- but that's not what's important! Teach me that move!"

"Why?"

"Well I'm going to be a vigilante either way, so you can help me to do it safely, or unsafely."

"...Alright, kid, c'mere. I'll show you how to do that kick."

Tubbo cheered. "Yes! Thank you!"

Schlatt chuckled.

"Ohhhh, so I'm supposed to push out my leg instead of moving it up?"

"Yeah, it puts more power behind your kick."

Tubbo tried it a couple times. Schlatt clapped. "Good job, kid. You're a natural."

The younger brunette giggled. "Learned it from the best. Actually, while we're here there's something I wanted to show you."

"Yeah?"

"I had an idea for a support item with your horns! So, I know a lot of communicators look bulky, but-"

"Yeah, that sounds like a pretty fuc-freakin' awesome idea, but who's gonna make me that? I love the design, by the way." He pointed to the paper that Tubbo had gotten out. On it was a communicator that also looked like horn jewelry, fake gemstones functioning as buttons for the circuits underneath.

"Oh, um, I know how to make it! I just kinda wanted your confirmation that it was going to be used, so..."

Schlatt grinned. "God, you're one hell of a kid. Smart in fights and tech-wise?" He patted the boy's head. "You're gonna go places."

"T-Thank you." He blushed. "That means a lot to me."

"Hey, no problem. Actually, can I ask you something?"

"What's up?"

"Are you a ram hybrid?" Tubbo startled. "Uh- yeah? Why?"

"Ah, its nothing, just..." He trailed off. "Just wanted to confirm. Us ram hybrids gotta stick together, yeah?"

"Yeah."

After a moment, he felt himself get enveloped in a hug. Schlatt stood stock still before hesitantly wrapping his hands around the shorter's figure. "Uh?"

"You just looked like you needed it."

*This kid...*

He hugged a little tighter. "Thanks, ...?"

"Aries."

"Thanks, Aries."

"It's no-" His stomach growled. "...Problem."

The older ram looked at him accusingly. "Have you eaten today?"

"Uh-"

Schlatt frowned. This probably wasn't Tubbo, he knew that it was practically impossible for his kid to be alive, but that didn't mean his parental instincts went away. All of them were blaring over and over to *see how skinny this kid is, look at his arms, he has like, three muscles what are his parents feeding him?* "What're your parents feeding you?"

Aries looked away. "...I don't have any at the moment." And *yeah, hi, what the fuck does that imply?*

"Excuse me?"

"I don't-"

"Come here." He gathered the kid in another hug. "'M sorry about your parents."

"It's ok. I'm gonna see h-them again, just..." He trailed off. "I can't right now. I'm involved in something dangerous, and I don't want to get them hurt. I think they also think that I might be dead, so..."

Schlatt ruffled the kids hair, hyperaware of the two little stubby horns poking out on his forehead. "They sound like shit." Directing his attention back to the kid, he could feel the boy's ribs through his costume, but also could feel a bit of muscle there, most likely from the constant activity that vigilantism put him through. "Come on, Aries, I'm getting you a sandwich. You feel like you could be knocked over with a particularly strong wind."

Tubbo went quiet. "Aries?"

"Can I..." He looked away. "Can I get one for my roommates too? We're all kinda in the same situation, and we're trying really hard to pay the bills, but our landlord is really mean, so it doesn't leave too much money for groceries."

Schlatt took a while to process this. "You are living with what now?"

"Um, two roommates?"

"How old are they?"

"We're all sixteen?"

The older felt his soul drop. "You are three kids, no parents, vigilantes, and paying your bills by yourself?"

"Yeah?"

"So you can't get food?"

"Y-Yeah?"

"...Your friends can get sandwiches too. Meet me back here tomorrow."

"Are we getting the sandwiches tommorr-"

"No, we're getting them *now*. I'm just telling you to meet me here again tomorrow. Same time,



same place. Actually, what time is it...?" He checked his watch and looked at Aries accusingly. "It's one in the morning, don't you have school tomorrow? Whatever, let's just go get that food."

He made a mental note to make a grocery list when he got home. *What do sixteen year olds like to eat?*

"Sapnap, is that a skirt?"

"I found it in the garbage and I like it, so now it's mine."

"Fair. Just make sure to wash it when we go to the laundromat."

"I will. Don't tell Tubbo."

"I'm absolutely telling him."

*"Tommy, no!"*

*"Oi, don't lunge at me you bloody bastard!"*

When Sam had gotten back to work on Monday, he wasn't expecting Tommy to have left anything. He saw a small honeyed bun on a cloth though, with a note that read *"i'm sorry for running away on Saturday, take this apology bun"*, he felt his heart melt a little. A tiny coo of *aww, Tommy*, came out from his mouth, and he giggled, delighting in the honeyed bun before sitting down to work on his machinery.

Maybe the kid wasn't so mad at him after all. On his lunch break he went to go grab a cake pop and sat it by Tommy's desk, writing a little note back to him. *"I'm sorry for grabbing your hand, Tommy. Thank you for forgiving me."*

By the end of the day, there was no honeyed bun, but there's was a small note that read *"Thank you for forgiving me, too."*

Sam felt his heart melt even more.

*Aww! Tommy!*

"Hi, Schla..tt... What?"

"Got you these." He handed the bags to Tubbo. "You said you were having trouble with groceries, right? Got you some. Hope I got what you kids like."

He was tackled in another hug. "*T-Thank you, Schlatt!!*"

"Guys, guess who got groceries?"

"Wh- Tubbo! We still need to pay our bills, holy shit!"

"No, no, listen, lemme tell you how I got these without spending a penny!"

"Did you steal-"

"I didn't steal! Just listen, stupid!"

Tommy woke up feeling like shit.

He hadn't bothered to take a shower yesterday due to the overwhelming hatred he had for his patchwork skin body and handplate, but now it felt like he had been slam dunked into a vat of oil.

He felt gross.

He felt like how he did back at the facility, with their sparse showers and infected skin, blood and pus sometimes leaking out of the cracks in between his original skin and his replaced skin.

It was a feeling he wanted to get off as soon as humanely possible, so he scrambled to the showers and turned on the faucet, mentally timing himself to go as quick as he could whilst still getting clean. Tommy gently lathered soap on himself, wincing when it hit his stitches. He was sure that the two skins had almost certainly fused together and that the stitches were probably useless, but it was a terrifying thought to know that his skin could still fall off of him because he didn't wait long enough.

Maybe in a year he'd stop stitching himself back up. Maybe.

(You can't keep your secrets from everyone forever, Tommy. You'll slip up and everyone's going to know what a monster you are. Do you even count as a human anymore? Considering everything, you probably never were in the first place. You weren't conceived like normal, you weren't born with normal powers, you don't even look normal, you experiment nameplate patchwork *freak*-)

No, those thoughts would only send him spiralling again. He breathed in and out, only noticing that he mimicked what Sam taught him in the alleyway earlier after he calmed himself.

He sighed and lifted himself from the broken down bathtub. Today was going to be a long day, especially since all the heroes were leaving for a while and he had to guard the building.

...Well, if he'd gotten Tubbo and Sapnap's permission, maybe he could bring those two in vigilante

uniform.

It's not like they had anything else today, right?

"So." Tommy spoke up during breakfast. "You two don't happen to be open for the next two days by any chance?"

Tubbo blinked. "What."

"I'm free all the time. What do you need?"

"I need at least two vigilantes to be guarding the building that I work at for the next two days because all the heroes will be gone."

"Ohhhh, sounds like fun. Do we get to steal any sensitive information?"

"No, we're trying to prevent people from stealing sensitive information."

"Damn."

Tubbo shrugged. "I'm free today, but I have stuff tomorrow. Sapnap?"

"Same here. You think you can handle the building by yourself for a day, big guy?"

Tommy hummed. "As long as no evil organisations attack the base the one day that you two are gone, yeah, totally."

Tubbo laughed. "You just jinxed it."

"No I didn't! That wouldn't happen."

"Double jinx."

*"Tubbo!"*

Tommy walked through the building, mentally going through his checklist.

*Any listening devices? Disabled.*

*Cameras? Disabled, or looping footage.*

*Alibi? Uh... I met these two and patched them up so they owed me a favor and I used it on this? Good enough.*

He breathed a sigh of relief and continued to walk through the hallways, the tapping of his shoes echoing in the unusually silent office.

Until-

A tiny scuff caught his attention, he was immediately on guard, ears swivelling to catch any signs of life other than him inside the office.

He could hear a muffled heartbeat. He could smell someone else in the office.

He couldn't let that person know that he knew, though. "Who was that?" He pretended to look around before scratching the back of his head, quietly moving closer to the person. "I could've sworn I heard something move."

A tiny gasp hit his ears, and after a moment, he shrugged. "Huh, must've just been my imagination..."

A tiny sigh of relief was let out, before he spun again.

"Or maybe... it was you who did it?" He pivoted on his heel and grabbed their neck, wrenching the invisible intruder closer to his face. They cursed, and he grinned, baring his teeth. "I could hear your heartbeat from two rooms over, invisabitch. Turn off your power now, and I might let you leave with all fingers still attached."

They immediately dropped the cloaking to reveal a middle aged man, grinning. "Oh yeah, and how're you going to do that, kitt- *fuck!*"

Claws had sunk into the tender skin of his neck, and his eyes widened as he let out a strangled gasp. Tommy threw him to the floor. "You know, people often underestimate me because of my looks, right? But even so, cats used to be at the top of the food chain thanks to their claws and teeth and speed. The only reason humans were able to change that is because they outsmarted the cats. Even now, felines are still predator animals. The funny thing is, if you put a defenseless, weak human in a cage with a furious lion-" When the man tried to get up, he stomped down on his chest and pinned him to the floor with a wheeze. "-who do you think's going to win?"

"H-hey there, no need to get v-violent, k-kitty."

**"Call me that again and I'll show you why cats are born with claws, pussy boy."** He unsheathed the noticeably longer claws, and the man startled. He smelled pungent, like body odor and cheap coffee.

"Eep!" And oh, how Tommy's cat instincts *begged* him to claw his prey, to hear that squeak one more time.

"Who sent you?"

"E-eh?"

"Who. Sent. You?"

"Uh- some dude wanted sensitive info and m-my power was just good for it, he offered a lotta cash- *don't point your c-claws at me, please!*" Tommy had knelt down over the man. "Wow, are all criminals these days as pathetic as you? What was his name?"

"I dunno, man! G... Get offa me, you fuckin' psycho!" He pushed the lean boy off of him and scampered off.

Tommy grinned, unsheathing his claws once more as his tail flicked behind him.

He was up for a game of cat and mouse.

# The girls are fightingggg

## Chapter Summary

Tw for severe wounds, mind control, and blood

The next hour saw terrified screaming and laughter as Tommy chased the intruder down the office, the faint scent of urine staining the man's scent.

He thought it was hilarious. The man did not.

After about two hours, he decided that he was done chasing and confronted the man head-on.

He left screaming and crying whilst Tommy was left laughing on the ground.

*Oh my god, he really was pathetic!*

He rumbled in satisfaction, although slightly peeved that he got no other information from the man.

Tommy hummed as he wiped the blood from his claws, irritation sweeping through him when his eyes caught the nameplate. He looked back to his gloves, which now had puncture marks at the fingertips.

Maybe he should invest in some fingerless ones...

Tommy's tail swayed as he thought. He had seen some very nice fingerless elbow height gloves in a nearby store, not unlike the black ones that the hero, Dream, wore.

After wiping his hands dry, he pulled his gloves back on and continued to maneuver his way down the halls.

Sapnao and Tubbo were patrolling outside, although he made sure to send them a text of a beat-up picture of the imposter, with the caption *you guys are shit at patrolling lmao*. They freaked out slightly.

He stopped by the main offices. Before making his way to Dream's area. He slowly peeked through the drawers, looking to see if he could replace his gloves, they annoyed him already. After a while of searching, he found a drawer that was filled to the brim with the gloves and masks.

...Weird, but ok.

He took a pair and shut the drawer, taking off his old gloves and throwing them in the trash. He then rolled up his sleeves, wincing in displeasure at how his patchwork skin was very much visible, as well as his nameplate, and putting on the elbow length gloves quickly.

He admired the article of clothing once they were in him. They covered up his arms up to his elbow and were a simple black fingerless glove design. Honestly, there wasn't much to say about the gloves.

He still loved them.

He heard the door open, and the world went still.

"Tommy?"

Ah, nevermind. It was just.. his... friends?

He snuck throughout the office, feet impossibly silent from one too many times he was too loud in fighting the scientists. Ever since he had gotten his cat transformation he had been able to place people's scents. Sapnap smelled like burning wood, Tubbo smelled like honey. Wilbur smelled oddly lavender-like, Techno had an odd scent, like if the smell of blood could be casual, and Sam smelled like gunpowder.

Something was tinging the scents of his two friends. Something bad.

He continued to sneak. Something was very wrong, and his years of honed instincts told him to duck.

He did, just as a thorny red vine left a crater in the wall.

That wasn't normal.

He turned around and *oh Jesus, what the fuck?*

There were red vines *everywhere*. They lined the walls, they threaded beneath the office. Sapnap and Tubbo were wandering around, calling his name. He opened his mouth to signal them to where he was, but the words died in his throat.

His friend's eyes were blood red. Not bloodshot, or maybe a burst blood vessel at worst, but no. Their eyes were practically glowing red, and that same red dripped down their cheeks in a disgusting imitation of tears. It wasn't blood, he could smell that, but what was it?

*"Tommy! Where are you? We just wanna talk!"*

*"Come on out, Tommy! We have something to show you!"*

Hm. No! He stared harder. Their movements were mechanical and strained, not unlike what happened when Wilbur used his mind... control...

Oh.

He sighed. Today was the perfect day for that, huh? Just when all the heroes left.

Just him and him only.

(The only one not susceptible to mind control.)

He hummed. "Hey Sap, hey Tubs." If these really were his friends and not some puppets, they'd at least make a joke about the nicknames.

"Tommy, there you are. We want to show you something, Tommy."

"Come with us, Tommy." They said nothing about it.

"...You guys alright?"

"Never been better, Tommy. We're so happy now, Tommy." They spoke in unison, which was *fucking creepy, what the fuck*.

"You wanna show me something?"

"Follow."

*Secondary location, motherfucker. I don't think so.*

"Where are you taking me?"

"Follow. Now." They repeated mechanically. It was weird to see his normally expressive friends so dull. He didn't like it.

"Alright, I just have to go to the bathroom, then we can go."

The two nodded in unison. Tommy slowly moved away and rounded a corner before breaking out into a sprint. He hadn't been here as long as the other employees, but that didn't mean he didn't know the floorplan like the back of his hand. He raced to Wilbur's office and stocked up on things he might need, but could still be hidden.

After a moment of careful consideration, he pocketed a glock, which really, who just had guns in their drawers?

Wilbur wasn't American, so it was quite confusing.

He pocketed an axe in his inventory, as well as some flashbands and communicators. Sticks of dynamite and a lighter found their ways into his hands, and he grabbed some rope. After all of it was hidden away in his inventory, he scampered back out. "Sorry I took so long."

"Follow." The two boys mindlessly slunk out, Tommy followed hesitantly behind.

He hoped that he wouldn't get too messed up, although it was a futile hope when he saw what the boys were showing him.

In the middle of the city, firmly planted, was an... Egg? A red egg.

Weird, but ok.

He seemed to be saying that a lot these days.

"Look at it, Tommy, isn't it beautiful, Tommy?"

"Uh... Yeah."

A sea of puppeted heroes rushed in.

"You don't sound too sure about that, Tommy."

The blonde gulped. Everyone who was supposed to go to the mission was here, and not in control of themselves. Except Wilbur? Wait, where was Wilbur? He looked around.



After a moment, he saw. The man was hanging from the velling, red vines wrapped around his body. He was wincing, but by the looks of it didn't seem to fully be under control.

...So he was of no use. At the moment, maybe.

A horrible grating sound rang in his ears. He winced.

"C o-m...elp...se r... chi...ld."

It's voice sounded familiar.

He couldn't place it.

"Fuck off, you stupid egg looking shit, I bet your mother is highly unimpressed."

"Such a moū...th you have... Your mother... would be up... set, no..."

"I'm an orphan, try again." He sneered.

The egg's messages burst out into a spurt of static before silence.

"Oi, egg fuck." He shrugged and began placing explosives around the egg.

"Stop th-at." \_

"No, I don't think I will."

"Chi-lđ, you... don't kn...ow wha-t you're doing..."

"Oh, I know exactly what I'm doing."

"I can give.. you things beyond your wildest dreams if you' d just throw it...aw'ay?"

Tommy sneered and glared. "Don't you fucking even imply that there's a happy ending in store for me. There is no happiness, there is no good end, there was no good start. All I've ever had is shit circumstances, and that's how it's gonna be forever." He set down the final stick of dynamite.

"Wait..." \_

"Any last words?" The egg growled. "GET HIM!"

The heroes lunged, and he smiled.

*(" We have only one experiment that's ranked with the SS rank, good sir."*

*"Oh? And what does SS rank mean? I've seen S and E and the others, but SS?"*

*"SS means that it's the most dangerous, as well as the hardest to contain."*

*"Was S rank not the strongest? If those things you showed me earlier weren't as strong as this..."*  
*The stranger trailed off. "I want to see it. Bring it to me."*

*"Um, sir, I highly suggest you go to it instead. If we let it out of it's enclosure without being drugged..."*

*"I see. Well then, what are we waiting for? Show me the way."*

*"Of course, sir. Prepare yourself to meet Theseus.")*

*SS rank is the most dangerous, as well as the hardest to contain.*

"Come and get me, then. Fucking *try it.*" He leapt up and the puppeted heroes crashed together. He cackled. "Oh, this is going to be *fun.*"

Most heroes were on the ground. Some were unconscious, others were too terrified to move, even through the mind control.

Tommy was limping slightly, and bruises riddled his body. The boy was panting, one of his eyes was swollen shut. His nose was bleeding, and tears dripped out of the unnaturally cyan eyes. His grin was manic, and some of his suit was torn to show his skin.

"Who's next?"

He dodged a quick hit from Whisper and caught the blade that was swung at him from the Blade.

His heart pounded in his ears, and he smiled. This was familiar. This was practically child's play compared to what the scientists put him through.

*("Turn up the heat to 538 degrees.")*

*"But these are in celcius! That might kill him!"*

*"Do it."*

*Blood poured out of his mouth as he felt his organs practically liquify. A raspy wheeze left his throat.*

*But still, he persisted.)*

He ripped a stray blade caught in his arm out with his teeth and used it to impale another hero in the gut, ignoring the voice in his head that told him that it wasn't sanitary to do that.

*That's the least of our problems at the moment, bitch!*

He groaned in pain as he was kneed in the back where a bad bruise was forming. Almost all the heroes were down was the good news. The bad news?

The Blade, Dream, Badboyhalo, and Schlatt were his last opponents.

Damn.

He sighed and stretched his shoulder. He could probably take them out, but he wasn't sure if he could get back up after.

Only one way to find out, right?

He opened his pack of cards and pulled two. He could maintain three cards at most, but he was

slowly working to maintain four at once. The cards read *Strength* and *Teleportation*.

...He could work with that.

Tommy rolled his shoulders and prepared for a long, long battle before teleporting behind the Blade. That man was the biggest threat if he activated his "Blood god" boost, so the blonde would have to take him out first. Chopping the man on the neck on his pressure point, the piglin went down like a sack of potatoes. He wasn't unconcious though, just dazed enough to fall to his knees. Tommy was about to quickly restrain the man when a kick hit him and most likely broke one of his ribs.

Bad stood there, growling, rearing up his foot for another powerful kick. Tommy caught the kick the second time and flung the man into a wall, leaving behind a crater.

(Dangerous.)

He teleported behind Schlatt and flipped him, knocking the air out of the ram hybrid before tying his hands behind his back.

(Dangerous.)

Dream roundhouse kicked him, making a direct hit to the back of Tommy's head, causing his vision to black out for a moment. Tommy turned and lunged at the hooded man and bit his shoulder with teeth too sharp to be anything but a monster's.

(Dangerous.)

*Didn't they know- He slashed at Dream -that SS class are the most dangerous?*

Obviously not.

Bad was slowly emerging from the broken wall, but his moves showed hesitance, and Tommy smirked. *Good, he's afraid. He should be.*

Tommy grabbed the foot that was supposed to kick him squarely in the stomach and picked the entire man up, Dream let out a noise of confusion as his ankles were swiftly tied together before the teen proceeded to use him as a blunt force weapon.

Yes, the entire man.

Bad collapsed again, crumbling from below when Dream's struggling body was used to hit his knees.

He was hit again, and blood poured down his face. His shirt and pants were torn to hell and back, but the gloves stayed on.

Wilbur watched on. This... Man? This person was blowing through their numbers like it was nothing. Tommy's eyes almost glowed blue, and it hit Whisper like a freight train.

What he was witnessing, it wasn't human.

He should've known, he should've seen the sigjns the unnatural perfection on the boy when they'd first met. His bright blonde hair that looked more like gold, and his perfect ivory skin that apparently was patchwork-like as his eyes travelled down the boy's skinny yet muscular frame. The thing's eyes though, that's what really got him. They looked like skies, maybe. The teal in them

was overpowering and sparkling in a way that something real and natural and safe could never be.

This boy(?), this person, this... Whatever Tommy was, he was dangerous.

Wilbur watched in awe as the boy threw Bad like it was nothing, he watch how Tommy used an entire person as a weapon against another person, he watched as the not defeated them all and roared at the top of his lungs.

He looked like a hero, Wilbur thought. From all those myths that his brother told him all about. Like Hercules, like Theseus.

Like Theseus.

Wilbur got a feeling that he had seen something he wasn't supposed to.

He met Tommy's stunned eyes, and watched as the boy stumbled blindly over, bones creaking. "W'lb'r.."

"Tommy! What- What was that?" The not reached into his tattered pocket and pulled out a... syringe?

"S'rry." With fluid hands, the boy graded his neck and injected it in.

Wilbur stared at him. "Why...?"

"I d'n't w'nt you t' put me 'n d'nger."

"From.. From who?" His vision was rapidly fading.

"Them."

He blacked out, dreaming of piercing blue eyes that stared into his soul. He dreamed of a monster.

He wasn't scared of it.

(Tommy pushed a button, and the entire place blew up in a brilliant flame.)

Tommy collapsed when he limped back into the apartment. He took note of all his injuries: four broken ribs, a dislocated ankle, he couldn't see out of one eye, a broken leg, his shoulder had been dislocated as well, and he was absolutely sure that he had a concussion. Bruises mottler his body, and he was absolutely covered in scratches, impaled with shrapnel, and he was missing a finger.

With hazy vision, he draw a shaky card that said *Regeneration*.

...Whatever. He had turned off super strength and teleportation anyways after teleporting into his apartment.

Tommy felt his bones creak, he felt things snap back together, and he heard things squelsh and pop back into place. After ten minutes of pure agony, he groaned and sat up, shuffling his way to the window. In the middle of the square was a huge explosion, and he sighed. He might've been healed up, but that didn't mean he was finished.

He clicked Tubbo's contact.

*"T-Tommy?"*

"Hey, big man."

*"Holy sh- where are you!?"*

"Had to go home, was too hurt to continue. Van you delete all the footage from the nearby security cams?"

*"Of course. Also, how hurt are you? Do I need to take you to a hospital?"*

"I pulled from the deck and got regen, don't worry. I just need you to make sure no one finds out what happened today."

*"Of course, Toms. Stay safe."*

"Can't promise that, but I'll try."

*"Good. We still need you back at the office, though. Are you good to go there?"*

"Yeah. I need a new outfit-" He stared down at his tattered, blood soaked and soot covered outfit.  
"-and a shower, actually, but I'll be good to get back, in like, thirty minutes."

*"Perfect. I'll see you soon."*

"See you."

He hung up.

## **This chapter is just an absolute fucking rollercoaster lmao**

### Chapter Summary

You see that nice little tag I made about the egg not being what you think it is???

Heehoo

Also if you want hints abt the chapters check the tags, I update them while I write the chapter

"Tommy! Hello!" Wilbur waved at his employee energetically. "The mission was short...er then.. we..." He trailed off when the blonde turned to face him, giving him a clear view of his face.

"Hello, Wilbur. How was it-" His face was grabbed and quickly examined. "What-"

"How'd you get hurt?" He looked upsettedly at the square patch of gauze on the boy's face. Tommy had quickly taped it over his cheek, unwilling to use energy to heal such a small (in his eyes) cut on his cheek. Wilbur, however, did not have the same lack of care for Tommy's health. "What happened?"

"I just got hurt, it really isn't important." The brunette huffed. "It is. Again, what happened?"

"I just fell, no need to worry. How was the mission?" The change of subject was not lost on the hero, but he accepted it, albeit reluctantly. "It was weird. We were supposed to be gone for longer, but something happened."

"Oh?" Tommy slowly turned and motioned Wilbur to walk with him. "Tell me about it."

"Well, we were supposed to be gone for about a week, right? But something happened on the second day. We finally found what we were looking for, but we all blacked out. When we woke up, it was just... Gone."

"Gone?"

"Well, not gone, but definitely destroyed beyond repair. We were still able to get DNA samples and sent them off to the labs to be examined."

Tommy hummed, absentmindedly sorting through some files and writing on a post-it-note on which ones should be updated. "That's good, I assume?"

"Yup. We'll get the results of who it was and stuff. Read their DNA."

"Oh, fun." The blue eyed boy waved his hand, attempting to shoo away his employer. "Well, that's fun and dandy, but I have work now. Gotta re-file these, whoever did it last did a horrendous job of it."

"Techno filed them last, we haven't filed them in a while."

"...I stand by what I said. How about you come back and talk to me when you *don't* have massive amounts of paperwork to fill out?"

Wilbur groaned. "But *Tommy*, I'm so bored, and you're the only entertained one here! Are you

going to let me just die of bore-" He was shot in the face by a water sprayer. "Don't make me ask again, I'm not your personal events reminder, even though I have very good memory."

Wilbur wiped his face in disbelief. "...Did you just spray me? With a water bottle?"

"Yes."

"I'm your employer."

"And I don't care. Go finish your work, Wilbur. We can talk more after, I have my own business that I have to go do as well."

"..Fine. I will be back."

True to his word, he was back in a mere three hours. "I'm back!~"

"Oh goddamnit-"

Tommy wasn't stupid. He knew the good mood wouldn't last forever. He knew that something bad was bound to happen, eventually.

But he didn't imagine this.

Almost every hero that participated in the raid was in this room, including him and a hero that was too injured to work on that day.

Wilbur sat at the head of the table, looking positively grim. The blonde wondered what it was that made the man's mood tank so low in such a short amount of time. It had been only a couple of minutes that Wilbur was cheery and carefree, so to see him suddenly become a stone faced leader was jarring.

Dream spoke up. "I take it you got the DNA results back?"

"We did."

"Then why call us all here? Surely you can finish up the rest of the procedure, yes?" George questioned.

"We had a problem." He raised his pointer to the screen set up behind him. "As you know, the Egg was beloved to be a villain on a rampage, or a civilian that had lost control of their power." Wilbur paused. 'But we were... very wrong.'

"What did the DNA results say?" Bad leaned forward.

"That's the problem. It wasn't... It wasn't one person."

"But that's impossible? We only saw one target."

"I'm saying that there were multiple people's DNA found in our specimen." That caught Tommy's attention, and a sick, curdling feeling began to broil in his stomach.

Multiple people's DNA in one sample could only mean one probable answer.

Human experimentation.

His hands were shaking.

"Each of these DNA samples were all from missing people. Matthew Evergreen, Kathy Hart, Maria Lopez, and Keith Samuel. They had all gone missing about two to three years ago, although Mrs. Maria had been missing for close to six."

*There's no way...*

"What's more, each missing person's DNA just so happened to correspond with a power that the egg had." He clicked to the next slide which had photos of all the missing people with their powers listed next to them.

One looked familiar.

*(C o-m-ēlp...se r...chī...ld.)*

*It's voice sounded familiar.*

*He couldn't place it.)*

*There's no way... Right?*

The photo of Maria seemed to stare at him, accusing.

*No, she's not gone.*

*("Mrs. Maria, hello!" He waved to another person, one in a cage. The Mexican looked up and smiled kindly, braiding her vine-like hair. She was going to be a future experiment, the scientists had told Theseus to not get attached, but her smile was so kind. So motherly.*

*"Hello,?chīd.")*

Tommy was going to be sick.

"While we were cleaning up, my team found this." He clicked onto the next slide, and nothing could prepare Tommy for the sight.

It was a piece of the eggshell, but that's not what got his attention. Smack dab, in the middle of the shell, was a piece of metal.

A nameplate, his minds told him, along with a hissed out *hey look, you match.*

He couldn't *breathe.*

The words carved on read

*Experiment seventy two, "The egg", H-rank.*



Tommy still remembered the rankings. At the top was Ss-rank, the most dangerous, as well as the one with the highest flight risk; the hardest to continuously contain. There was only one experiment with that rank, and he was sitting in that room right now, so there wasn't much worry there. It'd take the scientists several years to even make another experiment close to his caliber, especially since he was the main base for their experiment. The next was S-rank, it was still dangerous but not as much as an SS. There was H-rank, which meant dangerous, but not to the scientists.

E-rank was basically the same as H-rank, but less powerful. T-rank stood for experiments who worked with the scientists, their abusers, be it by their own free will or other. There was C-rank which meant basically that it was either an experiment that was powerless to stop its torment, those had the intelligence and strength of an average human. The second to last rank was N. N-rank meant that the experiment used its powers to heal and calm, which led to the eventual loss of all therapy for the more weak-minded people among the worker's troops. All of the therapists so far had tried to report the horrific things they had seen, but were quickly exterminated.

It was a cruel, cruel cycle.

The last rank, however, was the worst to be. F-rank.

It stood for failure, the only rank which actually had a word.

F-rank meant that you were a failed experiment, and all F-ranks had an extra letter on them, R for reusable, or S for scrapping.

Tommy pitied the experiments that had to be Scrapped. It hurt badly.

Not that he didn't know fully, the scientist had just wanted to see how he could hold up against it. The room was actually quite terrifying, the experiments would get pinned to a wall before their organs were gouged out by a large mechanical claw.

Needless to say, it was a traumatic experience for five year old Tommy, especially when the scientists would threaten him with getting scrapped when he couldn't reach their impossible standards.

His hands were shaking, so he hid them under the table. He looked pale. Wilbur discreetly noted this, and looked over to Sam to see if the hybrid had known as well. Sam nodded imperceptibly, casting worried eyes to the boy. Wilbur continued, ready to finish up quickly so he could hug the boy. Maybe Tommy was too sensitive to this, the gorey side of hero work.

(He didn't know how wrong he was. Tommy had seen dead bodies splayed out on tables by the ripe age of four, he knew the full body system by the age of six, he knew how to remove the nerve system from bodies and how to insert and remove a string properly, he knew how deep you could carve into an eye before it got serious, he knew so many things that he didn't ever want to.)

"That's all. I'll send you all off now, email me if you have any questions."

Everyone nodded and began to file out of the room. Tommy closed his eyes and sighed, making a mental note to drop off a list with all the ranks in his vigilante costume to Wilbur.

His leg bounced restlessly for a minute before he quickly stopped, remembering how people said it always looked strange.

Wilbur and Sam just looked more concerned. Tommy quickly stood up and tried to leave with the crowd, but Sam called out to him. "Wait, Tommy! Can you stay behind?"

The blonde stopped before hesitantly walking back. Once everyone was done, he spoke up.  
"Yeah?"

"Are you alright?" Wilbur slowly placed a hand on the boy's shoulder. "You looked jittery during the entire meeting, I'm sorry for bringing up such a gruesome subject. I know some people don't handle the... dirty parts of hero work."

"It's fine. Just... I'm fine. Thanks, Wilbur. Good luck with Schlatt." He turned to Sam. "Bye, you two."

"Tommy?"

The boy looked back. "Hm?"

"If you ever need anything..." Wilbur started. "Don't be afraid to ask, alright?"

"You can ask me too. We're here to help." Sam nodded.

Tommy blinked, and with those words, twenty thousand futures become possible.

(This is when Tommy realises that people might actually want to help.

He still isn't sure though, a mistake that will cost him greatly soon.)

"...Thanks. I'll see you two tomorrow." He turned on his heel and ignored the sinking distrustful lit in his chest for the slight fluttering hope that blossomed.

"Dad, how do I make friends with someone?"

Phil stared, either in awe or disbelief. "You want to ask someone to be friends?"

*He's never made an effort to go and make a friend. Is he being blackmailed or something?*

"Yeah?"

"And you came to me because...?" Wilbur blinked. "You're social."

"Because I have friends?"

"Don't make me say it."

"You came to your father for friendship advice, Wilbur."

Techno piped up. "This friendship is doomed to fail, obviously."

*"Tech, don't say that! I want to make an effort, really!"*

"Really?" Phil laughed, warm and full. "Alright then. Let's show you how to befriend someone, Wilbur."

"Tell us about this guy." The piglin hybrid shut his book abruptly and leaned forward to stare at Wilbur. "I want all of the details. Now. What are his weaknesses?"

"Eh- Dad?"

"Tell us."

"*Oh my god.*"

# **I needed this, its just Wilbur and tommy**

## Chapter Summary

Property destruction pog

### **The sex havers (+sapnap)**

Tuberculosis: hello

Meow mix mascot: what did you do

Tuberculosis: why do you assume I did something immediately???

Court jester: what did you do tubbo

Tuberculosis: ,

Meow mix mascot: tubbo where is the MICROWAVE

Court jester: WHAT

Tuberculosis: ,,,,

Meow mix mascot: oh my god

Tuberculosis: so you know grenade launchers

*Meow mix mascot has left the group!*

Court jester: lmao mood

*Meow mix mascot was added to the group!*

Meow mix mascot: let me out

Tuberculosis: I sold a fucking grenade launcher that I made with the microwave

Meow mix mascot: ...how much did u get

Tuberculosis: dot dot dot

Meow mix mascot: if you sold it for less then a thousand dollars im going to be pissed

Tuberculosis: oh thank god, nah I sold it for exactly 1465

Meow mix mascot: you are spared another day

Sapnap what intriguing and contributive things did you get up to today

Court jester: looked for my boys

Meow mix mascot: the entire day

Court jester: you're just fucking jel that I can feel love you weird furry

Meow mix mascot: keep telling yourself that so you can pat yourself on the back for a long successful day of doing jack shit. heart emoji (derogatory)

Tuberculosis: friendship: toxic edition

*Meow mix mascot has left the group!*

*Meow mix mascot has been added!*

Meow mix mascot: LET ME OUT

Court jester: (dergotry) no

Meow mix mascot: dergotry

Tuberculosis: \*derogatory

You just got corrected by a dyslexic person

Meow mix mascot: anyways as much as I hate to stop bullying sapnap (derogatory) I have something FAR more serious

Tuberculosis: oh?

Meow mix mascot: the scientists

Court jester: oh shit

Hold on we need serious in here

*Court jester has changed three names!*

Sapnap: We're listening

Tommy: Ok so there's no real way to sugarcoat this

Tubbo: ?

Tommy: the scientists are back in full force, and I think they might be after something

Tommy sighed as he put down the phone. Staring at the wall, a door opening alerted him to his thoughts. He stared at a fashion disaster.

"What?"

"What the actual hell are you wearing?" It was probably unwise to ask his *boss* that, but he couldn't stop himself.

Wilbur pouted, but the effect was lost in the unimaginable rage Tommy felt. His brain was shorting out, his mind was doing cartwheels around a large that said *What the everliving fuck?*

Wilbur had on a yellow sweater. Now, usually this would be enough to only get an odd look from the blonde but *no*. Things were never that easy.

Paired with the horrendous neon yellow sweater was a red beanie. With *brown pants*.

Was this man *trying* to get mauled?

"Wilbur- oh my god, Wilbur, *what?*"

"Seriously, what is it?" He whined. "Do I have something on my face?"

"Do you- do you have something on your *face*? How about your entire *body*?"

The brunette blinked. "What's wrong with it?"

"You look like you just climbed out of a carnival, you *clown*." That elicited a startled laugh from his boss. "Tommy-"

"No, I can't take this. I physically can't to this anymore. Are you going out in public looking like that?" Wilbur's laughter only got louder. "Tommy please-"

"Stop. No amount of begging can stop me now. Wilbur fuckin' Soot, esteemed hero and musician, I am going to burn that fucking outfit, you get to decide if it's still on your body when I do."

"Are you threatening to kill me, Tommy?"

"I certainly could if I wanted." Tommy paused. "Not because you're weak or anything, but I would be filled with just the perfect amount of white hot rage to slaughter you with my own two hands. Now tell me where you're going so I can escort you to your clown car." Wilbur was bent in half at this point, gasping for air. "Was- I was just going to go get coffee." He giggled, muttering the words *clown car* under his breath. "You seem extremely worried about my outfit, Toms."

"Don't even think about calling me that while you're in that stupid fucking outfit. I can't believe I work with you, now show me where you live so I can see what other abominations I have to work with."

"T-Tom-"

"It's a Saturday, and I refuse to associate with people who wear shit like *that*." He spat out the last word as if it was a cuss. "Take me to your house or I *will* find it myself." Wilbur typed something in his phone for a moment before handing it to Tommy. On it was a GPS tracker that said home in all caps, and Tommy sighed, mentally noting it down. "Good. Let's go, I font want to be seen in public with a runaway from the circus any longer then I have to, and take that stupid beanie off." He ripped said stupid beanie off.

Wilbur's eyebrows raised, and he muttered under his breath *friendship, toxic addition*.

The blonde paid no mind to it, instead electing to grab his friend's(?) arm and drag him away.

Tommy stared at the closet in front of him.

This was *not ok*.

This was not ok on *so* many levels. How many ugly pants and sweaters did this man own?

Was that a fucking neon pink and green sweater he just saw? The experiment almost frantically darted his eyes back, every fucking piece of shit clothing setting off his fight or flight with a new fun and interesting third option- scream.

"What are you going with that jumper?" Wilbur looked over his shoulder.

"Wilbur." Tommy's voice was quivering. "What the fresh hell is this?"

"It's... a sweater?"

The world ended. The sun exploded, the earth dried into a small little fuck. The water evaporated. The seas were gone.

"You mean you kept this on purpose!?"

"I got it?"

Tommy was this close to wringing the older's neck before sending him into the stratosphere.

"Listen here you little shit-"

Wilbur was laughing again. "No-"

"Wilbur, I'm destroying this and there's nothing you can do about it-"

"Toms-" He cut himself off with a wheeze.

"No, no- shut up, *shut up- If you say another word then I'm going to shove an unbuttered spatula so far up your ass that your sphincter is going to be singing the Geneva convention for the next two years, I'm burning this and maybe burning you as well.*" The blue eyed boy threw the freak of nature on the ground before rifling through the closet to find any more.

Soon, most of Wilbur's closet was in a pile. Tommy stared at him, disappointed. "Wil."

"Toms."

"Wil."

"Toms." The man was smiling at him tenderly from the ground, opting to go and tune his guitar whilst he watched his younger brother figure absolutely destroy the quiet peace of his room.

"Wanna tell me what you're planning to do with all those clothes?"

"Wilbur, I am burning these clothes."

"Oh yeah?" The man set down his guitar before ruffling Tommy's hair and *oh*.

Wilbur stared at the uncomprehending look on Tommy's face. His pupils were wide, and the man

looked blissed out of his mind. The hero hesitantly lifted his hand off the surprisingly soft curls.  
"Tomm-"

His hand was grabbed and placed gently back on Tommy's head with the simple command of "Again." He complied, carding his hands through Tommy's hair before realising. Tommy opened a bleary sleepy eye. "Mm?"

"Tommy, do you like when I do that?" Too drowsy to deny anything, said boy made an incoherent grumble and head-butted the man's hand, huffing.

"Aww, Tommy!"

The boy grumbled once more before reluctantly leaning away from the touch. "Wilby, I-" He choked on his own words to look at Wilbur, thinking the man hadn't heard him. He was wrong.

The absolute wave of tenderness and love that assaulted him when he met Wilbur's eyes was astounding. Overwhelming. "Did you just call me Wilby?"

"No-"

"Did you just fucking call me Wilby?" Tommy stiffened, completely forgetting the fact that Wilbur could also be hiding his face and was *angry*. He looked away, ears flattening to the back of his head as he caved in amongst himself, now the poster child for an upcoming anxiety attack.  
"S'rry."

Wilbur was quick to reassure him. "No- no, I'm not upset. I really like the name actually, Wilby is adorable."

Tommy was quick to snap back, a furious flush dusting his cheeks. "I did not call you *Wilby*."

Wilbur giggled. "Of course."

"*I did not!*"

"Do you wanna call me Wilby, Tommy? Do you want to call me Wilby?" Said boy scoffed and averted his eyes because *fuck* Wilbur and *fuck* Wilbur's nice warm words and kind smiles and a scent that smelled faintly of cookies and old books and everything relatively pleasant. "No fucking way, dickhead, not a chance in hell."

Wilbur cooed again. "Aw, Toms, you can call me Wilby if you want, you can. I won't mind."

Tommy turned. "I'm burning this stupid fucking stupid hell stupid goddamned sweater first. Do you only own sweaters? I saw like, two short sleeves in here."

"Sweaters are comfy."

"In the middle of bloody *July*?" The man nodded hesitantly.

Tommy squinted.

(He knows a liar when he sees one.

He also knows that Wilbur is just a tad too underweight, and the pieces click together in the sixteen year old's mind.)

"Shame, you're perfectly fine when you show off." He turned, face indecipherable.



"Tommy?" The boy gently took ahold of the hoodie that he'd seen Wilbur wear so many times, when he could practically feel the self hatred wafting off the man, flexed his claws before ripping it in half and destroying the fabric entirely. Wilbur's jaw dropped open. "T-Toms, what?"

"I'm getting rid of that one first." He threw the shreds of the black hood on the ground, looking at it as if it'd offended his family.

(In a way, it had, hadn't it? Every time Wilbur slipped on the uncomfortable fabric of his self-hate hoodie, it had taken a toll on him, he couldn't bear to see his arms and stomach because all that stared back at him was a burden and a disgusting-)

"Hey." Wilbur looked up. Tommy stared, face once more unreadable. "Focus on now." He reluctantly put a hand on the man's shoulder, sensing that the elder needed it.

*How'd he know?*

The blank stare that Wilbur decided did *not* belong on such a young face, much less Tommy's, melded into a half forced smile. "Cmon, I'm destroying your clothes, bitch. Nothing you can do about it, now watch me or go back to tuning your guitar."

Wilbur smiled, and his voice came out a bit wobbly. "Alright, Toms. Show me what you're capable of, big man." He leaned back and grabbed his instrument, deciding that everything, just right now, was pretty alright. He strummed lazily to the background noise of full bellied laughter and the ripping of fabric.

## That's right boys its just more fluff

### Chapter Summary

Ayo?

"So, what songs can you play?" Tommy gestured to the guitar. "M' curious."

"You want to hear me?" Wilbur shook his head. "Nah, I'm not very good I'm afraid, it's not-"

"I'm sure you are. Even if you weren't that good, the first step to being kinda ok at something is sucking at it first. Just imagine when I tell all your fans that I heard you play before you came an internet sensation, eh? I'll get loads of like, *oh, the great and handsome Tommy, how did he do it, how did he get so good?* And then I will not answer them."

Wilbur did that stupid little tender laugh-smile at Tommy again. "Alright then, Toms. Just for you, my number one fan." He picked up his guitar nervously and began strumming once more before letting the song flow from his lips.

"Well it's 2:45 pm."

Tommy sat there, entranced by the song. The tip of his tail flicked with interest, and he leaned in, ears completely perked up. His mouth was open a little, and his eyes were wide.

*This is a pretty good song. Wil's a good singer.*

Too soon did the song finish, and Wilbur looked up, nervous once more. "How was it?"

Tommy grinned. "Wil, that was so fucking pog! It was amazing! But uh, that thing about depression...?"

"Ah, yeah." Wilbur grinned a bit. "Just a lyric. Don't pay too much attention to it."

Tommy hummed before getting up and stretching. "I'm already worried, you can't stop me. But I can deal with that later, what we need to deal with now is getting you some wearable clothes." The teen gestured to the shreds scattered across the floor. "You up for some shopping?"

"That... Was like, all of my clothes-"

"Sorry, but j had to do it. All your clothes were uh..." Tommy paused. "Still in the eighties."

"Tommy."

"Wil." The two stared at each other. The blonde broke eye contact first. "Sorry about ripping up all your ugly clothes. It wasn't too poggers of me to do that, ey?" His tail lowered and his ears leaned back as a small frown decorated his face. Wilbur shook his head. "No, Toms, it's all good! I told you you could, yeah?"

"Yeah?"

"Well there we go, no one to blame for it but myself. You said you wanted to go shopping for new

clothes with me, yeah?"

Said guy nodded. "If I let you go out there on your own who knows what you'd buy. Let's go."

Tommy stared at the store with wide eyes. "Oh my god."

"What?"

"This store is expensive. They've got the nice sleek walls 'n shit."

"It's not that expensive."

"No, Wilbur, you don't understand, I'm poor. If I set foot in that store the workers are going to fucking execute me on the spot. Public execution."

"I sure hope they won't. Come along, Toms."

"Wil-" He was dragged into the store by the older man.

"How about this?"

"Wilbur if I see you holding another neon colored sweater then we're going to have problems."

"...I'll go put it back."

Tommy glared at the softer colors before his eyes widened. "Oh hell yes. Wilbur, c'mere!"

"What?"

"Put this on."

"Ok...?"

The blonde paced outside of the waiting rooms. He tapped his nails together before a voice hit his ears. "Toms?"

Tommy looked and *hell yes*. "Oh fuck yeah."

"It's just a peach sweater?" The man looked at the sweater. "I don't really see what's so great about it."

"Wilbur, listen, peach is a good color on you, as well as white and grey. Black and brown and dark blue are good colors on you. Neon yellow and green is not, unless you want to look like you're fresh out of elementary school."

"Wh-"

"But I have to say, this is just a perfect look on you. The soft peach sweater paired with your plain black pants and shoes, uh hold on-" Tommy placed a black beanie on Wilbur's head, having to stretch on the tips of his toes to reach it. "There we go, ten outta ten! You look, dare I say it, handsome."

"Really?"

"Yup! How much is it though?" Tommy grabbed the price tag before cardiac arrest hit him like a train. "Oh, what the *fuck*."

"What?"

"Thirty five dollars for just a sweater- I can't afford this, Christ."

"Wh?" Wilbur paused. "Tommy, I'm going to be paying."

"What."

"I'm... Going to be paying?"

Tommy blinked. "But I destroyed all your shit."

"And now I'm going to pay for a new one."

"Wilbur."

"Toms."

"How am I supposed to pay you back, though? Dunno if you noticed, but I don't exactly have the most cash. Do I have to pay it back in-"

"You don't have to pay me back."

Tommy winced. "Oh god, those are such weird words to hear- just tell me what I have to do, no need to lie to me."

"I'm serious! You can pay me back by helping me figure out more outfits, Phil and Techno are going to be overjoyed when they see what I wear now."

"Phil and Techno as in..."

"Philza and Technoblade, yes."

"Why'd they be overjoyed?"

"Oh, well Phil's been trying to get me to change my style forever, and Tech threatened to shred all my clothes, you beat him to the punch."

"But why?"

"Techno also told me that if I kept dressing like a unicorn puked on me then Phil'd disown me."

"Dis-disown?"

"Phil's my dad."

"..." Tommy stared. "Oh my god, it all makes sense. Does that mean that Technoblade is your brother-"

"He is my brother, yes."

"...Wild." Tommy didn't want to spend his last two precious braincells trying to comprehend *that*.

Wilbur laughed. "Yesh, I guess."

Tommy ushered his friend back into the dressing rooms. "Well, if you're going to be paying then I have so many more clothes for you to try. Put these trousers with this shirt on, it's gonna look great."

Wilbur flopped on his bed. "I don't think I've ever seen quite so many clothes in my life, Tommy."

"At least you look stylish?" The boy offered. "Don't worry, now when a woman sees you she'll be like *oh wow he's so hot-*" Wilbur choked. "T-Tommy!" He whipped his head around to face Tommy, cheeks bright red. "Do you have no filter?"

"I have a very good filter actually, the things that I want to say are much, much worse." The older man groaned and collapsed on his bed once more. "You are disgusting. Horrible. Bad child."

"Not a child."

"Child. Itty bitty tiny boy."

Tommy huffed. "Piss off." After a moment, he got up, stretched his back and grinned. "You'd react like that though? A woman just comes up and you're all *uh-uh- I d- I c-*" He sung, dancing around the room.

Wilbur grinned. "You're so bloody peppy, how do you do it?"

"An unhealthy amount of my famous mix."

"What's in your famous mix, Toms?"

"Five hour energy, Gatorade, Red bull, Monster, kool aid powder, and a shot of vodka." Wilbur choked. "No way that's real. That's not real, right?"

"..."

"Aren't you too young to be drinking?"

"Aren't you too old to be alive?"

Wilbur choked again. "As your boss, I am asking you to please stop drinking that."

"As your employee, I respectfully decline."

"...At least stop putting vodka in it. Christ, what are you, twelve? That's gonna mess up your brain."

"I know, and I'm not twelve. I'm a big man, bigger than all the rest. My body screams testosterone and I have very very big muscles. Bodybuilder- actually no, that many muscles is kinda gross- I am very strong, just take my words for it."

"I wholeheartedly believe that you're a skinny twig."

"Wh- really?"

"Yup."

"You're awful, I am so strong. The strongest."

"Ok, Tommy."

"No one is stronger."

"Of course." Wilbur patted the shorter's head after they got seated, running his hand through the silky curls. After a few minutes of lightly scratching the boy's scalp, he was rewarded with soft... rumbling?

*No, his eyes went wide. He's purring!*

Tommy looked completely content, his face was slightly chubby, Wilbur had realised. He looked like he was sixteen instead of eighteen, a thought that Wilbur was never able to get rid of. The blonde boy was smiling as if he'd never been hurt, and Wilbur noticed that *oh, he trusts me enough to let his guard down. He's practically laid in my lap, and trusts me enough to do this.*

The chestnut haired man chuckled softly, and hummed a quiet melody as Tommy simply *was*.

"-ommy? To-"

Huh?

"ms, wake u-"

What?

"Tommy?" The boy slowly opened his eyes. Wilbur was grinning at him, a clear fondness in his eyes. "Welcome back to the world of the living."

"Did..." The experiment started. "Did I fall asleep on you?"

"Yeah, it's alright though, I didn't mind." Whisper didn't mention how the other had started shaking and whispering *no* over and over in his sleep, how his ears pulled back and how prominent the eyebags on his face suddenly seemed to be.

"..Sorry."

"It's fine, really. Although, you should get back home now, it's getting kinda late." The other checked the time, eyes widening. "Shit, you're right."

"Want to meet up again tomorrow?" Tommy paused, which prompted Wilbur to keep talking. "Sorry, I just really enjoyed your company."

"...Alright. When and where?"

"I'll just text you the details- wait, you don't have my number- uh, here." He fiddled with his phone for a moment before holding it out, the screen read *add contact*.

The other punched in his digits and quickly got up. "I've gotta leave."

"See you tomorrow, Tommy."

"Bye, Wilby!" Tommy hopped out of the window, floating down for some off reason.

Wilbur only later realised that Tommy'd accidentally called him Wilby, and smiled, cooing to himself. "Aw, Toms."

He would protect this boy with his life, and maybe, just maybe, he would learn the secret that the other held so tightly.

# Court jester: (writhes on the ground in pain because I fell) help me up please

## Chapter Summary

HAHA you thought it was going to be angst!!! Jokes on you I'm saving that for a while while later  
Savor the peace whilst you can, cowards

## Chapter Notes

Tw for a bit of talk about the human experimentation at the beginning, read with caution!

"Whisper." The hero turned quickly. The vigilante, Atlas stood there.

"Atlas." Wilbur was already reaching for his com's, ready to call for backup when the illegal hero slapped his hand away from it. "Chill, I'm not here to start shit. I heard you might need this, and since I'm such an amazing fucking person, decided to give it to you."

"What is it?"

"Just read it."

The brown eyed man scanned the paper, eyebrows shooting up. "What the hell? Where'd you find this?"

"Nowhere important. But..." Tommy started. "Whis- no, Wilbur, listen, ok? Don't fucking mess with them. Don't fuck with the assholes who did this."

"Why?"

"What the hell do you mean why-" He took a deep breath. "They're bad news, really bad news. I know we aren't on good terms, you and me, but for the love of fucking god and everything holy, *don't mess with them*. They're more dangerous than you can handle."

"We have to stop them."

"No you don't, just let me-" He sighed. "God, you are so fuckin' annoying. Don't mess with them, or else they're gonna hurt you and then ones you love in irreversible ways. You can't just bounce back to how shit was before after you see what they do, what they did." He turned, ready to just fuck off from the conversation when a hand grabbed his wrist. Whisper stood there firm, and stared down the shorter male. His eyes were worried, something Tommy was only used to seeing out of uniform.

"Atlas, what did they do to you?"

After a moment, the boy in question let out a bitter laugh, one that was the hero's way of saying *not*



*enough to keep me down* and the coward's way of saying *I don't want to talk about it*. Regardless, he pushed on.

"God, Wilbur, what didn't they do to me? What didn't they-" he sniffled. "What the hell did they not do?" He leaned back and wiped his eyes quickly. "Just fucking stay away from them. You're one of my favorite heroes and I don't wanna see you dead or worse just yet." He ripped his wrist away and scaled down the building.

Whisper looked back to the list, a heavy feeling settling in his gut.

*SS-rank: only one. Strongest there is, the scientists could make only one of these. The SS ranked monster is sentient and has the mind of a human sixteen year old, they were able to escape the facility. They look relatively human but aren't one anymore. Near impossible to continuously contain, and extremely powerful. They're not a threat to you as of now though, so don't bother them.*

Wilbur's mind was glued on a sentence.

*"They look relatively human but aren't one anymore."*

Anymore?

He was reminded that this could possibly be a teenager.

*"The mind of a human sixteen year old."*

*"Escape the facility."*

(The SS rank was never in control of their fate, he realised dimly.)

They had to find this SS rank, now.

This person.

The teen.

(His thoughts drifted to Tommy, and a panicked call from Sam he'd gotten one lazy afternoon.)

Wilbur had an idea of where to look first.

*("What do you mean a metal plate on Tommy, Sam?")*

### **The sex havers (+sapnap)**

Tommy: god these names are too formal now

Tuberculosis: agreed

*Tubbo gas changed Tubbo's name to Jar of bees*

Tommy: why

Jar of bees: jar of bees

Tommy: got it

*Tommy has changed Tommy's name to Trauma! At the disco*

Trauma! At the disco: nice

Jar of bees: nice

Sapnap: hmm

Trauma! At the disco: no

*Trauma! At the disco has changed Sapnap's name to Court jester*

Court jester: why

Trauma! At this disco: I'm never letting you live it down

Jar of bees: shakes jar of bees menacingly

Trauma! At this disco: anyways I gave Whisper the list

Court jester: whisper the listper

Jar of bees: great!! Awesome!! What's the next step

Trauma! At the disco: no idea! I'm meeting up with Wilb tomorrow though

Jar of bees: ooo I hope it goes well

Court jester: yuh

Trauma! At the disco: me too

Hopefully he doesnt notice the several glaring red flags that something is wrong and I'm not a normal person

Jar of bees: hopefully

Court jester: he just jinxed it again lmao

Trauma! At the disco: I don't need your sass jester boy

Court jester: ye-ouch! (hits you in the face with a coconut cream pie)

Trauma! At the disco: STOP TRYING TO ROLEPLAY WITH ME THIS IS THE SECOND TIME THIS WEEK

Court jester: dhsbsvsjssn

Jar of bees: I tackled him

Trauma! At the disco: valid

Court jester: I demand a restraining order

Trauma! At the disco: overruled.

Court jester: can I at least get a

Trauma! At the disco: no

Jar of bees: no

Court jester: tommy ik youre going to say the line, just do it

Trauma! At the disco: cry for us court jester

Court jester: how many times has he made this joke

Jar of bees: like five times

Trauma! At the disco: it doesn't get old, fuck you

Court jester: :/

Trauma! At the disco: abuse

Court jester: child abuse

Trauma! At the disco: we are LITERALLY the same age

Court jester: lol. Lmao.

Trauma! At the disco: were it not for the laws of the land I would've slaughtered you

Jar of bees: we don't follow the law

Trauma! At the disco: oh yeah

:)

Court jester: YOU WERENT SUPPOSED TO REMIND HIM

Jar of bees: just say no, he can't murder you if you don't give consent

Court jester: Thomas i am saying No

Trauma! At the disco: you get away this time

Court jester: (leans back in my chair to kick my feet up on the table but leans back too far and falls over)

Trauma! At the disco: tubbo

Jar of bees: putting another mark on the "when sapnap has tried to rp with us in the groupchat" tally

Trauma! At the disco: what number are we at big man

Jar of bees: gimme a second I have to count

Uhhh

Seventeen times in the last month

Trauma! At the disco: incredible

Court jester: (writhes on the ground in pain because I fell) help me up please

Jar of bees: (kicks you) eighteen

### **Wilbur Soot**

Wilbur Soot: Tommy?

Tommy: Wilbur

Wilbur Soot: Tommy!! Hello!! I

Tommy: ?

Wilbur Soot: have some questions to ask

Tommy: denied

Wilbur Soot: ...,please

Tommy: fine

What's up?

Wilbur Soot: so

I got some information about our current case

Tommy: oh?

(There's no way, Tommy thought. He hadn't pieced things together this easy, right?)

Wilbur Soot: Would you be available for questioning tomorrow?

Tommy?

Tommy: Sorry, just dropped my phone. Yeah, I'm good, but why?

Wilbur Soot: I have some concerns.

Tommy: and we can't address them now?

Wilbur Soot: Toms.

Tommy: Just curious. We can meet at a coffee shop I know? It's got good food.

Wilbur Soot: sounds good with me

Tommy: I'll send you the address in a minute. Does twelve sound good?

Wilbur Soot: great

Sorry if I've made things uncomfortable, I just want to make sure of a few things

Tommy: It's fine

Here

*Tommy has sent one link!*

Tommy: the link for the shop

See you at twelve

Wilbur Soot: see you!!

### **The sex havers (+sapnap)**

Trauma! At the disco: PROBLEM

*Trauma! At the disco sent one image*

Trauma! At the disco: I actually jinxed it what the fuck

Court jester: oh jesus

Jar of bees: ...not good

Trauma! At the disco: YOU THINK???

Jar of bees: uhh use a draw tomorrow before you meet him? You said your cards would help you out of any situation, right?

Trauma! At the disco: that's... Not a bad idea actually

Thanks tubbo, sapnap

Court jester: (does a little dance, but joyfully)

Jar of bees: (kicks you again) nineteen

Tommy sighed, straightening his shirt. He wore a simple combination of a black turtleneck, black pants, and white combat boots. He examined himself in the mirror, tidying up little parts of his appearance before heading out, electing to float out their window instead of going through the door like a normal person due to the fact that there would be at least one joke about how edgy his outfit looked.

*It's not edgy, he remembered telling them. Modern! Mod-ern!*

They made jokes about it anyways.

Tommy was in the bathroom, preparing himself mentally before manifesting his deck. It had changed over the years, from something that looked like a normal card deck to something more elegant, black cards with fancy golden font, and sleek illustrations of what each lower demonstrated. He loved it.

He spread them out on air as if a table were sat there, before picking one up and looking at it. He hummed in confusion, proofing his cards out of existence and looking at his hands.

"Illusion?" He muttered. "What's that gonna help?"

## Tommy is allowed to owo. Once.

### Chapter Summary

Catboy tommy says a horrible thing  
schlatt and Wilbur friendship pog? Its more likely then you'd think

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It popped into his head a minute later and he mentally berated himself for wondering. There was a good chance that Wilbur wanted to see something, and he had to hide it from the man. His skin, his plate, his face, maybe. Tommy thought he could lie well, but one could never be sure. If worst came to worst he could make Wilbur forget, Tommy would drag him to an alleyway, and when the man woke up he'd spin a "terrified" story of how they got mugged, the hero tried to intervene, but then got hit in the back of the head and Tommy scared them away with his claws.

Maybe he was thinking about this too much.

He quietly left the bathroom, and made sure that he was able to use his ability without hitch. His eyes scanned the room before settling on a figure off in the corner. Wilbur was leafing through a book, enraptured by the story if his face was anything to go off by. The blonde ordered the most bright and obnoxious colored drink he could because damnit, this might've been an interrogation but he wanted to be unprofessional! Calling him to *get interrogated* about him possibly being a *human experiment*.

On his day off, no less.

Tommy was not happy.

He hesitantly tapped Wilbur's shoulders, not expecting the jolt the man made. Wilbur looked over and smiled. "Ah, Tommy! There you are. Again, apologies for dragging you here."

"Not like I had anything better to do." He had several things that he could be doing right now, but the other didn't need to know. "So, uh, questions? This is an interrogation, so let's get started."

"Forward. Well then, Tommy, are you ready? If it's any consolation, this'll be fairly short."

"Not really, but I can't exactly deny an investigation. Let's start."

Wilbur nodded. "First off, where were you born?"

"London."

"Your parent's names?"

"Grey and Melody Smith."

"Which hospital were you born in?"

"Ah, I'm not aware of that, I'd have to ask."

"Fair." Wilbur wrote something down. "We're just blowing through these questions, huh? Name your past schools."

"Uh, I went to the Hope's peak trilogy." The hope's peak trilogy was mostly a front for the scientists to launder money, but he didn't need to know that.

"All three?"

"Yeah."

Wilbur nodded. "Where'd you used to live?"

Tommy shrugged. "We moved when I was like, three, I don't remember and my parents never told me because they never deemed it as important."

"Also fair. Do you have any references you went to cal to confirm all this?"

"I don't. Don't know about you, but I was a weird gangly kid, had no friends whatsoever."

"If its any consolation, I only had Niki? I was pretty much the same."

Tommy nodded, you know, like a liar. All the answers for the questions he had thought he'd be getting were working so far. Wilbur looked down again at his book. "Well then, that's about it."

"That's all?"

"Well, I have one more but it might sound a bit strange." Tommy froze. "Yeah?"

"Can I see your hand?"

"Eh?"

"Sorry, sorry! It's just, uh, I got a call from Sam a while ago, and just wanted to, um.." He grew less confident as he trailed off. "Check?"

"...Ok." Tommy slid his glove off (no, *his* glove, fuck you Dream-) and conjured an illusion. He held out his hand to the man who inspected it. "Huh." He reached out to brush his finger over the middle, but Tommy yanked his hand back.

"What?"

"Sorry, I just hit it yesterday, and I'm trying to not hurt it again." *Illusions don't cover textures, and the texture of an invisible metal plate on my hand is pretty damning.*

Wilbur nodded. "Completely understandable. Can I see the other?"

"Sure?" Tommy slipped out his other hand, thankfully metal-free, and presented it to the man.

Wilbur practically glared at the offended hands before sighing and leaning back. "Alright, you're good. You can put the gloves back on."

Mentally cheering, Tommy slipped the fabric over himself and forced a confused look on his face that might or might not've been thanks to an illusion. "Am I allowed to ask you why you wanted to see my hands?"



"Its nothing, really."

"Do you..." Tommy trailed off, looking around, unaware of how to breach the sensitive topic. He leaned in slightly and whispered. "Do you have a hand fetish?"

Wilbur leaned back immediately. "Oh fuck no, I just-" He cut himself off. "God, you're really trying to get me to spill, Toms."

"Yeah, maybe." Tommy's name was called by the barista, and he looked up. "Gimme a minute." He walked up to the front and grabbed his drink, nodding to the lady who gave it to him. The boy then lazily walked back over and sat down, sipping his drink noisily. Wilbur looked away, struggling to keep a straight face.

"T-Tommy."

"Wilbur Soot."

*"Toms, please, I can't take you serious like this."*

"Damn, sounds like a *you* problem." Wilbur giggled and looked at his *employee* with a shocked expression. "You work for me, can-"

"Not right now I don't."

"Tom-

"Saturdays are for the boys, bitch." Wilbur just laughed, loud and full. "You are so immature- I- I can't take it."

"I'm the most mature man ever." He boasted. "I am! I have huge muscles and-"

"Am very strong, I know."

"Damn right." Was this asserting dominance? He didn't know. Whatever it was, at least it was working...?

Wilbur looked up before humming. His eyes flicked back to Tommy, but it was too late.

Tommy looked behind him and *oh?*

*"OwO?"* He muttered under his breath. *"What's this?"*

None other then Schlatt stood there, talking to the barista about what was healthiest and what had how many calories. Wilbur sighed, knowing what was coming.

Tommy turned. "It's Schlatt, dude!"

"I know."

"Invite him over. Make friends."

"No! Are you crazy?"

After a moment of real thinking, Tommy nodded. "Yup, of course I'm crazy. And that is why I'm doing this." He got up and walked over to the man. "Hello there." The brunette looked at him curiously. "Hey there, kid. What's someone your age doing out at midday? Shouldn't you be in

school or some shit?"

"I'm eighteen, and I'm actually very, very interested about talking about that one specific thing with you and my friend."

"Oh?" The man looked confused, to say the least, but he couldn't help the spark of interest that had been lighted. "Well then, let's talk about... that. Where's your friend?"

"Oh, you know, just over there. C'mon, we'll steal minutes out of your day, it'll be great." He pointed to Wilbur who was very discreetly looking the other way, embarrassed from how he felt singled out. Schlatt's eyes widened. "Oh damn, is that Whisper? I was in a mission with him a couple of day ago."

"Oh, I know. Just call him Wilbur, by the way. Help him stop being a little bitch, please."

Tommy cackled internally. *I'm going to make them such good fucking friends. I'm the best person ever. Finally, Wil's not going to be an antisocial little bitch!*

What he realised a moment later was that Schlatt was a ram hybrid and had two large fluffy ears of the side of his head. Large ears usually meant better hearing, so he tacked on the words "Disregard that last part, Big S. Here, come, sit down. Wilbur, introduce yourself."

Wilbur smiled, fiddling with his sleeve. "I'm Wilbur, although you already know that, it's nice to meet you. Or, see you again, I should say." He held out a slender hand.

"Wilbur, huh? Your little friend, *I need you to give me your name too, kid*, told me your name was Wilbur Soot."

"Soot's just my last name, font think too hard about it."

"Oh yeah, I'm Tommy!"

"Just Tommy?"

"Thomas Innit Smith, if you want to be a little bitch about it." Both men choked on their spit. "But enough about us, tell us about *you*, Mr. Jschlatt. I'm mostly interested in your credit card numbers, but I'm sure Wilbur'd love to be friends with you." Leaning over, he sent his boss a very *"I'm doing this on purpose and there's nothing you can do to stop me"* like shit eating grin, the one he got back was nothing short of venomous. Schlatt grinned back. "Well, I just came here to snatch some coffee and be on my way, but there was this little blonde gremlin that invited me to his table to have a lovely chat with his boss and here I am. Nothing much other them that, though." Tommy's smile only got wider.

"Oh wow, really? Well Wil, why don't you tell him about you? We can have a little meet and greet, just the three of us."

Wilbur hated this little shit. He was going to fire him. "I have brothers, and I am a hero...?"

"More."

"Um..." He thought. "I've never tried... Hot pockets....?"

Clearly this was the right thing to say, as Schlatt's eyes lit up. Of course, what he just said was the absolute worst thing to say, because when Schlatt spoke, his voice had gone down about *twenty fucking octaves*. "You want me to tell you about hot pockets?" Tommy choked on his drink just the

tiniest bit.

A lot of people seemed to be choking today, he noted absentmindedly.

Wilbur sighed. What was Tommy pulling here? Had he paid the other man to be friends with him or something?

At least the ram hybrid was interesting...?

"Schlatt." He leaned in. "I would absolutely *love* to hear about hot pockets."

He grinned. "All you had to say, Soot."

Tommy winced and discreetly inched away from the two.

It was, to say the least, not a very pogchamp moment. He muttered.

*"I came here to get interviewed, not watch two awkward antisocial full grown men try to befriend eachother."*

When Tommy got back, he was repulsed at the sight. Not only were Schlatt and Wilbur still raking about hot pockets, but they were playing what looked to be tic-tac-toe on a piece of spare paper.

Since the experiment loved ruining most good things, he pulled the two apart. "Alright you two, now while I'm sure both of you'd like to have a cool sleepover or whatever people your age do, it's getting fairly late, and I don't feel like walking home."

Wilbur coughed, broken by his hardened glare at the paper. "But-"

"Not important as of now. Schlatt, me 'n Wilb just have to get going, so any last things y'all want to talk about before we scoot the fuck outta here?"

Schlatt leaned back, grinning a bit. Did this man ever not have a smug grin on? Whatever, it gave him a cool "bastardized from the family when I was young and proud" vibe, it was like he was about to sneak Tommy out of his house to go do something fun but also slightly illegal, maybe steal a stop sign, or graffiti.

Tommy has only done one of those, mind you.

"Nah, thanks for lettin' to me talk to him though. Real great guy."

Tommy grinned. "Glad you think so, Big man. Cmon Wilbur, let's dash." He pulled the other up and waved to Schlatt, scribbling on the corner of the of paper while his boss wasn't looking and slipping it into Schlatt's hands. The other unfolded it confusedly, before chuckling.

*Wilbur's number!!! Take good care of it loser*

\*\*\*\_\*\*\*\_\*\*\*\*

He typed the digits into his phone and saved them for later. Shooting a nod at the kid, he turned to go get his drink from the barista.

The teen turned happily. Confused, Wilbur asked him what he did.

Tommy did not respond.

Schlatt walked up to the two. "I'll see you two around, then." The other man nodded, smiling softly. "See you around, Schlatt."

"See you, Tommy." He turned to the singer. "See you soon, too, maybe?"

Wilbur laughed. "Of course, Schlatt."

"Aren't you glad you came to the shop with me?"

"I hate you."

"Hey, I got you a friend. You literally said that Niki was your only, and I'm out here getting slandered? Bit-"

*"Tommy Smith."*

*"Wilbur Soot."*

They stared at each other before Tommy broke eye contact. "Don't worry, I'm sure you'll hear from him again soon. Then you can plan your next tic-tac-toe session later, hopefully with me not in it. It was weirdly intense, you two looked like you are about to fight."

"Wh- huh? What do you mean plan a tic-tac-toe session-"

"...Promise you won't get mad?"

"Tommy, what did you do?"

"I gave him your number."

"You..." Wilbur stared blankly. "You *what*."

"You're antisocial. He's antisocial. A perfect match for bffs."

Wilbur reached out, but Tommy just leapt away from his hand.

"Get back here you little shit-"

"No thanks!"

## Chapter End Notes

I feel like I dotn have to tell you guys this but c o m m e n t it gives me strength, it waters my flora, it plants my crops and hydrates my skin

# Mmmm.... Monkey.....

## Chapter Summary

Angst

Also important note at the end go see it you bafoolagins

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the short chapter, bad shit is happening at home rn so I couldn't give you guys as lengthy an update as I wanted  
Enjoy anyways I guess

Tommy awoke feeling unusually numb.

Unusually apathetic.

It was horrible.

He got up and looked in the mirror, wincing. The teen looked terrible, his hair stuck up and his forehead had a sheen of sweat despite sleeping on the cold floor with no blankets.

*("I just sleep that way. I like it better than sleeping on a bed." He didn't, but a change was too confusing. Sleeping on cold stone floors to a soft, plush surface was jarring, and he didn't like it. On their first day out of the facility, he crawled out of the bed they all slept on and curled up on the floor instead.*

*It was all he'd ever known; could you blame him?)*

His eyebags were prominent, and his eyes were dull. Tommy bit his tongue and shook his head. He was supposed to be cheerful, he was supposed to be happy. He had friends, he wasn't getting hurt by the scientists anymore, he...

He didn't want to move from his spot on the floor.

*What am I doing? I have work.*

Tommy didn't move.

Well, he was moving a bit. Shaking. Why was he shaking? Why couldn't he gather the motivation to move, damn it?

Wetness slowly crawled down his cheeks. What was this? What... What was going on?

(Emotions, Tommy thinks, are the worst enemy to have. You can't tell them to fuck off, you can't hit or punch or kick them away, you can't kill a feeling as easy as you can kill something that lives and breathes. Emotions don't leave, they don't disappear when you tell them that you hate them,

they laugh and taunt you with what you don't want to hear, and you can't do *shit* about it.

*Because at the end of the day, what Tommy was more scared of then emotions and torture and you aren't good enoughs was the concept of helping himself, was the thought that people might actually care.*

"Tommy?"

"Hm?"

*"If you ever need anything..." Wilbur started. "Don't be afraid to ask, alright?"*

*"You can ask me too. We're here to help.")*

*Liars.* Tommy refuses to make the stupid mistake of trusting adults again.

*("Mister Tanaka?*

*What are you doing?")*

"Are you alright?" The blonde groaned. "Peachy."

"Tommy, go home." A hand that was supposed to be comforting rested on his back, but it made his skin crawl. He turned to face Sam. "I'll talk to Wilbur, just... Go home, alright? You don't seem the best."

"I'm fine, Sam."

"You aren't."

He tried to smile kindly, but it felt more like a toothy grimace. "I'm fine, ok? Just didn't get enough sleep last night, big man. Thanks."

Sam paused before sighing. "Alright, Toms. Alright."

Tommy felt as if the topic wouldn't be dropped forever. "Just a bad day, nothing big. Gonna be over before you know it, and then you're gonna feel dumb for being so worrisome." He forced out a laugh. "Just cool your breaks, Sam."

Sam nodded. "If you insist."

"I insist. Just... Go take a break, I dunno. Calm yourself, have a carrot." He offered a baby carrot to the man. Sam blinked in confusion. "Where'd you get tha-"

"You're hallucinating. Go sit down, here." He gently guided the man over to his office. "Drink some water, take a breath, meditate or some shit. Maybe you're the one who needs to go home if you're hallucinating carrots."

"It's right there, in your hand-"

"Are you sure?" Tommy gulped it down in one swallow. "I don't think so."

"...I..." Sam was at a genuine loss for words. "Just... Go to your station."

"Okay." He proceeded to turn around and black out.

He collapsed while the sound of a terrified sizzle was let out by the creeper hybrid who was watching him leave.

"-mmy?"

"T-"

"-omm-"

"Calm-"

"Oh my-"

He groaned and opened his eyes. Several figures were hovering above him. Puffy gasped. "He's awake!"

Sam let out a shaky sigh of relief. "Tommy, what the hell?"

The teen laughed nervously. "I think my legs gave out, I'm really sorry for causing such a fuss."

"When was the last time you slept?" The blonde blinked. "Eh?"

"Or ate?" The creeper stared at him accusingly. "Well?"

"Recently?" It came out more questioning than final, and Sam's eyes only squinted further in distrust. "I'm afraid I don't believe you. Tommy, are you overworking yourself?"

"No, no, of course not-"

"*Thomas.*" The boy grimaced. "Ah, fine, I do take my work laptop home sometimes to do some extra stuff, but that's not important."

"It is! You shouldn't be doing that, and while I'm happy that you aren't slacking, working yourself to the bone isn't healthy."

"It's..." He trailed off. *I'm allowed to take breaks? Is that allowed?* "Allowed?"

"To- to take breaks?" Sam faltered. "Of course it is." By now, everyone but the two had left. "Are you..." He started. "Were you ever in a place where it wasn't?"

("STOP SLACKING!")

"*P-please, I can't move anymore-*"

"*Get up now, or I'll give you something to cry about. You miss your sister, freak?*")

"No."

Sam slowly put a hand on his shoulder. "Tommy, go home."

"No. Sam, I'm fine now. It's fine."

"You obviously are not-"

"Just... Stop. Please." He blurted out. "Thank you, but I have work. Bye."

"Aren't your parents worried, at least? They-"

Tommy scoffed. "God, did you not really not read my profile? I'm a fucking orphan, Sam. I don't *have* parents. Thanks for the *lovely* reminder though." He turned and stormed out, angrily making his way to his station.

*He didn't know, he didn't. He didn't say it on purpose to taunt you. I'm overreacting.*

*("Take it, take the child." The blonde woman babbled on endlessly, unstable laughter coming from her mouth not a moment later. "God, just fucking take it. Anything to help you. I'd give my life for this.")*

*The woman was promptly shot in the forehead and killed on the spot, just like the father. They had no say in what happened to them, they never did. The scientists looked back at their newly made specimen.*

*It's eyes were open, how strange for a human.)*

There was something called infantile amnesia. At least, that's what he thought it was called. NosNost people had it where they couldn't remember what happened before they were five years old.

Tommy did not have it.

He had a freakishly good memory in fact, some might call it photographic. The scientists were thrilled when they had figured it out, an added bonus to their already selectively bred experiment. They had kidnapped people with the more attractive traits to them, like smarts and strong powers, mixed with people who were unnaturally beautiful. They had got what they wanted in the end, an unnaturally attractive baby with an overpowered skill that could be trained and bettered.

The "donors" to the experiment were all killed after, of course. They had outlived their usefulness, and the cruel higher ups didn't care about how much they begged.

But something strange happened, there was not one, but two babies that were born. A girl, and a boy. At first, the scientists had thought they'd hit the jackpot with two miracles, but they were quickly proven otherwise. The girl had no power whatsoever. At first they all agreed to exterminate her, but then-

*("Not yet." He had said. "Let them form a connection. Let them bond. Children are rebellious, and I have no doubt that if experiment 60-A were to act up, we can use 60-B to... motivate him to not do it again.")*

People always said children were cruel, but no one was born evil. Tommy knows that the children, the youngsters, always learn it from someone.

(Children are merely copying what they see in the adults, what they see in others.)

Children can be cruel, but adults will be worse.



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## HULLO AUTHOR'S NOTE HI

Hullo y'all I have been getting some comments about Schlatt and Wilbur both saying that they were uncomfortable with people shipping them together!! Uh!!! I am deadass so sorry I had no idea I am never informed of anything ever (not my point-)

MY POINT IS that I'm going to be rewriting the chapters that have schlattbur in them and re-doing the story line if it involved any if that shit. Im hella sorry if I came off as an asshole or disrespectful to the people who commented about it and I didn't respond back (THANK YOU TO THE USER WHO GAVE ME THE TUMBLR ABT THE CC'S STATING THEIR BOUNDARIES N SHIT BTW I OWE YOU MY LIFE) so the next update will, unfortunately, take a while whilst I rewrite and try to capture a better depiction of weird friendship that they have going on (using the IRL dynamic) uhhh but I'll try hard to capture the essence of whatever the friends have going on in their streams (no one knows, especially not them lol)

To make up for this HEINOUS CRIME, i was thinking.... Qna... For the characters..... (Don't be afraid to ask anything, I'm trying to make a chapter out of it)

Comment some questions you want to ask them down below, and I'll answer the ones that don't spoil stuff!!! Thank you all SO MUCH FOR READING and to all a good night (bows but trips over my feet and falls over) shit-

Update: I FIXD EVERYTHJNG UT SACFIRFICED MY ALEEP SCELDUALE IM TIRE D

# QNA TIME BOYSS

## Chapter Summary

Me? Putting lore in the qna? Its more likely then you'd think

Tommy shrieked as a small box popped up in his peripheral. It was grey, and had the words *Extratiredofyourcrap* sat on the top. He edged towards it slowly, staring at the thing like it was a bomb. It could be. He didn't want to risk it.

*Tommy's sister died from a stomach wound, was she an f-class?*

He stared.

The box floated there, unnervingly.

"What the hell?"

Actually... Where was he? He looked around. The teen was floating in a white void, erased of any and all life, besides him. A piece of paper, besides the box-thing, floated in there. He snatched it up, reading the words out loud.

*"Answer the questions to leave. You won't remember this, DW lol. From Satan?"*

How had he gotten here?

"Satan...?" He muttered. "Why?" A second later, a knife was embedded in his knee. He screeched, and made a mental note to not ask questions. "Ow- fuck- uh, my sister?" He turned back to the box. "I'd... Rather not talk about her. She wasn't an f-rank. E-rank, if I remember correctly. Apparently she was working with the scientists, even though I don't think she wanted it. Actually, was she an E-rank..? Not sure if I'm remembering correctly."

*("What rank was I?" A blonde ghost floated in a faraway forest. She stared at the strange, hovering box. "I was... Well, it's a bit weird to say, but I wasn't actually ranked. Not with any of the ranks, you've heard before, at least." She paused, and light gleamed off of a small plate made of what looked to be cheap scrap metal. They didn't even bother giving her anything of worth, the worn hospital gown and cheap smell of bleach could attest. "I was W-rank. Tommy was never told what it meant, so he might've forgotten." She paused once more, looking up. It was a lovely day in her opinion. She wished her firecracker of a sibling was here to witness it, but he'd probably break down crying at her grave once more.*

*Suddenly, the forest seemed slightly less peaceful.*

*"W-rank stood for worthless. I was the only one who'd ever gotten it, my body wasn't even useful for scrapping. They eventually got tired of me, and killed me when Tom-" Clementine cut herself off. "That's a story for another day. I should-" She was cut off by the sounds of yelling. "Eh? What's happening?" Men in white coats cane into view, and she shrieked. "W-What!?" The spirit gasped for air, despite she had no lungs anymore, and desperately clawed at the men, but it was no use. Eventually, she stopped trying to attack them and started clawing her arms. Her voice was*

*frantic. "No, no, no! What are they doing here, they shouldn't be here! I don't want it, I don't want it, I don't want it, get OUT OF HERE NOW!"*

*Her screams fell on deaf ears as they dug her grave up and took her half-decayed corpse out. A stupid, ugly, horrible old man stood in a suit at the front. His face was a bit creased with age, and he was balding and short. "Out it in the bodybag and transport it back to HQ. I want it undamaged."*

*"Yes sir, Tanaka sir!"*

*Clementine watched numbly as they carefully transported her body onto a stretcher. Why were they taking-*

*Oh, she realised numbly.*

*Oh.)*

**"Tommy, how do you feel about the landlord having the same name as your sister?"**

He stared at it, tears pricking his eyes slightly. This was not a topic he was happy to stay on, but the faster it got him out... "My old landlord, you mean. It was kinda weird, because Clementine-" He choked on her name. "-isn't a common name. I don't really have an opinion on it, besides the fact that it kinda sucked whenever I had to call for her. She had to transfer ownership of the building to some prick, though. He makes us pay hella, and is a total asshole, shit was cheap up until his pompous ass came along."

**"Tommy how long can you keep up the cat act?? How many cards can be activated and used at the same time, how's it like living with tubbo and sapnap, who's the big spoon and who's the little spoon?"**

"Keep up the cat act...? What's that supposed to mean?" He shook it off. "If you're asking how many cards I can have activated at once continuously, it's three. The more cards I have on, the lesser my amount of time is. Like, my maximum is about two to three days, yeah? That's if one card was activated. If I had three going at the same time, I could probably hold them for..." He pondered. "Seven hours? I'm working on getting stronger and extending my limits, so there's that, too. It's difficult, but it rewards in the end."

He hummed as he read the rest of the question before chuckling. "Me and Sapnap are the big spoons, we all cuddle together relatively often. Like brothers, I tell you. The three of us are just like brothers. I don't like sleeping on the bed, though. We usually cuddle there, and then I'll slip out when they're both asleep. Don't like the feeling of a comfy mattress, weird, I know."

Sam blinked his eyes open. Where was he?

A box floated in front of his face, along with a piece of paper that read *Answer the questions to leave. You won't remember this, DW lol. From Satan.*

The creeper hybrid floated in the abyss for a while, enjoying the silence that it brought. He was always so rushed to finish work, and it was always so loud if you were a hero. The quiet was nice.

He decided to meditate for a bit before answering the question.

**"Sam, what are your opinions on Tommy as a person?"**

"As a person?" He put his hand to his chin. "He definitely has little, if no regard for his own health, and always wants to help with something, so he's definitely selfless. I personally think he's great, although I might be bias since we're friends. He actually reminds me of myself when I was younger. Unsure, loud, but absolutely blazing with personality. The boy seems anxious about something, though." The man's voice echoed. The void seemed a bit colder.

".... I can't help but wonder what it is."

**"Wilbur, where did you get the collar? Also how adorable is Tommy when you play with his hair?"**

"I got the collar at a pet store." He answered, already aware of his situation. "As for Tommy?" His smile widened. "He's *adorable*. Turns to putty in your hands when you do it, I swear."

**"What's your opinion on Tommy as a boss?"**

"That's difficult, to be honest." The brunette paused. "He's smart. People don't see it, but he definitely brings up the office morale by quite a lot with jokes and little gifts. It's nice. He can be unprofessional, but he only does that to people who are unprofessional back. He matches the energy of the people he's talking to, a difficult feat. I personally believe that Tommy is vastly smarter than everyone thinks he is, but he doesn't want people to know, for some reason." He stared at the question box again.

"The problem is that he's too quick to throw his health down the drain, and that he's impulsive. Not impulsive with important or big things, thank god, but he can be quite the firecracker sometimes. At the end of the day, he's a surprisingly helpful asset, and I'd hate to lose him." He nodded.

**"What are your suspicions about Tommy? What about the egg, how much do you remember and how do you think he's connected?"**

"...What do those things have to do with each other?" His eyes widened. "There's something that you know, don't you?" He pointed at the box. "There's something you know what I don't." He sighed. "But you eknt tell me, will you. Even if you did, I won't even remember." He looked miserably at his shoes before taking a breath. "Now that you asked those two questions connected, of course I'm going to be suspicious. I was thinking that Tommy could've been an experiment, or at least worked with the scientists. He didn't have a tag though, and the rare times that we did spot a runaway human experiment, all of them had tags on their hands. Tommy couldn't be one, though. Most of them were feral, and I don't mean that in the funny lighthearted way. They weren't really, uh, functioning properly. Some just foamed at the mouth and screeched at us." His face contorted into something grim. He wasn't happy talking about this subject, but he had to answer to get out.

"Other times we saw them, they were graphic. Gore galore, I won't get too into it, but it was horrific." He thought. "Dream wanted us to all disregard it though. I don't know why. He kept acting like we should just have turned the other way, or something, which was weird. I can't imagine why he'd want that."

(He'll understand one day. Wilbur wishes that he hadn't.)

"As how Tommy is connected to the egg? Eh, that's a weird question. I don't remember anything-" He choked on the words before wincing in pain and touching his temple slightly. "What the...?"

(Tommy forgot one important thing- get all of the serum into their bloodstream. If a clumsy, bloodied person were to do it and remove the syringe halfway through....

Well, who knows what could happen?)

"I remember- I remember blue. A terrifying turquoise blue. I think they were the unknown person's eyes."

(What do you know?)

"I just remember thinking that what I saw wasn't human, or something. I wasn't afraid of it, though. Them? Yeah, I wasn't afraid of them, whoever they were, which is an odd thought considering the fact that they defeated literally *everyone in the area*."

Wilbur looked around awkwardly. "So, back to Tommy's supposed connection to the egg, uh? I don't know? Does he have one?" The man recieved no answer back.

"H-Hello?"

**"Tommy, get some rest! When do you think you'll be able to tell everyone? How close are they to finding out, and what do you think they're going to think when they do know?"**

The blonde sighed "I don't- I don't know. I don't know that answers to any of those questions. I might tell them when I've brought down the organization and need proof getting them all in jail, I might never tell them. It's probably not likely that they're ever going to find out."

The void said nothing.

"That is, if no one else finds out first."

**"What is Sapnap's job?"**

"Woah!" The teen jumped at the sudden appearance of the strange... Box? He leaned over to look at it. "Huh, weird..." He poked at it a bit more before shrugging and opening his mouth. "I work at a relatively shady company to code for them. It sure as hell isn't legal, but hey, they pay, so who's the real winner here?" He grinned. "Oh, also I take shifts at a bar sometimes as a bouncer and a bartender. I'm pretty strong, so it's funny when they see the guy who they thought wasn't a threat

make them haul ass outta there."

**"How's it going with Karl and Quackity?"**

He blushed. "Shut up."

A box popped up in a dark room.

Huh?

(A question for me??? What??) I look at it.

**"More Karlnapity soon? If so, what direction is it going in?"**

"There is more Karlnapity soon, don't worry your little head, reader." I laugh. "As for the direction, I have a good one, but don't want to tell you yet." I say, you know, like a liar.

I have no direction for Karlnapity. This story dosent have a planned out storyline I'm just as in the dark about what's going to happen next as you. The only thing that might count as a plotline is all the plot twists in the future.

You fools, you thought I knew what I was doing the whole time!

"Jokes on you, even I don't know what comes out of my mouth half the time, how dare you even imply that I have any idea what's going on in here ever."

# Theseus and Ariadne, two halves of a whole

## Chapter Summary

Heavy gore in the beginning :)  
Clem's story

*("Tommy! Tom- help! Help, please! I don't-" She sobbed. "I'm afraid of death, Tommy!")*

*He didn't move. He couldn't move. A scientist slowly walked over to a lever- the accursed lever that had taken so, so many lives. Clementine screamed. "TOMMY, PLEASE! I DON'T WANNA DIE!"*

*~~"Y-You're not going to die, I promise! Just count down from ten, okay!?"~~*

*She sobbed, huge bluebird wings cramping uncomfortably. "Ten, n-nine, eight- s-seven-"*

*Her brother followed. ~~"Six, five, four, three, two, one! See, you're fine, you're alright!"~~*

*She slowly smiled. "T-Tomm-"*

*Her insides spilled out, and ~~Tommy~~ watched in horror as the claw slowly retracted. She wheezed, attempting to stop the blood flow, but it was no use as blood cascaded down her face and her small intestine was brought back, stuck on the large mechanical killer. Her body convulsed in pain, and she weakly looked at the other. "You p-prom..ised..." One of the girl's eyes had popped out from the sheer force of the blunt blades that had pierced her flesh, and blood was gushing out like a fountain. The skin that had been ripped apart was already turning pink around the edges.*

*Theseus threw up. He was promptly kicked, and the scientists leaned down at him. Mr. Tanaka stared at him from above. "Tommy, hmm? What an adorable little nickname." The experiment was harshly slapped, and he fell in his own vomit, staining and ripping his hospital gown. "It doesn't suit you. Too nice. You're a filthy monster, understand? This wouldn't have happened if you'd just behaved like a good little boy." He gestured to the mauled corpse, and ~~Tommy~~ gagged again, this time stomach acid falling out of his mouth to mix with the bloody vomit he had excreted moments before. He allowed only a few tears to slip past his carefully crafted walls, although he refused to sob. What was he, two? Crying already made him look weak, pathetic. Tanaka shook his head. "Ah, Theseus, you know better than to cry. Crying is reserved for people, not things. Don't be stupid." He was hit again, and he made the mental note to do a draw from his deck later in hopes of getting regeneration of any sort.*

*"You were a bad experiment, and this is your punishment. I really did not want to do this, I cared for her too, you know? I watched her grow, and I watched her evolve. I wish she could've become a nice young lady, but that just isn't possible anymore, is it?"*

*"Is she-" he cut himself off, feeling stupid and childish for speaking without permission. Just because his sister died didn't mean that he was suddenly allowed to break the simple rules set in place. Seriously, he was being such a fuck-up today. Tanaka nodded. "Speak."*

*"Is she allowed to have a proper burial, Sir?"*

*"No." The younger's eyes went wide, and he bit his tongue in a valiant effort to stay silent. He*

wouldn't get out of breaking the speaking rule twice in such a short amount of time unscathed, and he didn't feel like getting a concussion today. Mr. Tanaka hummed. "Well, I suppose if you do the rest of your tasks extra-well, I will think about it." The experiment perked up, nodding jerkily and saluting. "Good. I'll have someone escort you back to your room, wait until we retrieve you. Is that clear?"

"Yes sir. Thank you for your kindness, sir!"

"Marvellous. Before you go, I want fifty push ups. Dont waste my time." With renewed vigor and the incentive of not failing his sister again, ~~Tommy~~ started to move to the side-

"Do it there, don't get in our ways while we observe." It was a shit reason, but Tommy didn't know that at the time. He got in position, nose wrinkling at the smell and sight of his vomit. He quickly completed his exercise, and although it left his arms shaking more than normal, he got up and saluted once more. Tanaka nodded. "Alex, take him to his room." A woman with a buzzcut and stern face nodded once, gripping his shoulder and steering the boy away from the carnage. Once ~~Tommy~~ left, one of Tanaka's coworkers turned to him. "You're going to give it a proper burial?"

"Of course not. I hated that thing anyways, it was just something to waste resources on. We'll still get some labor out of a false promise, though."

"Sir-"

"I don't want to hear it. Clean the corpse and prepare to dispose of it in the pit."

"Sir, may I ask a question, Sir?"

"Proceed."

"I have finished all of my tasks, Sir. May I request a proper burial for C- Ariadne, Sir?"

The man made a small hand gesture to the other scientists, and they quickly restrained him. ~~Tommy~~ looked around worriedly. "Sir?"

"No, she will not get a proper burial." He gestured to the other white-coated menaces who grabbed a familiar body. "N-" He choked. He didn't want to get hit, he didn't.

His sister's one eye looked at him, but, he squinted, it wasn't glazed over. It wasn't dead, not in the way he had seen so many other's.

She was still alive. He struggled to escape their clutches, but despite his otherworldly base strength, the five year old could only struggle. That didn't mean he didn't put up a good fight, it only meant that the adults got a dose of ketamine in him before that. Ketamine was a strange thing, it paralysed the human body in the correct amount, and killed it in high dosages. Soon enough, he stopped struggling as he had to watch his sister's very much alive body get thrown in the Pit.

He closed his eyes and bit his tounge to stop the scream of agony, because what else was there to do?)

Heroes don't get happy endings, he had heard once.



*(Clementine had been crawling around in the Pit for a while, but there seemed to be no escape. Only corpses. She stared up at her kid brother's terrified face, and wished for a moment that her last words weren't accusing.*

*She was a horrible older sister, and she wasn't going to escape. These were the two things she knew. She also knew of the story of Theseus and Ariadne. Theseus slayed the Minotaur-*

*((~~Tommy~~ continuously fought, braver and braver until he cowered and hid from the fearsome beasts that plagued his world.)*

*Ariadne had fallen in love with him at first sight.*

*((Clementine and ~~Tommy~~ met eyes, the two year olds babbling nonsense at each other.*

*She loved him immediately, and went in for a hug but got pulled away by one of the scientists.)*

*She had helped him away from the labyrinth, and they had sailed away together.*

*((The two were being brought to an odd room they had never seen before, what was it?)*

*And then, Theseus had abandoned Ariadne, sailing off to be a hero.*

*Because that's how the story went. As she watched her brother being dragged away, she couldn't help but think that ~~Tommy~~ looked like a hero. He was terrified, and vomit spilt down his face, but muscle was there; the power was there; the hardened glint in his eye that spoke of betrayal and determination and the newly ignited fire of the need to survive had grown brighter. She smiled weakly, and clotted blood fell down her rapidly greying face.*

*There were two ends to the story of Ariadne. In the first, she hung herself, unable to cope with the loss of her love. In the second, she is found by Dionysus and taken away.*

*How tragic, that there were two ends for the tale, and only one end for her. But Clementine refused to go out just like that, she refused to go out without entertaining the invisible audience that watched. She was an actor, and had to finish the script whilst hundreds of hungry eyes watched, eager for the final tragedy.*

*Her hands were her noose, and death was her Dionysus.*

*Bringing her quivering fingers up, she placed them on either side of her head and turned. As Clementine's vision blacked out, she felt the embrace of silence, of death. A whispered sentence, a tragic twist of harshly spilt out syllables writhed its way out of her bloody chapped lips.*

*"Goodbye, Theseus."*

*Heroes don't have happy endings, and she was a horrible twist of fate, something that should have never been.*

*Clementine's cause of death: suicide.)*

Tommy woke up terrified. His heart felt like it was close to beating in his chest, which was weird

because he'd felt it give out about half an hour ago. He groaned, looked at himself in the mirror, and what the fuck?

His skin was grey and clammy, and blood gushed down his front.

*Hm. That's nice.*

The worst part is that his back fucking *hurt*, the biggest man ever was in *pain*. His vision swam as he reached and pulled himself up.

He brushed a hand on his back and almost screamed before retracting it as if they were burnt.

There were two rashes on his back, and he groaned. Today was not the day for some weird ass parasite to manifest in his body, he had *work*.

Willing the pain to go away and also taking an unhealthy amount of pain meds, he stared at himself in the mirror. His skin hadn't gotten back to normal, and he in fact looked worse. It was now a complete gray instead of an odd looking peachy-pale-greyish tone, and he *hated it*. It just made him look like a corpse.

He groaned and grabbed the concealer from his cabinet, along with power for the rough nights when he'd get hit on the face during patrols and didn't want questions to be asked. The boy privately wondered if his heart had actually given out, and he slowly brought a hand to his neck.

There was no pulse.

Fear skyrocketed, and he maneuvered his way over to Sapnap's sleeping figure, shaking it. After a moment, there was a displeased grunt. "I'm up, I'm up. What is it?"

"Sapnap, check something for me right fucking now." The black haired man's eyes shot open. "Tomm- Why are you grey?"

"That's the problem, Sapnap, I don't have a pulse."

"...What?"

"My heart isn't beating."

His roommate quickly held out his hand and placed it on Tommy's neck. It felt warm, and Tommy was suddenly reminded of how he was legally a *corpse*.

"Holy shit." He checked again. "*Holy shit? How are you alive?*"

The blonde shrugged worriedly. "I don't know? I'm assuming this is some weird human experiment shit going on?"

"Probably."

"Also, this might be related to my uh, heart stopping, but I haven't needed to breathe either? Like, I can do it if I please, but I'm living just fine without it. Which is weird too. Again, I think I died?"

Sapnap passed out.

"Sapnap? Wow, didn't even get to tell him about my back pain. What a prick."

He went back to the bathroom to lather his body in concealer, glad that his casual wear covered up

most of his body. After dabbing on some powder, he attempted to close the drawer, but a product got caught. He stared at the eyeliner.

The matte black liner stared back, and he sighed, electing to ignore how weird it felt to breathe now.

"Hey, Tom...my?" Wilbur stared at him. "Woah."

"Wilbur. Hi." Tommy waved a gloved hand lazily. "What's up?"

His boss took the boy's head in his hands and stared hard at his eyes. Tommy slapped his hands away. "What's wrong, don't think men can wear makeup? This shit's gender-neutral, bitch."

Wilbur shook his head. "No, no! Men can wear makeup, it's just..." He trailed off. "Weird seeing it on you, I guess? It looks fantastic, and I'll have to tell one of my makeup wearing friends later about how good you can pull off a cat eye, but I've just never seen you with it on."

"Mm, I'm sure that's the reason. I feel great though, I think it looks *handsome*."

Wilbur chuckled. "Hell yeah it does."

Tommy groaned loudly. "Also guess what? I woke with horrible back pain, it hurts to even touch."

Wilbur looked up. "Let me see?"

"Wh- no?"

"Why not?"

Tommy sputtered. "Because it hurts?"

"But-"

"Just forget about it, I'm sure it'll go away soon."

"...If you're sure."

"I am."

"Or maybe you're just getting old?" Wilbur proposed. "Old man innit?"

"I'm eighteen, big man! Although my birthday is in a week, so soon to be nineteen, I guess."

The brunette's head whipped around. "Your birthday is in a week?"

"Y-Yeah?" Tommy paused. "Why?"

Wilbur gasped loudly, drawing the attention of some passerbys. Phil looked up from where he was passing and stared at the two.

"You must have a birthday party! What day is it exactly? It it in an exact week? What do you want

for a present? Do you like-"

"Uh, what's a birthday party?"

The office went deadly quiet. Almost everyone slowly turned to look at him like creepy ass dolls, and he stiffened.

"D-Did I say something wrong-"

Chaos erupted.

## Parental unit time (Tommy is still dead)

### Chapter Summary

Tommy should've been rotting by now, so why isn't he?

I noticed no one talked about the back pain yesterday :) you should pay attention to that :)

:)

:)

:)

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A BIRTHDAY PARTY IS!?" One of the interns, Charlie, if he remembers correctly yells. Tommy looks at the slime hybrid. "Wh-

Puffy looks at him worriedly. "Would you like a birthday party, duckling?"

"What presents do you think he wants?"

"I dunno, man."

"Does he seriously not know what a birthday party is?"

Philza put a hand on his unusually cold shoulder, and his back stung more from the man's touch, most likely from how close it was to the painful areas. "I can set up a party at my house, Tommy, you just come over, alright?"

"I- what-"

"Party for Tommy! Party for Tommy!" Someone began to chant, and before he knew it, almost everyone joined in. Skeppy was in the back having the time of his life, Wilbur had come in at one point and immediately joined in the chanting since it was about Tommy, Phil had joined in with a giant grin, and Techno wasn't chanting, but he was pumping his fist in the air ever so slightly with his ears up, so that meant he was beyond enthusiastic to give Tommy a party.

"Can-" Tommy started as the crowd quieted down. "Can someone just tell me what a birthday party is? Please?" Phil smiled at him that made the living corpse's heart feel like it was pumping again. "Of course. A birthday party is when someone throws a party to to celebrate another's date of birth! It's usually celebrated with a sweet of some kind, and presents."

"And a party is a celebration, right?"

"Right." Phil nodded, slightly concerned. Did this child not know anything about fun or taking care of himself? It was beginning to become worrying.

Tommy pondered over this information. "But why would you celebrate someone's birthday? They just exist?"

"And that's what we celebrate! It's our way of telling them that we're happy that they're with us, and that we care."

The younger blonde blue screened. Celebrating one's mere existence? Just to show that they were happy that the other was alive?

They wanted to do that for him?

"You want to to that for me?" He looked up, confused. "It's just when I was born, there's really no big deal."

"But it is a big deal!" Wilbur cut in. "You were *born*! Brought into this world! Your parents must've been ecstatic!"

Sam flinched at those words before making several abort mission gestures. *Tommy's an orphan, you idiot!*

"Seriously. Wait, are you going to invite them? Oh, we should invite your parents! Tommy, can we meet them?"

"Wilbur-" He started, but it was no use.

"Oh, we should meet them! Wait, what do they like? Should we bring gifts? Do your parents like cookies? I'm decent at making cookies, and also brownies. They're delicious. Tommy, what do your parents like?" He smiled brightly. Tommy's face slowly contorted more and more into sadness.

"I'm an orphan." Someone in the crowd choked before laughing. Wilbur's face dropped into an *oh shit* expression whilst Phil looked very *very* interested at this new piece of information.

So did Techno. "Orphan?" He slowly put his hand on the handle of his *Orphan Obliterater enchanted netherite sword*, to which Tommy proceeded with zero caution. "Yeah." He knew full well of Techno's weird hatred for orphans.

"You. Me. We fight at dawn."

"Sorry, I'm just too good. Train for a hundred years and come back when you think you can win." He said to one of the most powerful people in the country.

Someone in the crowd *oohh*'ed. Techno looked very insulted. "Trying to run from a fight, Tommy?"

"Nah, just trying to make sure that you don't get hurt too bad, would be a shame if your hero career ended this early into the game." He grinned. The two had slowly come face to face, Tommy had to stare up a bit at the taller. Wilbur came between the two, laughing. "Break it up you two, Tommy, stop provoking my brother. Techno, stop trying to fight all orphans when I'm here, you can do that when I'm not around to see."

"Aren't you going to try and stop him?" Wilbur's response to the question was immediate. "It's not my business what he does in his off time."

"...But-"

"No."

"Okay." Tommy accepted this easily.

So, he might have to fight one of the strongest men in the country. Who hates orphans. Who could

expose his identity to several people.

All he wanted to know was what a stupid fucking birthday party was.

"Wait, Tommy, do you know what this is?" Skeppy and Charlie had kept pestering him with images of things he didn't understand that apparently normal humans understood.

Then again he was a walking corpse, so was he really human?

(Never, his mind whispered. You were never human.)

"Hey Tommy, you look a little blue there, big guy." Charlie winced. "Er, grey? Did you get paint on your cheek?" He pointed, and the blonde made a show of not knowing what he was talking about and reaching for his phone to check the camera. Part of his concealer had smudged off, and it contrasted sharply against the pale tan of the concealer. He faked a surprised look. "Yeah, I'm painting my walls at home. It must've gotten smudged on my cheek or something." He shrugged, trying to seem nonchalant. "I'm gonna go wash that off, be right back."

"Oh, alright. Wait, Tommy! Before you go-" Charlie typed on his phone. "What *is* this?" He held up the screen to display a... bear? With buttons for eyes? What?

"Button... Bear?" Tommy stared. "Never mind, I'm going."

The diamond golem and slime hybrid shared a glance. Tommy didn't know what a teddy bear was? Did he grow up with zero connection to the outside world or something?

Tommy knocked on the door before walking into the bathroom stalls, only to come face to face with the hero, Eret. She and him hadn't interacted much, but Tommy's heard that they were an efficient hero which immediately had gained at least a little respect for him.

Eret was also one of the only LGBTQIA+ heroes out there. Tommy felt hypocritical asking the person for this, especially since he'd said that very morning that makeup wasn't gendered.

"Do you have any concealer on you, Miss?" He asked feebly.

She smiled.

"Thank you." He sighed in relief. The two were almost the same skin color, or at least the skin color that Tommy was trying to replicate. "Eret, right?"

"Yup. You're Tommy?"

"Mhm." He nodded. "Nice to meet you, Eret. I wish we hadn't met with me asking you for something, though."

"Ah, it was just a bit of makeup! What did you use it for though? You just turned around and did something as soon as I handed it to you."

"It's-" He paused. "A long story. I didn't do anything weird, don't worry."

"A long story" was the understatement of the century but he couldn't exactly say *oh yeah, I died and now my skin's all grey and shit but I lived because I'm the most powerful human experiment probably on earth! By the way, can I borrow some makeup so no one finds out?*

Yeah, no.

Eret nodded, their hair slightly bouncy. "Alright then. As long as you didn't take a bite out of it or something, we're all good." Tommy snorted. "No thanks, I resort to eye shadow when I need a snack. Because people do that, I guess." They laughed, and Eret bid him on his way. She left the concealer with him though, "just in case he changes his food pallet."

The hero wasn't so bad after all.

## **Wilbur Soot**

Sam: WHAT WAS THAT

Wilbur Soot: IM SORRY SAM

Sam: WHY DIDNT YOU READ HIS PROFILE

Wilbur Soot: I THOUGHT YOU DID

Sam: IT WAS A REQUIREMENT WHY DID NIETHER OF US DO IT

Wilbur Soot: AAAAAAAAAAAAAÆ

Sam: What else did we miss? Does he have a secret sibling? Was he adopted yet?

Wilbur Soot: don't tell Phil he's already looking for ways to adopt adults

Sam: not if I get to them first

Wilbur Soot: Sam???

SAM???



## **POGCHAMP plus dream**

Chimken Nunget: I am adopting Thomas

Minecraft's grim reaper: not if I get to him first, fool

Fuck: Phil, Sam, please,

What

Who changed my name again?

Short: haha

WHO CHANGED MY NAME WHAT THR FUCK ILL FUCKING FIGHT YOU

Dream: You sure about that?

Short: suddenly nevermind

Potato-senpai: Dream change my name back

Did you change everyone's names

Short: is that.... Is that techno

Potato-senpai: I live a miserable existence

Short: okay that's techno got it

Anyone else?

Parental unit: Me as well

Dream

Dream: mother

Parental unit: hello duckling!! Change everyone's names back

Dream: or else what?

Parental unit: or else a mother's rage might get the best of me

*Dream has changed several names!*

Dream: mother why

Puffy: :) thank you

Techno: I hate this fucking family

Sam: wait no I liked mine :(

Ponk: out of curiosity what did it mean

Sam: Skeppy

Skeppy: didn't you hear? He's a creeper minecraft's grim reaper blowing up blocks like Al Qaeda  
he's not a creature that'll eat you but he'll leave you petrified

Sam: that

Ponk: I wish I didn't ask

Wilbur: PHIL I AM NOT OPPOSED TO GETTING ANOTHER BROTHER

Sam: I'm getting him first you little weasel

Phil: NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT

Ponk: this... This is so intense

Sammie chill

Sam: a

Phil: love? Gross

Ponk: you're just mad I can hold a relationship with someone that isn't a Samsung fridge- oh wait

Phil:

Wilbur: OH FUCK HE WENT FOR THE NECK

Phil: but I di

Ponk: oh I know you're divorced

Phil: ...

Wilbur: THE NECK GENTLEMEN ONE HIT KO

Phil: . . .

Techno: Phil's doing something

Wilbur: friendship: toxic edition??

Eret: And what if I adopt Tommy first

Dream: Woah, Eret's joined??

Phil: Eret i know where you are

Eret: suddenly nevermind

Sam: Phil if you even look at Tommy with the intention of adopting him I will pluck all your pretty  
black feathers off your body, skin you, and then make you a limited edition philza body pillow to  
sell to a bunch of fifteen year old girls, don't fucking test me

Dream: SAM??

Phil: Sam if YOU even look at Tommy with the intent of adopting him I will rip YOU limb from limb by hand, grind them up into gunpowder, fuel a cannon with them, and then nail you directly in the stomach with a full steel cannonball. You wanna fight? You wanna test me? Be prepared when I come back swinging, bitchboy

Dream: PHIL???

Badboyhalo: I... Don't know how to respond.

Sam: bring it, old man

Phil: respect your elders or die you little shit

# **Slmccl: did...did he just break the fourth wall**

## Chapter Summary

Tommy does a thing

## Chapter Notes

Note because I didn't want anybody to get the wrong idea THERE IS FLIRTING  
NEAR THE END OF THE CHAPTER IT IS PLATONIC THERE IS NO  
RELATIONSHIP STUFF GOING ON WSNTED TO MAKE THAT CLEAR okay  
you can read now thank

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy didn't fucking trust Dream.

Now, this distrust wasn't unfounded. He had been neutral, even kind to the man at the start, but it slowly turned into an odd friendship, the duo were what could be called friends, even though they were just coworkers who were more friendly then what was considered normal.

Then everything changed.

Tommy couldn't place the exact time that it happened, but it'd happened a while ago, and all Tommy knows is that he saw the man one morning, waved and smiled, but then the scent hit his nose and it wasn't Dream.

Whoever it was, it weren't Dream.

The blonde watched in concealed horror as the... whatever it was, copied Dream's wave exactly. What the hell? What was it, why was it pretending to be Dream?

All he knew was that it *wasn't* his friend.

This was something else entirely, and it smelt faintly of the facility.

(Fake-Dream, He noted, smelt like the facility too.)

It could've just been his imagination.

(Tommy didn't believe in coincidence.)

Tommy wasn't paranoid. He wasn't.

If he'd put a few more syringes in his bag, a few more quickly scribbled sigils and a dagger, well nobody needed to know. If he walked quieter around Dream(?) And yet still acted friendly to the man, whom did it concern?

A famous phrase Tommy had learned long, long ago was at the forefront of his mind as he chatted casually with the Not-Dream.

Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.

He was doing that, no? He was keeping an eye out, he was... He was...

He was inviting Dream to a restaurant. No big deal.

(The pills sat heavy in his pocket. It only took one to knock someone out, and the two were going to simply *grab a quick meal and catch up on everything*. He wasn't about to kidnap the imposter, grill him for details for weeks on end in a faraway warehouse whilst he used his card deck to make a perfect impersonation of Dream to take the faker's place. He wasn't going to drug the Not-Dream once he was done so that he'd forget completely, transfer all the memories from his impersonation to the faker, and then finish behind the scenes because good people didn't do that.

It's a good thing, he thinks as he slips the pill into the other man's drink and watches it dissolve, that he wasn't a person at all.)

If Tommy needed oxygen, he was sure his breath would come out in ragged, torn gasps.

Why did his back hurt *so fucking bad*?

What was this? The two rashes on his back had become swollen, and he feared that a parasite could've actually gotten in his body. This fear only tripled when he saw the two bulges *twitch*.

Like, deadass *move*.

What. The. Fuck.

They wriggled under his skin, and he gagged. *Oh god- this is disgusting-*

It felt like they were trying to carve out of his fucking body and he *hated it*.

Tommy actually threw up this time, although since he'd eaten nothing, the only thing that left his mouth was stomach acid.

It splattered on the floor uselessly, Tommy bit his tounge to stop himself from screaming, and *wasn't this familiar?*

He tasted a mixture of stomach acid and blood in his mouth and willed the instinctual tears to go away. He was writhing in pain in a *public bathroom*. It thankfully was just him, but he should probably get out and get on with it. He slowly got up, and lo and behold, his makeup was ruined again.

Some tears had slipped out, and messed up his concealer, creating the sight of grey lines down his

face. Tommy absentmindedly texted Tubbo that he needed waterproof concealer. The man blended in the concealer that Eret gave him, and left the bathroom.

He had so much work.

Tommy squinted at his phone. "What the fuck is a carnival? How did Charlie get my number?"

He muttered under his breath. "Stop adding me to a groupchat, fucko."

### **the loo**

*Slmccl added Trauma! At the disco*

Trauma! At the disco: no

EAT PANT CONAR: WHAT IS THAT NAME

*Trauma! At the disco has left the group.*

*Slmccl added Trauma! At the disco!*

*Trauma! At the disco has left the group.*

Slmccl: YOU CANT FIGHT IT TOMMY

Trauma! At the disco: PISS OFF

*Trauma! At the disco has left the group.*

*Slmccl added Trauma! At the disco!*

*Trauma! At the disco has left the group.*

*Slmccl added Trauma! At the disco!*

Trauma! At the disco: let me out

EAT PANT CONAR: TOMMY??????

Trauma! At the disco: conar

EAT PANT CONAR: why is that your name holy shit

Trauma! At the disco: my life is currently all the panic and one of the disco

EAT PANT CONAR: Valid, continue.

Trauma! At the disco: don't use that fuckin proper grammar at me

EAT PANT CONAR: I don't know what you might be talking about, Thomas.

Trauma! At the disco: coming over to wring the life out of you you miserable parasite

EAT PANT CONAR: I'll kill you

Trauma! At the disco: I'll take your stupid sonic hoodie and tie a noose with it before boiling your spinal fluid and making your mother drink it. I'll rip your spine from out your back and blend it whilst using your tears and spinal juice as a fluid to make a Connor smoothie, and I'll laugh at you when you sob and beg for me to stop. Think I won't? Think I'm not watching you as we speak? I'll fight anyone at anytime, you don't stand a chance, hedgehog boy

Slmccl: holy fucking shit

It was me, Deo: is it just me or was that kinda... hot

*Trauma! At the disco has left the group.*

*Slmccl added Trauma! At the disco!*

Trauma! At the disco: LET ME OUT

Slmccl: yeah hes gonna fit in just fine here

It was me, Deo: So tommy

Tell me about yourself

Trauma! At the disco: I think I'd rather die

Slmccl: ignore deo he flirts with everyone when they first meet

Trauma! At the disco: oh thank god

It was me, Deo: yeah I'm not into anyone at the moment

Trauma! At the disco: good good

It was me, Deo: MOVING ON did you hear

Slmccl: hear what

It was me, Deo: apparently some idiot in the office doesn't know what a birthday party is lmao

Trauma! At the disco:

Slmccl: ...

Trauma! At the disco: so you're just going to say that huh

It was me, Deo: yea I didn't catch his name tho

EAT PANT CONAR: Deo

It was me, Deo: what

EAT PANT CONAR: that was tommy

Tommy didn't know what it was

Trauma! At the disco:

It was me, Deo: *oH*

TOMMY IM SORRY

Trauma! At the disco: wow we're off to a great start nice to meet you deo

It was me, Deo: IM SORRY TOMMY I DIDNT KNOW

Trauma! At the disco: this fuck is going to shit talk me to me and has the audacity to come crawling back with an apology

It was me, Deo: I can give you something else ;)

Trauma! At the disco: cash

It was me, Deo: what

Trauma! At the disco: cash, bitch

It was me, Deo: I have like 2 money

Trauma! At the disco: accepted

It was me, Deo: thank you intense phycological distress at the discothèque

Trauma! At the disco: I'm already regretting staying

Slmccl: stay, we have uh

Deo what do we have

It was me, Deo: wouldn't you like to know, weather boy (derogatory)

Slmccl: hey tommy feel free to leave anytime

Trauma! At the disco: finally

*Trauma! At the disco has left the group.*

*Slmccl added Trauma! To the disco!*

Slmccl: I lied

Trauma! At the disco: bitch (derogatory)

Slmccl: bitch (endearing)

It was me, Deo: bitch (ravenous)

EAT PANT CONAR: deo what does that mean

It was me, Deo: (ravenous)

EAT PANT CONAR: DEO???



Anyways can we get back to the slightly troubling screen name that tommy has

Trauma! At the disco: what's the problem

EAT PANT CONAR: are you serious

Trauma! At the disco: what's the problem bitch

EAT PANT CONAR: you... You okay there buddy

Trauma! At the disco: what are you, my therapist

EAT PANT CONAR: you have a therapist?

Trauma! At the disco: no I don't like talking about my problems

Slmccl: this gives me the vibes of that one tumblr shitpost that says "I don't feel like dealing w my problems I'll just be stupid online"

Trauma! At the disco: yeah that pretty much sums me up

EAT PANT CONAR: your vibes are horrible and sad

Trauma! At the disco: you should see my life

Slmccl: ajdgdjsbsjs

ANYWAYS @everyone introduce yourselves

EAT PANT CONAR: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE

Santa's bitch: who changed my name again

Trauma! At the disco: who.... who are you

Santa's bitch Callahan

*Slmccl changed Santa's bitch's name to Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn*

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: you live for now

Slmccl: (clenches fist with all the righteousness of a wronged protagonist in a kung fu film) I am the king

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: weirdly specific but okay

Neko femboy nightmare: owo?? What's this??

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: ignore him

Neko femboy nightmare: ooowwooo???

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: you're the janitor I don't even know how you got into the chat

Neko femboy nightmare: I slept with Fundy to get in uwu

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: @IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY what do you have to say for

yourself

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: HE DID NOT

Trauma! At the disco: compelling argument but do you have any eyewitnesses or proof

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: OF ME AND HBOMB NOT FUCKING???

Neko femboy nightmare: fundy wundy smoo gums pie if you wanted an eyewitness to be there whilst we had hot steamy sex all you had to do was ask

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: WE DONT HAVE SEX

Neko femboy nightmare: but when we do

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: \*IF

Neko femboy nightmare: WHEN

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: what

Neko femboy nightmare: moving on

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: WHAT

Neko femboy nightmare: hi tommy!!! So glad to see another cat hybrid in the office \(^ o ^)/

EAT PANT CONAR: what abt antifrost??

Neko femboy nightmare: what about him

EAT PANT CONAR: ,,,,

Slmccl: @Pancakes down the stairs on thursday how does this make you feel

Pancakes down the stairs on thursday: afraid

Trauma! At the disco: okay that's too long of a name, the authors gonna get a fucking seizure if he has to type that out whenever you open your stupid mouth. we were already pushing it with Callahan's name

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: what

EAT PANT CONAR: what

Pancakes down the stairs on thursday: what

Slmccl: did....did he just break the fourth wall

Trauma! At the disco: anyways

*Trauma! At the disco changed Pankcakes down the stairs on thursday to cat (derogatory)*

Cat (derogatory): ....you're a cat hybrid too???

Trauma! At the disco: I'm just better

Neko femboy nightmare: we're better then you antfrost hows it feel

Trauma! At the disco: not you

EAT PANT CONAR: ajdhdkashsi that reply came so quick

Neko femboy nightmare: tommy :(

Trauma! At the disco: we haven't even met and I already hate you possibly the most simply because of your name

Neko femboy nightmare: what's wrong with neko fembot nightmare

Trauma! At the disco: literally everything

Neko femboy nightmare: okay intense phycological distress at the discothèque

It was me, Deo: oi stop stealing my lines

Neko femboy nightmare: die mad about it

EAT PANT CONAR: @Trauma! At the disco you probably already know me but I'm ConnorEatsPants or just Connor

Trauma! At the disco: that explains the name

EAT PANT CONAR: I don't want to talk about my name

Slmccl: I'm charlie slimesicle Im made of flesh and bone

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: no you arent

Slmccl: thank you for your astounding observation Fundy Soot

Trauma! At the disco: WAIT WAIT WAIT

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: waiting

Slmccl: woute

Trauma! At the disco: SOOT???

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: yeah??

Trauma! At the disco: does Wilbur have a secret lovechild that I'm not aware of

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: secret *what*

EAT PANT CONAR: A SECRET LOVECHILD???

Trauma! At the disco: IT WAS MY BEST GUESS

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: I mean its not really a secret

Trauma! At the disco: I'm assuming you're adopted considering the fact that he's human and you very much are not

EAT PANT CONAR: FURRY

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: EAT SHIT CONAR

Slmccl: ConarEatsShit confirmed???

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: he fucked a fish

Trauma! At the disco: <sup>what</sup>

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: Wilbur fucked a fish and had fundy

Trauma! At the disco: that's not real right please tell me it isn't so

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: if you're so unsure then ask him yourself

Trauma! At the disco: why would I do that

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: because its gonna be hilarious to watch you casually try and bring up weather he had intercourse with a salmon

Trauma! At the disco: A SALMON???

Not like, a mermaid or something???

Water nymph???

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: a fish

Trauma! At the disco: oh my god

I have to make fun of him but also publically humiliate him

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: don't do that

Trauma! At the disco: well now I have to do it

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: TOMMY

THOMAS

THOMAS INNIT SMITH PLEASE

Trauma! At the disco: radio silence everyone

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: I will pay you

Trauma! At the disco: you couldn't afford me

He snapped his phone closed to the sound of a spammed out chat.

Life was good, he was having a great time, and he had Cursed information.

It was an alright day, and he hums as he heads off to an abandoned warehouse in an undisclosed area to go have a lively little chat with a tied up man in green.

## Chapter End Notes

Come scream at me on twitter my name is Insomnia-hours

# Wilby: love you too

## Chapter Summary

Thomas Innit makes an astounding revelation

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The tip of his tail flicked as he slowly walked away from a decrepit warehouse. The answers from not-Dream weren't satisfactory enough, and he was simply bringing surgical tools to motivate the man to answer correctly.

...God, he sounded like the scientists. Maybe no surgical tools.

He thought. He'd just have to use a different kind of annoyance.

Maybe he could play the same sound over and over for weeks in end? Months? Until that bastard gave him answers, but no longer than that.

For now though-

He summoned his deck, grinning at the "copy" card and "puppet" card.

-he'd have to make do.

Tommy blinked blearily at his monitor. He was *so tired*. Between torturing his, uh, *temporary* prisoner, not sleeping due to a combination of screaming back pain and night terrors that left him feeling restless, horrible insomnia, and using three powers at once, he was suffering. He sighed, and leaned his head against his desk. It was late hours too, nearing on eleven at night. Only he, Wilbur, Phil, Techno, and Sam had stayed, everyone else was a *coward* and succumbed to silly things like *sleep* and the concept of *spending time with family*.

How silly, they should be working! Tommy'd never understand why they'd ever want to go home when there was work right here.

...Okay, he was slipping too much into his old self, working himself to the bone. Maybe some sleep would be good. He signed and his head lolled forward as his vision blacked out for a moment. The teen groaned as he tried to right himself, his eyelids feeling droopy.

He was so fucking tired. Surely his boss wouldn't mind if he drifted off for a few minutes, right?

No! That was a loser's mindset. He shook his head and got up to stretch, almost screaming when he

lifted his arms. His back pain had gotten so much worse, and it hurt to move at this point. It was easier to hunch over slightly and just be miserable than anything else.

He stumbled his way over to a vending machine, much to the concerned eyes of his boss, ordered a red bull, a monster, and mixed them together, along with a vial of... Something in his pocket that was faintly glowing and several small pills.

Worrying.

His employee proceeded to mix them up and drink it, a few drops of luminescent fluid dripping down his chin.

"Tommy, what are you drinking?"

He drank faster.

"TOMMY-"

"What even *is* this?"

"My drink?"

"I'm pretty sure one sip of this will kill you." Tommy snorted for some odd reason, attempting to take the drink from the taller again. Wilbur held it out of reach, and Tommy frowned. "Wilbur, give me back my drink."

"It's not safe. This thing is probably a hazard, and I also saw you put a glowing liquid in it. You don't get it back."

"Wilbur."

"Tommy."

"I'll wrestle you for it, that shit is my life essence."

"Come at me, gremlin."

Wilbur had sorely underestimated Tommy. The blonde teen was grinning and finishing his drink as a defeated and winded Wilbur laid on the floor. "How? How'd you do it?"

"I'm just that good." Human experimentation.

"How are you even that *strong*, were you born in hell or something?"

"I was born in a lab, your honor." The other chuckled, not realising that *Tommy wasn't actually lying about that.*

"Fuck you catboy, you need to be studied in a tube." Tommy hummed. "Okay, Wilbur."

"I hate you."

"Okay, Wilbur."

"I *hate* you."

"Hey, this is a judgement free zone."

"Says who?"

"Says me." Tommy said pointedly.

"You don't get to decide that."

"Well if this isn't a judgement free zone, does this mean I get to make fun of you for having sex with a fucking fish?" Wilbur choked. "Who told you?"

"So it's real?"

The other stayed silent.

"*Wilbur.*"

"Again, who told you?"

"Your little son boy, that's who."

The chestnut haired man looked up. "You know Fundy?"

"Yup."

"How?" He got up to his feet, attempting to snatch the drink from Tommy only to end up on the floor again. He sighed. "I've never introduced you two to each other."

"We communicate telepathically, how else?" He scoffed. "I'm in the interns and employees group chat."

"You guys have a groupchat?" Wilbur looked at him with interest. "Can I joi-"

"It's literally the employees and interns groupchat. Everyone except heroes are allowed."

"Why?"

"Because we plan murders and shit, what else?"

"I've committed a murder."

"So have I, you're not special." Tommy looked away, drying his mouth with his sleeve.

"What?"

"What?"

"Tommy-"



"Moving on, I- stop trying to steal my fucking drink, you bitch- I can't believe you- Wilbur STOP-"  
He protected his drink. His sip-sip, his prized possession. He'd flip the older man if it meant that he'd stop trying to steal Tommy's life juice. Tommy hissed, ears flattening. "Don't fuck with me, I have the power of god and anime on my side."

"But-But you-"

He tripped the man again and ran off, screaming internally.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA??

### **Fishfucker**

Fishfucker: tommy where are y

Oh you bitch

Tommy: lmao fishfucker

Fishfucker: MY NAME???

Tommy: self explanatory

Fishfucker: you are so unprofessional

Tommy: says the man who:

A- tried to offer me a collar

B- let me burn his wardrobe

C- had sex with a literal fish and HAD A FOX CHILD(?)

D- I'm not even going to get into the fruit hat thing you did in like my first week of working here

E- you're related to techno so I immediately have no respect for you

Fishfucker: what was that last one

Tommy: I have no respect for that 21 year old man after he tried to fight a teenager because I have no parents

Fishfucker: on a different note

Tommy: no

Fishfucker: BIRTHDAY PARTY

Tommy: what does one do at birthday parties

Fishfucker: party ig

Tommy: I really don't need a party

Fishfucker: its too late, the banners are going up

Tommy: Wilbur no

Fishfucker: I'm getting the balloons from party city already

Tommy: WILBUR

Fishfucker: favorite flavor of cake go

Tommy: wtf you are so dramatic

Fishfucker: tommy I am giving you a party

You've never had one before so idk I just want to make it nice

Sorry is this too cheesy?? I just want you to be happy with it haha

Tommy?

Tommy: chocolate

Fishfucker: ?

Tommy: I like chocolate cake

Fishfucker: :D

Tommy: see you soon I guess asshole

Fishfucker: :D!!!!

Tommmyyyy

Tommy: no

Fishfucker: is someone going soffttt

Tomm: PISS OFF IM NOT GOING FUCKING SOFT FUCK YOU FUCK YOU

Fishfucker: awwwww tommmyyyy

*Fishfucker has changed Fishfucker's name to Wilby*

Wilby: toms

Do you like my name

Toms toms

Wait hold on

*Wilby has changed Tommy's name to Toms*

Wilby: there we go :)

Toms: I hhate y ou,

Wilby: tommy?

Toms: ffuc k off you p reci.ous sh it

Wilby: pfft

Okay I'll see you soon

I'll get you your own chocolate cake toms, you'd better enjoy it

Toms: fuc of f

Wilby: love you too

Tommy sniffled because what the hell? What the fuck? Wilbur cares enough to give him a *party* and care about what his favorite flavor of *cake* is?

The fact that Wilbur cares, really and truly is enough to send him into orbit because the only people who've ever cared about him were Sapnap and Tubbo and-

*And Cl-*

He chokes on a sob and *wow*, where did those unshed tears come from?

A lot of things didn't make sense right now. Almost nothing did, and Tommy only saw in the pretty bright colors of *I love you* and *I just want to make it nice* and stupid nicknames like *Toms*.

He chuckled wetly. This was all so baffling, he was still getting used to two people caring about him and his health and also them being able to do something about it, even after all these years.

So to suddenly gain another person that cared? To get someone else that he was so completely lucky to know just straight up care about him? That let him relax, that let him joke and push and not be bonded together by intense trauma? That let him finally act his sixteen? That was like an older brother?

It was so much, and all Tommy could do was hold his unbeating chest in his cold, dead hands and hope that maybe he was blessed enough to have *Sam* care too, that the creeper hybrid wouldn't yell and hit him if he got something wrong but instead *patiently show him how to do it correctly? That the man wasn't lying when he said that Tommy could ask for help anytime?*

It was a near impossible thought in his mind, he decided.

*I'm so blessed to have three whole people care! I'd just be greedy and bad if I assumed ANOTHER person cared, that's just not possible.*

"I'm so blessed." He whispered, tears almost flowing down his face, but never pushing the boundary of his eyes. His smile was small and broken and hopeful, as though maybe there was hope for him.

Maybe heroes did get happy endings after all...?

(Nothing good lasts forever, you and I both know that well, Theseus.)

Tommy didn't want to think about it.

All he knew was that Tubbo cared and Sapnap cared and Wilbur cared, and that was good enough for him.

He sniffled again, and knew already that he'd burn down the fucking world for those three.

## Chapter End Notes

Today's question:

What's everyone favorite baked good? Im a slut for churros

# Say I love you before it's too late

## Chapter Summary

(Wakes up in the morning and feels like p diddy)  
Oh yeah also sorry

## Chapter Notes

Wanna know some shitty fun facts about this story?

Tommy has nightmares of his sister getting scrapped before he gets scrapped. It happens almost every night, and he usually tries to avoid sleeping at all costs, usually by overworking himself and patrolling as much as possible. He's developed an unhealthy sleeping routine because of this, and refuses to seek help.

Sapnap has a love/hate relationship with warmth. On one hand, he has a natural liking to it since he's a blaze, and since bad was a demon his body temp ran at a higher temperature than normal, so he associates warmth with him as well. On the other hand, warmth also represents one of the worst days of his life, when he got kidnapped. Magmaman was a magma cube and so sapnap also associates warmth with trauma. He's never truly happy with his outlook on warmth, and since his body's hotter than normal, he always feels vaguely uncomfortable. This goes away eventually, but for now he's stuck in a minor conundrum.

Tubbo hates alcohol because his father almost died from drinking too much. Schlatt used to be a terrible alcoholic, but tried his damndest to stop when Tubbo was born. That doesn't mean he stopped completely, and he got so stressed one time that he had to go to the emergency room from drinking too much. After that, young tubbo dumped all the bottles when he thought his father wasn't looking. Schlatt was, and was disappointed in himself for letting himself slip. He hasn't had a drop of any alcoholic beverages since, that night was traumatic for the both of them.

Techno always has this underlying fear that the voices will take control of him and make him kill everyone he loves, he learned how to meditate and how to keep calm in even the most stressful situations. When he turns on his "blood god" powerup, he relinquishes most of the control of his body to the voices, making him stronger, faster, and more analytical. He uses it only in life or death situations and only barely remembers what he does during the haze.

Ranboo and Karl are terrified of waking up and not remembering who their friends/loved ones are, so they sleep with their memory books every night so in the chance that they might wake up completely unknowing, they can read the book.

Wilbur is secretly super insecure about his music because he played it for a girl he had a crush on in third grade and she laughed at him. He only played for Phil and Techno after that for a while. He thinks it's stupid.

Schlatt constantly has to remind himself to not drink, and he most often then not

replaces alcoholic beverages with water or coffee. He's gone to the hospital twice for caffeine overdose.

Phil has outlived his entire family, and is painfully aware of this fact. As far as he, and everyone else are aware, he is the last elytran to exist, and he hasn't come across another winged hybrid in over seven hundred years, but he desperately yearns for someone with wings that he can preen and teach to fly, and trill with someone. He hasn't found another bird hybrid in almost a thousand years though, so he knows that it's near impossible to ever fulfil that desire.

He knows that it's more painful to outlive the ones you live then just die.

Sam had a child once, not biological, but his son was killed only a few months after he was born, a robber came in and strangled him to death in his crib.

The mother abandoned the baby as soon as he was born, since she was a creeper hybrid she thought it'd be a good idea to leave him with another creeper hybrid. Sam still has a photo of the baby that he keeps in a locket, and was going to name him David.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Happy birthday, Tommy!" Was the first message the boy had woken up and seen. His friends had put up a banner in the front of the cheap apartment, and there was a head of lettuce with two candles haphazardly stuck in the top that said *it's a boy!*

"It's a boy? Really?"

"They were the best candles, and also the others with the numbers were sixteen bucks."

"Fair." Tommy stared at the lettuce. "So how am I going to eat this?"

"Tommy, Tommy, we put a present inside it."

"You out a present... Inside the cabbage?"

Tubbo nodded eagerly. "Hurry up and eat, I want to see your face." After eating his way to the middle of the cabbage with no small amount of discomfort, he bit down on something hard. He moved the gnawed pieces of plant aside to reveal a can of tuna.

"Really?"

Sapnap laughed. "Chill, that isn't really what we got you, this is it." Tubbo handed him two... Sticks?

"You got me two pipes?" He stared at the metal sticks(?), and Tubbo looked as if something had died in his soup. "They're bo staffs!"

"Bo staffs?"

"Fifty sticks. I added a tazer in it."

"I demand you show me how to work them. Right now."

"Absolutely."

"Do you like your gifts?" Tommy sighed at the two of his friends. Looking around the apartment, he couldn't help but feel proud of what they'd done together, the three of them. "Yeah, I love it. Thanks, the both of you." He twirled the staffs around. "These are fuckin' awesome by the way, I'm assuming Tubbo built them by the fact that there's little hexagons carved at the ends."

The ram hybrid grinned sheepishly. "Happy birthday?"

Tommy laughed, loud and full. They didn't have much, sure, but it was *theirs*. The stupid banner he'd saw when he woke up that had happy birthday messily scribbled on it with a huge scribbled out font in the middle, reusing the "congrats on being a piece of shit" banner from two years ago when Sapnap had eaten the last cookie. There were little scratches and dents in the wall that Tommy'd made when he was still fresh out of the facility and kept having panic attacks when he awoke from nightmares, there was the crack in the wall from when Tubbo dared Sapnap to do a cartwheel and the blaze hybrid accepted it, having no idea how to do a cartwheel and hitting the wall.

There were so many fond memories here. He smiled.

"I fucking love them."

He spent most of the day with Tubbo and Sapnap.

## Wilby

Wilby: Toms I'm sending you the adress

Toms: of?

Wilby: the party :D

Toms: ohh okay

Send away

Wilby: k gimme a sec

*Wilby has shared their location.*

Wilby: boom

Toms: great

When do i come over?

Wilby: uhhh is in an hour good for you?

Toms: yeah thats good

Wilby: what about two

Toms: gonna be a hard no for me

Wilby: am I allowed to know why

Toms: no

Wilby: yes chef

Tommy stopped in front of the house. It was deceptively plain, a simple looking two-story house that had a nice spruce door and a wooden exterior. He smiled, going up to the door and knocking. A moment later, a winged man answered the door.

"Thomas!" Phil grinned. "Happy birthday!" The teen blinked, forgetting for a moment that Wilbur's father was *Philza*.

"Thank you, big man! Where's Wilbur?"

"Wil's in the kitchen. Come in, come in!" The walls were a nice tan, and there were flowers in vases. He grinned, the cornflowers were quite a pretty blue, and there were poppies mixed in, albeit sparsely.

The atmosphere was so comforting, and he finally relaxed. The corpse-boy felt soothed, and although his back ached and his bones creaked, he felt at peace.

What a rare phenomenon.

He breathed in the scent of chocolate wafting through the air, and sighed contentedly. There were balloons, and Techno had strapped a party hat over each ear, which Tommy only laughed a little at.

"He lost a bet. Happy birthday, Toms!" Wilbur practically leapt into the room before encapturing the boy in a huge hug. "Nineteen years old! You've grown up so fast." He pinched the boy's cheeks. "I remember it like it was yesterday when you came into the office for the first time and told me to call you *Tommy* instead of *Thomas*!"

"Ah!" Phil looked over to him. "Would you prefer if I called you Tommy?"

"It's all good, I respond to both. So, do what you want, I guess."

"Thank you, Tommy." The avian smiled at him, and the boy thought that maybe if his heart started beating again, he wouldn't be so surprised. He smiled back. "No problemo."



Wilbur looked fondly between the two. He was happy to see his father and his little brother figure betting along, and wondered if Tommy would mind changing his last name to Minecraft.

Wait, what? He blinked. When did his brain jump straight to *adoption*? He wouldn't mind Tommy as a brother, not at all, but still, adoption?

...Would Phil want another kid? He pondered, and vaguely recalled the custody battle between the man and Sam.

Phil probably wouldn't mind another child, he thought.

He turned to his ~~brother~~ friend. "So, Toms-"

The oven rang, and he gasped. "The cake!" The man pivoted on his heel and ran to the kitchen. The youngest blinked. "Is he always this energetic?"

"Yup. Best to just get used to it."

He shrugged. "Eh, whatever."

Wilbur came back in, smiling. "The cake is cooling! Whilst we wait for it to finish, do you want to open your presents?"

"You got me presents?" He was surprised. "Seriously?"

"Yup." Techno nodded. "For the alrightest orphan I know." Phil shot a look™ at the piglin, but Tommy just laughed. "Good to know you think so highly of me, Blade."

"Just Techno."

"Technoblade?"

"Techno."

"Blade?"

"Just. Techno. You gremlin." He ruffled the boy's hair. "Now open your presents, mine first though, since it's the best." He shoved a poorly-wrapped gift in front of Tommy that looked suspiciously like a sword. The blonde snatched it and tore the obnoxiously neon wrapping paper apart ravenously, gently removing the blade.

Phil glared at Technoblade, gently taking the sword from Tommy. "You got him a *sword*?"

"What else was I supposed to give him? The piglin tilted his head. "Swords are always something to give."

"Tech-"

"Did you know that instead of exchanging rings, the vikings exchanged swords at weddings? It was very romantic. Swords are always good gifts." The man plowed over any arguments that Phil had.

"What if you're giving a gift to a small child? Swords are not children's toys."

Tommy cut in. "Absolutely right. That's why you get the child a big knife, so that they can work their way up to a sword." Techno laughed, loud and raspy as Phil turned to Tommy. "Tommy! You

don't give children sharp blades at all, especially without parental supervision!"

"Oh." He blinked. "Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

"Huh." He breathed. "What a weird rule. Technoblade, show me how to use this."

"That's not my only gift." Tommy perked up. Techno handed him another poorly wrapped gift, grinning. "Here." The blonde took it and cut through the wrapping paper with his new sword gleefully. In it was an axe, and Tommy decided right then and there that Technoblade might've been one of the poggest people to exist. Phil covered his face with his hands and groaned.

"Techno."

"Phil."

"Stop giving him leathal weapons."

"No, Technoblade, don't listen to him. Give me all the weapons." Phil put his head in his hands and sighed. "You are incorrigible." He slowly reached back and brought out a small, neatly wrapped box. "Here's my gift. I hope you like it." Tommy carefully undid the wrapping this time, taking a moment to examine the gift.

A small pair of earrings fell out. Tommy lifted them off his lap and examined the pieces of jewelery closely. Two small blue stones, one had an extra tiny golden chain hanging off of it that attached a tiny black feather. He looked up at Phil.

"If you ever need my help, break that feather and I'll be over to you in an instant." Tommy nodded. "How'd you know I had pierced ears?" He inserted them in his ears and wondered if they'd translate to his human ears. The winged hero's eyebrows raised. "I wasn't sure, actually was going to offer you to get your ears pierced with me."

"You're going to get earrings?"

"Why not? They'll look cool, I think." Tommy hummed. "Get black studs. Those'll look good on you, they look good on most above-average people."

"Are you calling me attractive?"

"Above average? Yes. Attractive? No."

Phil clutched his heart in fake agony. "My feelings! Wounded beyond repair. How will I survive?"

"I dunno. Wilbur, how will he survive?"

"Not sure. Do you know how he'll survive, Techno?"

"He's going to die." They laughed. "That's one way to end it quick."

"Was that a pu-"

"Yes, it was a pun. Wil, did you get anything?"

"Oohhhh, greedy! Asking me if I got you something."

"...It is customary to give gifts on birthday parties, no? Or did I read up on that wrong?" Wilbur

quickly shook his head. "No, no, you got it right. Still can't believe you didn't know what a birthday was..." He muttered the last part. "It's in my room, let me go get it."

Moments later, he arrived back with a relatively large box, and a much smaller box. His grin was huge. "Open them!"

Tommy descended upon the first box first, which was... something in a black case?

"You have to open the case, Toms."

Ah.

He pried it open, revealing smooth oak wood and delicately carved designs. His eyes widened.

A guitar. Wilbur looked nervous.

"I know that you like guitar, so...?"

"I love it." Wilbur's grin slipped into something easier. "Thank god. I'll teach you the basics later, alright?"

"Sounds great. What's this?" He gestured to the smaller box. This time, the entire family leaned forward as Phil spoke. "It's a gift from all of us."

He made quick work of the decorative paper, an apparent common theme of his, to show a small box. He opened it and gently pulled out a... Locket?

"A locket?" It was gold, and had a small little latch to unlock it.

"So you can put a photo in there. Kept it close to you, I know Sam has one, no idea what he keeps in it, though."

"Mhm." The boy smiled. "Thank you. All of you, seriously." He fastened the locket around his neck and held the guitar case a little closer. The earrings in his ears shined, and the axe he held in one hand glimmered. The one he had strapped to his back felt cool on the tint sliver of grey skin that peeked out of his shirt.

He felt loved.

"You think the cake's cooled by now?" He parked up. "Ohh, yes! Cmon Toms, let's decorate it!"

What ensued was nothing short of a sugar war. The four had gone into the kitchen, fully intending to simply decorate the cake and eat it.

That is, until Wilbur concluded Tommy's face was decidedly bare. Devoid of frosting.

He set out to change that. Dipping his finger in the blue frosting, he smudged it across the other's oddly cold cheek.

"Did..." The blonde paused. "Did you just do what I think you did?"

"I think I did, Toms."

The two proceeded to start a food fight. Tommy took a smudge of red frosting and bopped Wilbur's nose, laughing. "You look like Callahan!" The other was not happy. They exchanged between smudging frosting on each other and tossing little globs of it at each other. Everything was fine and well, until-

"Oh?" Techno slowly raised his hand to wipe off a misaimed glob from his face. "Well, if it's war you want..."

-frosting hit Techno.

The next held hour only saw Phil joining in, absolutely obliterating three of his youngers.

Tommy stretched as he got up, groating slightly. His face was an array of color, and the cake wasn't any different. Splotches of neon colors messily decorated it, some small bits were bare and some had mounds of frosting.

He took a spoon and dipped it in the cake, taking away a spoonful of more frosting than cake, and eating it. The boy had discovered more about himself ever since he'd escaped the facility, like the fact he was obsessed with coca cola and the fact that he had an immense sweet tooth. The cake tasted heavenly, if not a bit overwhelmingly sugary.

He loved it, and grabbed the whole pan to settle on the floor and spoon feed himself cake. He felt all floaty, and happy. Like when he'd finished a task and went over expectations, do the scientists would consider letting him see his sister. Minus the pain, though. He sighed contentedly, and simply existed. His family friends were here, he was surrounded by fantastic gifts, and there was almost no pain, but he'd learned to tune out the back pain by now.

It was tranquil.

Peaceful.

(Until it wasn't.)

The house rocked, and he gasped. Wilbur and Techno sat up abruptly. "What the hell?"

Tommy looked around frantically. "What- What's going on?" His ears were flattened and his tail was puffed up, the gold of his fur prickled and on end. His eyes darted back and forth. "Wilbur, what's going on?" He clutched the guitar case closer to his chest. "Wilbur?"

"It could just be an earthquake. Let's check the news." He flicked on the TV to the news Chanel, and-

"COMING TO YOU LIVE, THERE SEEMS TO BE A GIANT VILLAN ON ROUTE 224! HE'S HEADING TOWARDS NEIGHBORHOODS, AND YET NO HEROES SEEM TO BE SHOWING UP! IN THIS TIME OF CRISIS-"

*No.*

"-WE CAN ONLY ASK-"

*NO.*

"WHERE ARE THE HEROES?"

*NO.*

Something that looked like that stupid bastard magma man was raging, burning houses and destroying property. He was much bigger, and the plate nailed on his hand was prominent. Tommy grimaced. "Fuck." He turned to his company. "Uh... We gonna... Do anything about that?"

Wilbur got up. "Let's go. Tommy, you stay here."

"What? Why?"

"Because I said so." He pulled a coat over his frame.

"I'm stronger than you'd think, Wilbur!" The other man scoffed. "I don't have *time* for this, Thomas! Just stay here."

"No!"

"You're just going to get in the way if you go!" Everyone else went silent. "You're a civilian! You don't know how to protect yourself. I'm not going to endanger you just because you wanted to join in but were too weak to keep going."

"I'm not fragile!"

"You are!" He yelled back. "Don't try and say you aren't! You'd *die* out there, you idiot!"

Ironic. "Not even death would stop me, big man."

"Nobody keeps moving after they die! That's like, basic knowledge! Do you lack common sense as you do knowledge in most other basic things like birthdays? Or do you just refuse to cooperate!? Honestly, you're acting like a five year old! The risks are simply too high for someone like you-" He cut himself off, but it was too late. Tommy stared at him with an expression of mild fear that melted into betrayal and rage. Wilbur gasped softly. "Wait, Tommy, I didn't-"

"Just go. You have people to save, right?" He cut him off coldly. "Don't worry, I'll stay all snug and tight in the house. After all, it's just too dangerous for someone so fragile and delicate, right? I'd fucking die on the spot if that villain even looked at me, right?"

"You-"

"Go on, Whisper." His face was cold detached, eyes accusing. "People are waiting for you."

*If you leave now then you ruin everything we've worked for.*

Wilbur didn't want to fucking *go*.

*Toms, please forgive me.*

Wilbur hesitated. "Tommy-"

"Thomas."

He recoiled.

*Oh.*

"Thomas, I-I'm sorry."

The blonde turned away. "Just *leave*, damnit. You're needed somewhere else." His face contorted

painfully.

The three reluctantly left, and Tommy fell to his knees. His expression was pained and betrayed, and he didn't want to fight with Wilbur. It was his fault, wasn't it? It was always his fault. Always, always, always. He just had to get attached and then ruin it because that's just what he *did*. That's just who he was. It's who he was, who he is, and who he will forever be.

He won't change. He won't grow. He won't mature or learn.

People do that. Humans do that.

He isn't either.

(The poets lied, he thinks. There is nothing beautiful about suffering. It is ugly, and it is raw, and it is terrifying and scary. Suffering is hopeless and suffocating, the ugliness of agony. When you have to kill every part of yourself to survive, is it truly surviving in the end? When you lose too much of yourself to remain human?)

He looks down at the solid metal nailed to his hand. He thinks about the fact his heart will never beat again. He knows that heroes do not get happy endings.

He knows that in the end, he will still be suffering, because bad things still happen to good people, even in kinder worlds. Because at the end of the day dominoes still fall, and butterflies still flap their wings to cause typhoons on the other side of the planet, and there is no such thing as his happy end.)

His eyes flicker and catch the screen. Wilbur had forgotten to turn it off. The three heroes were almost done with the villain, but they were hurt.

(He clutched the guitar case closer to his chest.)

Phil looked like he had a concussion, one of Techno's eyes was swollen shut, and Wilbur was...

Wilbur... Was...?

Where was Wilbur? He scanned the footage. *Where was Wilbur?*

At the edge of the film, he saw the man.

Tommy's eyes widened.

He was on his side, laying down on the broken concrete.

He wasn't moving.

Huh?

*He wasn't moving, Wilbur wasn't moving, Wilbur wasn't breathing-*

Bad things still happen to good people.

("Nobody keeps moving after they die!") The man's own words echoed in Tommy's ears.

*("May I request a proper burial, sir?")*

No. No, this couldn't be happening. This wasn't real.

This wasn't real. It couldn't possibly be, right? It was just a nightmare, right?

He leapt off the couch. Wilbur wasn't... *Gone*, right?

(Accept it.)

The body laid unmoving on the screen.

~~"Nobody keeps moving after they die!"~~

Tommy ripped the door off it's hinges and dashed outside.

Towards the carnage.

Towards his brother.

*I never got to apologize.*

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter took so long because I had to keep taking breaks and crying  
Wilbur's going to be gone for a long while, folks  
(He might not even come back.)

# Surprise!

## Chapter Summary

Haha

Ever heard of survivor's guilt?

Tommy is not okay and neither am i

Also your comments give me STRENGTH keep crying I am filling a jar with your tears to keep myslef hydrated

There was fire everywhere, and Tommy tried to calm his metaphorically beating heart.

His real one was still dead in his chest.

*Don't panic, panicking won't help the situation, it only makes things worse. It only makes things worse. It only makes things worse.*

It only makes things worse.

There were distant screams as the feeling of heat on his skin got more prominent. He gulped.

Where was Wilbur's ~~corpse~~?

After enough frantic searching and a few close calls, Tommy found ~~it~~ him. ~~It~~ he was draped over a few pieces of rubble, eyes ~~glazed over~~ unfocused. Blood poured down the man's face, and he looked battered to hell and back. Tommy quickly put trust in his thumb and held it up between Wilbur's jaw and neck to feel for a pulse.

*Please please please, he's one of the only things I have left, please don't take him from me too-*

A pulse. Faint, but there.

He almost sobbed in relief. "Wilbur, oh fuck! You're alive, big man!"

An eye opened exhaustedly, and his speech was slurred. "T'mas? H'use. Go t' ho'se."

"I'm not going back home, you're about to fucking *die*." Was the man drunk, or did he just have a concussion?

"H'roe's j'b-"

"I don't give two shits about your job." He snapped, tears threatening to leak. "If it brings you on the verge of death and makes me come and haul your sorry ass to a hospital every time, you're going to either get a better job, or get better *at* your job."

"T'm-"

"Just- just stay awake, okay?" He gathered the man, the breathing living man in his arms. "Talk to me. Tell me a story, sing or some shit. Just stay awake."

"T'red."



"Do it anyways. It's my birthday, yeah? Birthday boy gets his damn wish."

Wilbur laughed. "S'rry."

"Damn right. Now, keep talking."

The brunette groaned, tears slipping out of his eyes. "T'mas, 'm so t'red."

The blonde ran faster, damn that bastard Magma man, he'd kill him when he got his bloodsoaked paws on him. "You're going to stay awake. Stay awake for me, okay? I'll do anything." He sniffled. "I'll- I'll play any song you want, I'll tell you all my stupid secrets, I'll call you *Wilby* as many times as you want. Just, Just please-" He cut himself off as fresh hot tears poured down his face for the first time in years, voice thinning to a whisper. "Please, stay awake."

"..."

"Wil?" He summoned his deck and pulled one with his teeth. He could make up an excuse to any onlookers later. He was rewarded with portals, and summoned one at the speed of light before hopping through it. "I'll pay your hospital bills 'n shit. Decorate cakes with you, do you want to decorate another cake with me when we get home?"

"I d'n't th'nk 'm g'nna m'ke 't."

"Of course you're going to make it, don't be stupid. Look, we're already at the hospital." He smiled hopefully. "I-" The words caught in his throat. "I don't wanna lose anyone else, Wilby. Please don't die."

He got no response, and hurried into the building.

After some *gentle coaxing* (Read: blackmail and not empty threats,) Wilbur was in a hospital room, getting treatment. Tommy slouched on a hard, uncomfortable plastic chair, one that could only be found in hospitals, or dentist's offices. He was *exhausted*. Beyond exhausted, even.

His clothes were dripping with Wilbur's blood, and he refused to leave the building until he knew that the hero was safe. He refused to leave the room.

"Are- Are you sure you don't want to change, s-sir?"

"I am sure." He bit back a snarky remark. "You seem exhausted. Go see if anyone might need your help."

"Sir-"

**"I don't believe I stuttered."** He shot her down with an icy look that made the woman shake. "You may now *leave*."

"Yes s-sir!" She dashed out of the room, maybe to give him some space.

How kind. He'd have to get her a gift basket later and hope she didn't ask silly questions, like where how he knew where she lived and how he got into her living room.

Why ask potentially incriminating questions when you can just shut up and accept the gift basket?

"Mr. Innit?"

He looked up. It'd been twelve hours since he'd sat down. The doctor noticed, with slight mortification, that the man hadn't moved in his chair once, staying completely and utterly still. The blonde looked up. "That is me, yes. Do you have an update?"

"I still don't, but! There is some good news and some bad news."

"Good news first." The bad news usually depended on what you already knew, and the good news was the solid foundation of information. Was he looking into this too much? Probably. "The good news is that there's a chance he'll pull through."

Tommy growled. "The bad news?"

"It's a... low probability. Even if he does miraculously make it, there's a chance he won't..."

"Won't what?"

"Won't be conscious. His wounds were so severe, sir. He's either going to be in a coma, or he'd going to..." The doctor left the other, most probable thing unsaid.

"Is there nothing else you can do to make him live?"

"Well, there is one thing, but-"

"Do it."

The doctor frowned angrily. "We don't just-"

"Listen here, Steven." The man shut his mouth abruptly. "I am not a patient person. I cannot fault you for not knowing that, it seems like it's simply human nature to not know a lot of things." He stood up, bones creaking and popping. "But if the man in that fucking room doesn't pull through, I will guarantee that you will not have a family to go back to when your shift is over."

"Are you-" Steven sputtered. "Are you *threatening me*?"

"Not at all. When I threaten someone, I don't mean it. However, when I *promise* them something." He stared into the other's wide, terrified eyes. "I make sure to go through with it. Do you care about your children, Steven? Do you care about Abigail and Samantha, Steven?" He leaned in close, words simply uttered commands. "Then do your fucking job."

"I'll call the cops-"

"Will you? A splendid idea, maybe I should tell them about all the money you embezzled from your father." Steven took a shaky step back. "N-no..."

"Maybe I should tell them about how you overwork and underpay your employees. I mean, we've got plenty of witnesses around. Now, between my spotless record, as well as my job of working with the highest ranked heroes, and your record of threatening a teacher with a gun as a child, who do you think they're going to believe?"

"How...?" Steven was on the verge of tears. "What are you?"

"I'm your consequence. Now work, or I'll ruin your life."

Tommy settled down into his seat and pulled out his phone.

Within twenty minutes, he was already on the dark web.

"He's in a coma. Stable, but in a coma. We're not sure when he's going to wake up." Was the good news.

You know it's bad when "He's in a coma" is the good news.

Tommy grit his teeth. "Thank you."

The same terrified nurse nodded quickly. "O-Of course."

He hummed. "You seem frightened. If I came off as intimidating, I deeply apologize. What's a young woman doing in a shithole like this?" She looked taken aback before her expression settled into one of almost concealed anger and regret. "I foolishly got swept up in here after getting my degree."

"I see." He nodded. "Say, if you could have any job in the world, what would it be? A CEO? The head doctor of a hospital? Or maybe something more small. You seem like you could run a fantastic bakery."

"You think?" She looked at him. "I'd like to run a bakery on the side, but I'd want my main thing to be a top surgeon in a nice hospital." She sighed. "I have all the training and stuff, but I got stuck here instead as a nurse and desk lady."

"Pity, you seem bright enough to get it." He paused. "Want some advice?"

"Go ahead."

"I think you should take the leap. Go submit a resume to a good hospital, become a regular doctor there, and then work your way up to surgery. You're smart; it'll only take a year, or even a few months to get you on your way. After that, start a bakery. Have a good time, hire some employees, and I'll come in, and you tell me how good your life's been ever since you tried your hardest to get into that top hospital. Alright?"

Her grin was warm. "Thank you, sir."

"Aye, no problem."

Tommy stared at the unmoving body.

Two days. He'd sat quietly in that spot for two days.

("Nobody keeps moving after they die!")

Wilbur lied, Wilbur was a liar.

Wilbur was alive.

Tommy could hardly believe it. Had he saved the man? Was Wilbur really in a coma? He looked as if he was sleeping.

"I'm sorry." The whisper filled the silent room. "I'm so, so sorry, Wilbur. I should've gotten there in time." He felt disgusting. He looked disgusting.

He was disgusting. He searched though the jacket discarded on the side of the bed to see if he could find a phone. He reached in the last and pulled out an unfortunately near-shattered phone.

It wouldn't turn on.

Fuck.

He checked the news. Maybe someone was looking for the man?

Headlines spoke about a missing hero and a missing boy. Phil and Techno had sent out warnings for everyone to look out for the two, and to call a certain number if they'd heard absolutely anything about the pair.

Tommy imagined now how worried the two might've been. Their son was gone, and the way he left the house in disarray, especially with the door blown off it's hinges with his inhuman strength. He pulled out his own phone and stared at the lock screen. Sure, calling them right away to let them know that their son was safe (as safe as he could be, at least) was a good idea, the logical and practical one. It should've been the only one.

Tommy intertwined his fingers with his ~~brother's~~ friend's.

Five more minutes.

...

Okay, that was enough. He was being selfish to keep Wilbur away from his family, even if the man didn't know it.

He dialed the number.

"Hullo?" Techno answered. *"This is the hotline for any information regarding Thomas Smith and Wilbur Soot."*

"Techno." The man on the other end gasped. *"T-Tommy!?"* Another gasp was heard in the background. *"Where the hell are you?"*

"Um, hospital. I didn't get hurt too bad, it's for-" He choked. "It's for Wilbur."

*"What happened to Wilbur?"*

He stayed silent.

*"Thomas Innit Smith, what happened to my brother?"*

"Techno, I wasn't there fast enough. He's alive, but-but-"

*"Where are you?"*

"I'll-I'll send you a location, hang on." He clicked a few buttons through teary eyes. "Techno, it's all my fault!"

*"Whatever happened wasn't your fault, okay? It was the villain's."*

"I should've been more insistant, I should've-" He cut himself off with an unexpected sob. "It's my fault, Techno. I should've been more insistent, and now, he's-" He sniffled. "J-Just please come soon. I'll wait in the lobby."

*"Can you pass the phone to him?"*

He looked at Wilbur's unconscious body, unmoving yet alive.

Barely alive.

"Don't think that's possible right now, boss man."

Phil paced around the house nervously. It hadn't taken a long time to re-arrange everything, and re-attach the door. He could replace things.

He couldn't replace people; his sons.

When did he start thinking of Tommy as a son? He didn't quite know, all he knew was that he saw the boy, he heard him, broken and hurt, and he wanted to pick up the pieces of the shattered mirror that was Tommy to piece them back together.

It's just he couldn't really do that when the man was *missing*.

And so he paced for days that felt like years, and prayed. He did not believe in god, but he was willing to try anything.

The man even tried to get in contact with the vigilante trio, if anyone could find them, it was the three boys embedded in favors and dark alleys.

Strangely, the three had been completely silent ever since the attack.

He was stressed. If the man wasn't immortal, he'd definitely have died of a heart attack right about now. Techno looked at his phone and sighed. "The hotline. If it's another person who just wants to talk to us heroes, I'm losing my shit." He picked it up. "Hullo?"

A voice on the other end made him startle violently. Phil looked at him with mild interest. "Tommy!?" Phil gasped. His *boy*.

"Where the hell are you?"

Another pause. Techno's eyes widened in suspicion. "What happened to Wilbur?" Phil made a grabby motion at the phone, signalling his son to hand it to him. The man shook his head and glared at the floor. "Thomas Innit Smith, what happened to my brother?" He got up and began to pace. "Where are you?"

Another pause, but this time his face softer immensely. "Whatever happened, it wasn't your fault, okay? It was the villain's."

Ah, he'd forgotten that Tommy was quite insistant on taking the blame for everything, ever.

"Can you pass the phone to him?" His eyebrows then creased with confusion. "What-"

His phone beeped. Did Tommy just hang up on him?

"Phil, we have to go. I got the coords."

Tommy looked at his now dead phone in horror. Did Technoblade think he hung up on him?

...At least he was able to say what he needed? Tommy stared at his reflection in the black screen, and absolutely fucking hated who stared back.

(Coward.)

## Also known as w i l b u r k n o w s

### Chapter Summary

Tommy: (having a mental breakdown)

Wilbur, hovering above him: tommy you don't understand. You're my little meow meow. My little pogchamp. My uwu uwu. You just don't get it tommy you're my sun my stars my champion my little kitty-witty. Tommy yo-

### Chapter Notes

SO MANY PEOPLE COMMENTED "IN SPAIN WITHOUT THE S" LMAO  
DID I HURT YOU PEOPLE THAT BAD????

Tw for blood and survivors guilt/blaming self

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil had to restrain himself from kicking down the door the the hospital. He and Techno rushed inside, and furiously scanned the surprisingly empty lobby for Tommy. After a minute, he was spotted, and *oh*.

Oh *no*.

He looked absolutely miserable. His eyes were bloodshot and tired, Phil mistook his eyebags for bruises. His hands were shaky, he looked like he was about to pass out, and his hair was mussed up.

Oh yeah, he was also covered in mass amounts of *blood*.

Usually not a good thing.

This man looked like he just committed a *crime*. A lot of crimes. Bloody ones.

He was pretty sure he heard Tommy mutter "I have seen hell" when he approached. Did he have a therapist? He needed one. "Thomas! Where's Wilbur?"

His face contorted into something pained. "Phil, I'm sorry."

"Tommy?"

"I couldn't get there in time, Phil. He's alive, but he- he-" He sniffled. "I'm sorry. It's my fault."

"Nothing is your fault! None of this is because of you, alright? Can we- can we talk to Wil?"  
Tommy shut his eyes painfully. He looked scared. "I'm about to tell you something, but p-please don't get mad. Please don't hit me."

"I would *never*." The other seemed momentarily surprised.

"He's not conscious right now. No one... knows when he's gonna wake up." A cold pit settled in the immortal's chest. "Tommy, what are you trying to say?"

"Wilbur's in a coma, Phil." A moment. "And no one knows when he's gonna wake up."

...

"Oh *god*." Phil's eyes widened. "Oh *no*." From behind the man, Techno looked taken aback. "What do you mean he's in a coma?"

"Pretty much w-what it says on the tin." Tommy forced out. "He could wake up in a week, he could wake up in thirteen years. No one knows." The winged man gently put his hand over his mouth, eyebrows screwing up in pained heartbreak. "Oh."

"Again, it's my fault. I should've gotten there faster, Phil. I'm so sorry, and now your son is-" he cut himself off. The old hero noticed that his hands were shaking. His voice came out in a strangled whisper. "And now your son is in a coma."

*It should've been me.*

"You got him to a hospital?"

*Tommy saved him.*

"He was going to die if I didn't. He-He wasn't breathing when I first got to him, or he was breathing really shallow. His talk was real slurred too, so I think he got a concussion. There was a lot of blood, which I should..." He looked down at his outfit. "Probably... Wash off."

"Good idea." Phil nodded. "Thomas, *thank you*." Tommy looked up, obviously confused. "What for?"

He took the boy's abnormally cold hand in his own, looking up at him with a smile. "For saving my son's life."

Tommy was home.

He was... He was home.

Nothing felt right. Everything was too familiar, everything was so different, nothing made sense. What was going on? Why was the atmosphere so homey? He didn't deserve this. The only thing he deserved was to either be dead, or unconscious in a hospital bed. Maybe this would've never happened if Tommy'd never left the facility.

Stupid, stupid, stupid. Sapnap and Tubbo would've been with their parents if it weren't for Tommy. If it weren't for *Theseus*.

("Problem child. You're the problem child, you're the reason why everything goes to shit. Everyone would just be happier if you'd never existed.")

Distract, distract, distract! He needed a distraction. He needed something to take his mind off of...



He eyed the guitar case. It was still in pristine condition, and was probably the nicest damn thing in the apartment. He slowly reached for it, opening the black leather to reveal sleek, dark oak.

He could sell it for money...

(Nononononononothatsnotwhatiwantitswilbursihavetokeepititcouldbethelastthinghesevergivingme-)

He clutched it tighter to his chest.

Maybe not.

How do you even play a guitar? He gave it an experimental strum, and his tail twitched in interest as it let out a pleasant sound. Tommy continued to simply strum, basking in the soft sounds and sense of security.

("Well it's 2:45 pm.")

He stopped strumming abruptly. Would Wilbur be mad if he hummed the song? He wouldn't even know, but would it be considered disrespectful? The last time he'd talked to Wilbur when the man was lucid they'd fought.

He was sure that Wilbur hated him.

And now, the man was in a hospital bed, most likely unable to wake up, trapped in his own hell.

He didn't want to believe the results. He didn't want to hear them.

("We've made an estimate about how long Mr. Soot's going to be in a coma, Sirs." The nurse fiddled with her clipboard nervously. "You might want to sit down for this.")

After a moment, they all stared at her expectantly. "Well?" Techno piped up. She grimaced.

"Due to the severity of the head injury, he's most likely going to be in a camp for ten years.")

Another strum.

He didn't want to believe it. He didn't.

(It's the truth though, isn't it?)

Wilbur was going to wake up in ten years, because that's how it was.

That's the logic, that's the reality. It was logical and practical and real to just face it, but none of those ever applied to Tommy.

Here he was, a superhuman living corpse that was taking down a billion dollar human experimentation network, along with being a vigilante with otherworldly powers and then *working for the heroes he was trying to avoid*.

Nothing about him was *logical* or *followed the rules of reality*.

He was a living conundrum, a baffling "fuck you" to all known laws of science, and prole wanted him to believe that Wilbur was going to wake up in ten years?

He had a magical fuckin' card deck and a will, along with his usual spite and general hatred

towards the world.

He was going to get his friend up, and it was going to be soon.

Tommy strummed the instrument and grinned.

(When had he learned guitar? How was he playing it?)

If life wanted to play a game, who was he to deny it?

(Soft guitar and humming echoed throughout the small room, and if you looked inside then you'd see an anomaly wrapped up in several impossibilities, playing the guitar.)

Wilbur didn't know where he was.

He actually did, the problem is that he had no idea how he got *here*. Whatever "here" was.

No, not the hospital, Tommy brought him here, not just being alive in general because apparently a Samsung fridge(?) did that.

He was talking about the fact that he was currently staring at his own *face*. Which was kind of a problem, because it wasn't in a mirror. He was staring at his own comatose body from an onlooker's perspective.

Like a ghost.

...What the fuck? He poked his cheek, but the finger simply went through. He wasn't dead, Wilbur could very clearly hear the irritating beeps of the heart monitor, could see the rise and fall of his chest. He floated above his body uselessly.

*Am I having an out of body experience...?*

That was the answer. Or he was a ghost. The latter would be pretty cool. The former would've been cool except for the fact that he had *no idea* when he was going to get yanked back into his body. He floated outside of the room and looked around. A small body caught his attention, sat right outside his room.

Tommy was there, covered in blood. He looked like he wanted to die.

Wilbur grimaced. "Thomas, I think you should get yourself cleaned up. Gonna look like you crawled out of a crime scene like that."

There was no response.

"Of course you can't hear me. I wish you could. It'd make things a lot easier. I wish I could say sorry for a lot of things, Tom- Thomas." He paused. "Well, you can't really hear me right now... I guess I'm allowed to call you Tommy right now, sorry if you get like, astrally angry at me or something."

He was still getting no response. Why would he?

"I'm sorry. I love you. You don't deserve this." He paused. "And it's not your fault. I know you're

probably blaming yourself, but it re- ah!" The other got up and shambled over to Wilbur's room.  
"Tommy, where're you-"

Tommy slumped over on the seat to the bedside. "I'm so tired, Wilbur."

"Get some sleep, gremlin."

"People are looking for us on the news, you know? Weird shit. I can understand why they're looking for you, but no idea why I'm up there. I know that no one actually cares abt me, so you can imagine how weird it is that people are actually looking for me." A bitter laugh. Wilbur was taken aback. Did Tommy really believe no one cared? Did he think that *Wilbur* didn't care?

No wonder the boy didn't say shit about himself to the man unless interrogated.

"I think this is my fault. I think the scientists are looking for me, Wil." Wilbur perked up, eyebrows furrowing. Scientists?

"I should've stayed in the facility. I should've protected you. I should've done so, so many things, but I didn't. Because I'm an *idiot*. Just some stupid thing, I'm not even a person anymore. I wish I never met you, I wish you didn't make me feel sad."

*I'm not even a person anymore.*

*Anymore.*

Wilbur was confused.

"Tommy, are you okay?" He asked genuinely. "Tommy do you not think you're a person? That you're worth it?" There was no answer. He filed everything down mentally. Scientists. Facility. Not human anymore.

"Tommy," He started, not being able to stop the words from falling out. He didn't know what he was saying. "Tommy, are you human? You... You're a hybrid. A cat hybrid. A little kitty cat, meow meow man, what do you mean not *anymore*? Were you human once...?"

(Scientists. Facility. Not human anymore.)

He took a deep breath.

"Tommy, are you a human experiment?"

(He received no answer, and that was all he needed to know, wasn't it?)

## Chapter End Notes

Hi author's note PAY ATTENTION TO THE FUCKJNG TRIGGERS I PUT THEM AT THE START OF EVERY CHAPTER FOR A REASON HOLY SHIT PLEASE I LOVE YALL DONT HURT YOURSELEVS Æ

# **Wilbur: hey I haven't cried in a while! (Proceeds to start sobbing in the sixth isle of Walmart while looking in the crafts section)**

## Chapter Summary

Mooooooooommm, Tommy little meow meow againnnnn  
Oh yeah also he's still dead and is confused pog?

## Chapter Notes

Tw for derealisation, panic attack, weapons, the fucking squiggly line, tiny talk about the human experimentation

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur soon enough learned that being a ghost(?) kinda sucked ass.

Okay, no, it majorly sucked ass. Sucked ass times ten.

He knew he wasn't an actual ghost, but still... He couldn't touch anything. He couldn't talk to anyone. He couldn't feel, or taste, or interact. At all. It was torture. Questions for Tommy built up on his tounge, and the urge to scream made itself very aware very soon.

Well, it's not like anyone would hear him, right?

He screamed at the top of his lungs. He screamed wordless yells, and profanities and pleas to save him, help him. For anyone to say something to him.

Anything. He'd take anything.

He'd take a slap from Tommy before the boy told him how useless he was, he'd take a kick from Techno, he'd take a sword in the gut from Phil, just anything to make him feel alive again. Anything to make him feel real.

But that wouldn't happen, would it? He was going to be lonely for years with the visual image of ~~his little brother~~ Tommy in the verge of tears with a bloody shirt, and a day so long ago that he didn't want to fucking remember.

"Maybe I deserve it." He whispered in the cold, empty hospital, believing it wholeheartedly.  
"Maybe I'm paying for sins I can't remember."

(Maybe I'm not even real. Maybe this isn't real. Maybe in dreaming. I'mnotrealnotrealnotrealnot re-)

Wilbur didn't want to be alive, and it didn't help that this stupid bright yellow hoodie he "woke up" with felt too much like his self-hate hoodie that made it so, so easy to despise who he saw in the mirror.

There was nothing he could do. There was no loopholes he could exploit, there was nothing. It was his own personal hell, he thought. It was torture. Being practically isolated from anyone and everyone for so long.

It was going to be *ten fucking years* before he could hug Tommy again, before he could talk to Techno and Phil.

*I'm going to miss his eighteenth birthday*, Wilbur thought. In the short span of a few days, he'd actually found out that Tommy was in fact *seventeen and not nineteen*.

He'd traumatized a child.

It was his fault.

Everything was his fault.

(Alwaysalwaysalwaysalways)

So the man sat on the floor and hiccuped and sobbed, blue tears running down his face as he accepted the fact that no one was coming to help him for a long, long while.

(He was alone.)

The workspace seemed greyer without Wilbur in it. Everyone was quieter, and the overall vibe was dreary and dull.

Ten years.

Tommy clicked away irritably on his computer. The Dream he puppetted passed behind him, quietly slipping the other blonde a USB. His mood raised quite a bit, pleased at the fact that no one had seen through his Dream puppet so far. Another upside was that the clone could get to pretty much anywhere he desired, being a top ranked hero, meaning that he had access to almost any documents, which in turn, gave Tommy access to almost any documents.

Another plus was that it was good practice to stretch his limits, and he could almost hold four card's power at once for an hour and a half. He trained at an abandoned beach when no one was around, it had become a dump and therefore meant that practically no one wanted to go there ever.

Sometimes Tubbo would accompany him to see if there was any new scraps he could snatch to put in a new gadget, and more often then not came out with at least a few pieces of metal. The experiment was a natural (well, not really natural since he'd gotten his "mad skillz" from human experimentation which is something that doesn't really produce anything natural) at the bo staffs and the sword, although he had trouble with the axe.

The weight distribution and the way he was supposed to hold it felt odd, but right in a way.

He'd learned most swordfighting skills from the scientists, and his talent with the bo staff came from having to use pipes as makeshift weapons in fights. Sometimes he would bring his Puppet

Dream as an opponent, it was good competition, and fought with an axe, giving him a challenge every time.

"Tommy, why do you train so hard? I can't say that I don't find it admirable, but why?"

"The word is admirable, not admirable. I do it because I want to get stronger, and also in case I have to fight someone."

Tubbo hummed. "Teach me."

"Eh?"

"Teach me! I want to learn how to use a *sword*." Tommy laughed, tail flicking behind him in the dim moonlight.

"You sure? I don't go easy on *newbies* like you, Toby!" The three boys had decided that they'd need new names a while after they'd escaped. Tubbo had come up with Toby, Sapnap with James, and Tommy... Well, Tommy was just Tommy.

He still had six different identities to take in case something went wrong.

(Tommy wasn't stupid, in fact, the boy was too smart for his own good. He was smart, he was ruthless, and if you stood in between his goal you weren't going to die, no, he wasn't going to do something much, much worse.)

He slipped the black USB into a small pocket in the inside of his jacket.

(Clever, they had called him. Blessedly smart. Theseus was a fast learner, and the first lesson he'd learned is that no one is born equal.)

It was a dog eat dog world, and yet here he was. A feline, hiding in the ranks. The dog would approach the cat, thinking it was an easy meal until it turned around, and-

*KRUNCH.*

It was a lion.

Tommy grinned, and sliced another piece of trash with his sword, effectively spilling it in two.

("SS-class are the most dangerous.")

*Damn right.*

"Tommy." Sapnap grinned at him. "Tommy, would you come here for a second?" The blonde immediately didn't trust that. "Why would I do that, Sapnap?"

"I have something to *show you~*"

*Oh god. Tommy cringed. Did the author really just use a fucking squiggly line in a fanfic? Disgusting.*

"And what would that be?"

The other pounced, producing a small bag. "Catnip!"

"Hey, Sap- what?" Tommy was sitting on the ground, legs splayed out behind him as his tail randomly fluffed up before un-puffing, before repeating the process. He kept flexing his hands, and the man's dilated pupils took up most of his usually near-completely blue eye, complete with a razor slit iris in the middle. His face was dazed, eyes unfocused, and his hair was a mess. The fazed man giggled, eyes dilating significantly, turning back into the slits, then widening again into the dark, voidlike orbs.

Ah, his bastard mode had been engaged.

He looked like he was drunk off his ass. Tubbo snapped his head to the blaze hybrid.

"Oh my god, what did you *do*?"

"Catnip pog."

"Cat-" The other whipped his head around to their other roommate who was making grabby hands at nothing, and whispering a small *hello there* under his breath before flopping sideways, effectively passing out.

The other two teens stared at him, only slightly concerned.

Tubbo stared. Sapnap stared. The creature that only Tommy could see apparently, stared.

They were judging him.

"Oh Jesus, I'm never doing that again."

"What if you rolled catnip like a blunt and smoked it?"

"..."

"..."

"...You know what? I actually have no more dignity to lose, let's fuckin' do it."

"Tommy, how do you feel?"

The blonde removed the blunt from his mouth. "Doesn't work."

"Damn. It would've been kinda funny though."

*"Don't patronise me!"*

Tommy knelt on the edge of the skyscraper. It was a nice night, and this was one of the reasons he wanted to live in the city. Beautiful lights spanned out from underneath him, and he sighed. He breathed in, and out, feeling the cold air expand in his useless lungs.

Something had been bothering the boy for a while now. He was a corpse, obviously.

So why wasn't he rotting?

It was kinda the norm for corpses to rot. Their organs bloated up or some shit, before they decomposed.

Disgusting, but it's what happened, he guesses.

Back to the main topic, why wasn't he rotting? Why wasn't he decomposing? He was kind of dead, the non-existent need to breathe and lack of heartbeat proved that.

But he wasn't even rotted. He didn't even *smell* dead. Tommy was 99% sure that he wasn't even using his other organs at this point.

Wait, could he get sick? Was that a thing for him now? Could corpses get sick? That must be embarrassing for them.

He stared out at the open city once more. All he knew was that he didn't really exist inside the realm of possibilities, so it was kinda unsurprising to just have died on the spot like that. Maybe his deck was keeping him alive? Maybe he'd done a draw completely unconscious?

...Could he do that?

Just as he was pondering this new possibility, a voice rang out from behind him.

"Lovely night, hm?" He stiffened.

*Who-*



QUESTION OF THE DAY even though I do these randomly and they don't really have a consistent pattern WHAT'S Y'ALL'S FAVORITE USELESS OBJECT IN YOUR HOUSE I personally collect many shiney thing and bones because heehoo goblin instinct

Also unrelated but I have a dope ass mushroom poster and I bet you don't. haha

# **Lgbtqia+ community is just the alphabet mafia and our gang signs are the limp wrists**

## Chapter Summary

Tommy: ya I'm seventeen

Phil, immediately: I n t e r e s t i n g

## Chapter Notes

Tw: uhhh I think we're good?? (Woah, a chapter with no trigger warnings??

Incredible!

...tell me if I missed one xoxox)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil sat, perched on the edge of the building. His smile was slightly strained. "Why don't you come away from the edge, yeah?"

Tommy hummed, getting up and jumping on the railing. "What if I don't want to?" He twirled and moved gracefully on the bars. Phil timidly held out a hand and smiled once more. "Just don't want you to fall off, Atlas."

Tommy hummed, spinning on the rails agilely. "Fine, you win this round, old man." He hopped down, dropping to the floor and tucking his legs to his chest while looking out over the city again. "So, what'cha come here for? Surely you have more important shit to do."

"Nah." Phil went over to sit beside him. "Just wanted to check up on you. Where's Aries and Eaudemon?"

"Away." He had to refrain from asking where Phil's sons were.

"Want to make that more specific?"

"No, not really."

"Mmm." Phil sighed, ruffling his feathers slightly. "Alright then. Keep your secrets, I guess."

"Thanks."

They sat in relative silence for a bit. Tommy looked over at the elder. "I can tell something is on your mind. Spill."

The man chuckled. "Am I really that obvious?"

"Nope, I just like to think I'm perceptive." Phil's face dropped. "The news hasn't been made public yet."

"Oh?" Tommy already knew what was coming. "Do tell."

"My son... is in a coma. He's not going to wake up in at least ten years."

"Whisper?" The other nodded. Tommy went quiet. He already knew this, he was already trying to fix it everyday, so why'd it still sting when he heard that? "Ah."

"Yeah..."

His stupid mouth opened. "If you could, would you change that to... let's say a year or less?" Phil turned to him quickly, eyes wide. "What?"

"I said what I said."

"You can do that?"

*"Just answer the question, Big Man."*

"I-yes! Absolutely!" Phil nodded rapidly.

"Mm." Atlas looked back out over the horizon. "Philza, ten years would be nothing for an immortal like you. Besides, I'm not sure if you've ever cared about something like this before. Why now?"

"I've never had anything like this before." He said truthfully. "I've never had something that I wanted to continuously preserve." He'd always been alone, afraid of making relationships with anyone in fears of grieving them when they passed away whilst he continued on.

"I get it."

"Huh?"

"I get what you're trying to say, and you aren't alone if that helps."

(Tubbo. Sapnap. Phil. Techno. Wilbur.

...

Clementine.)

He'd never cared like this before, always thinking he was doomed to be born within those cold, stone walls and would die in those cold stone walls, most likely at the hands of the scientists.

(The cell walls were closing in. They were so small, the room was so small. So terrifying. He wanted to be free.)

Whenever he caught brief glimpses of the Outside, he'd always felt angry. Jealous. Hateful towards everyone out there because *how could those selfish, evil people be free and he couldn't? How come they were let outside?*

Those thoughts were usually cut off with a *you're not a person, and the rules for things, living or not, are different from human's. Things don't get to go outside, things don't get to have freedom. Things are meant to be owned, not to live a life of a human.*

*Then how come Clementine is stuck here?* He'd ask.

*Things, that's what you two are. She's not human only because you aren't either, it's all your fault.*

*Everything is your fault, and then you don't want to face the consequences because you're a coward.* He'd shut his own mind up after that-

"Atlas?"

Tommy blinked. "Ah, sorry. Just got caught up reminiscing. Pay no attention to it. So, Whisper." Phil perked eagerly up once more. "Yes?"

"I can get him up in at most a year, and at least..." He hummed. How quickly could he do it?

"Maybe a few months?"

"Yes!" Phil cleared his throat. "I-I mean, that'd be nice. How can I trust what you're saying is true?"

"Oh, that's simple." Tommy grinned from underneath his mask. "You'll just have to believe me."

"...The catch?" Tommy hummed in delight. Ah yes, the *catch*. As much as he cared about Wilbur, if he could profit off of waking up the man, he absolutely would. The bills don't pay themselves.

"It's not gonna be cheap to get me to do it, you know."

"And what's stopping me from threatening you to do it?"

"What's stopping me from not doing it? You don't have anything to threaten me with, Philza."

"Your team."

"-Is more than capable of defending themselves, as well as the fact I'd burn the damn world down if they were hurt."

"Material possessions."

"Don't have many of those. None of them that wouldn't be irreplaceable."

"Your family."

"Don't have one of those, try again. C'mon, old man. I know a better answer is rattling around somewhere in that skull of yours."

"I'm not going to blackmail a child."

"Then I guess I'm not going to help your son."

Tommy shook his head. "Listen, I thought you would've known this by now instead of learning it from a teenager, but life? It isn't fucking fair. It really isn't, and no one is born equal, I'm sure the wings on your back can attest to that." He paused. "So don't use my age and pretend that you still have the higher moral ground, because I know you've killed people too. Now, I am glad that the angel of death isn't going to blackmail me, and I will help your son, provided you give me what I want. Just thought you could use a lil' life lesson."

"...What do you want as payment?" Phil eventually said, filing away the fact that Atlas had said "too" when talking about murder.

Not a good sign.

"Hummm..." He humed away, mood rising rapidly. "Should I just ask for money, or should I snag the opportunity to get some *really good blackmail*?"

"You're horrible."

"And you're old and ugly, but I don't talk about that, do I?"

"You called me an old man not even a minute ago-"

"Ehh, schematics. It's not healthy to hold a grudge, you know. You should forget any and all insults I have called you so you will unconsciously become more fond of me and be willing to give more payment." Phil laughed. "Wow, you are just... Something. Different from all the other kids I've met."

"Oh yeah, I'm not like other girls."

"Wait, you're a gir-"

"Not important. I want money."

"How much?" The other's eyes were sharp.

"A billion!" Phil choked. "Nah, I'm just playing with you, don't worry. What's the budget?"

"I'll pay you two thousand dollars max." Tommy's eyes almost did the comical thing where they bulged out of his skull.

"T-Two thousand!?" *That was so much! He'd never held more than twenty five dollars in his hand at a time!*

"Is that not enough-"

"How are you so *rich*!?" Tommy was eternally grateful for his mask and the bandages that hid his eyes, or else the winged man would've laughed at the awed expression on his face.

"What?"

"That's like, so much money! Holy shit, I could pay my bills and relax for once!" He cheered the last part to himself, but Phil still heard. "Aren't you, like, sixteen?"

"Seventeen, big man. A whole seventeen."

"So that means you're adoptable." Tommy turned. "What?"

"Ah, nothing! If you don't mind me asking, how exactly are you going to, uh, help Wilbur?"

"With my super cool powers, stupid. How else? I could call in some favors, but the ones it would take are ones I am not keen on using yet."

Phil breathed in the cool night air. "Favors?"

"Yup. They're the shit that keeps you up top in the villain and vigilante world, make some with powerful people and make sure you don't violate the shit on their morals card, and you're all good."

"Do you owe people any favors?"

Atlas went quiet for a moment. "A.. few people, yes."

"Can I ask who?"

"Nope. I don't give names just like that, and they're real dangerous people anyways. Don't get tangled with 'em unless you wanna end up wingless."

"Did that..." Phil started. "...Did that happen to anyone you know?"

Tommy could sense the hidden question under it. *Are there any bird hybrids left out there, or am I really the last one?*

"Sorry, big man. No one."

"Ah."

Tommy gulped. "Anyways, you know what? I don't think I want cash anymore."

"Eh?" The young blonde pulled out a thick, leather bound book, flipping through pages before settling on one, writing out Phil's full name. He handed the man a pencil, grinning. "You give me five favors, write down what you are and aren't willing to do, or what's on your morals card."

Phil hesitated, but took the pencil in his calloused hand to scribble his signature and morals. Tommy abruptly shut the book with one hand once the other was done, re-bound it, and tucked it back from god knows where. "Good, good. I suppose I will be seeing you around." Phil didn't respond, and the air had gotten slightly uncomfortable. Tommy decided to *yahoo* out of it. "Anyways, it's been a lovely conversation, but I've gotta scram. I'll send someone to do the lil' funky thing that's gonna get your boy up, but you don't ask questions."

"Wait-"

"What?"

"Who are you sending? Are they dangerous?"

"Didn't I just say no questions...?" He rolled his eyes before a grin appeared on his face. He wasn't supposed to link himself to Thomas Smith when he was out as Atlas, but...

"His name is Thomas. You might know 'em." He leapt off, giggling at the bewildered look on Phil's face that morphed into shock.

Phil collapsed on the couch, groaning slightly. Techno looked up from his book. "What?"

"Techno, I think I just made a deal with the Antichrist."

(Somewhere, somehow, Tommy cackled as he leapt through the cold streets of the city.

Tomorrow was going to be *fun*.)

QUESTION OF THE DAY WHAT'S YOUR AETHSTETIC I rock with emo but also cottagecore/witchcore (I do witchcraft by the way, ooo spooky) so idk

# He do be having wings though

## Chapter Summary

[REDACTED] is having a bad day thanks to some brat named Tommyinnit  
Also WINGS FINALLY

## Chapter Notes

Tw for minor gore, a weird Eldrich interaction with a strange, possibly important character, slight body horror

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It had started a day like any other. Sapnap was snoring on top of him, and Tubbo was probably squirmed away, getting codes to launch nukes again.

Also Wilbur was kinda in the hospital, but that wasn't really relevant right now. Tommy got up, biting his tongue so hard that sluggish black blood cane oozing out due to the sheer pain his back had inflicted, and he went to take off his shirt in the cracked bathroom mirror.

Something was different. There were two all lumps(?) under his skin, and they seemed to wriggle when he thought about them moving.

It was, to say the least, both painful and also very gross. He stared at his face in the mirror, and the husk of a disheveled man stared back. Just imagine what most desk jobs do to people in their four-

He leaned closer and squinted at his locks. Something was off about them. Tiny parts of the usually golden hair had turned... White? They'd turned a silvery white that didn't look all too bad, except for the fact that he was getting grey hairs at the ripe age of seventeen.

He picked up his concealer and was about to get to work, when-

He squinted. What were those?

On his cheeks rimming his eyes, the boy had little black and blue... Scales?

*No*, he thought with horror. *Not scales.*

*Feathers.*

Suddenly, it all made sense. The back pain, the weird urges to preen something, his liking to piles of blankets and pillows instead of the mattresses, he honestly felt like an idiot for not realising sooner.

The blonde did feel the slightest bit relieved that there was no weird parasites in his body, (he would soon say that he'd jinxed that, but that is neither here nor there,) but the relief was quickly overshadowed by the panic of *oh god how am I going to hide wings from my coworkers holy*



*fucking shit?*

He let out a chirp before slapping both hands on top of his mouth, embarrassed.

"Did... Did I just *chirp*?"

Of course his body didn't stop at just wings and feathers. It said "hey, why don't we give Tommy some fuckin' bird noises and instincts, that's gonna be fun." He glared at his reflection. How was he going to explain this to Tubbo and Sapnap?

"Oh yeah, by the way, I think I'm an elytrian." Probably wasn't the best sentence to start off his roommate's days with, but it got the job done. Tubbo spewed coffee everywhere, and the newspaper Sapnap was holding caught on fire. The stunned ram hybrid turned to him. "What?"

"Uh.. Bird shit is going down in the vicinity."

"I thought all bird hybrids died out a while ago? Well, except for Phil." The man was *old*.

"My sister had bluejay wings. They did some selective breeding shit for us, fucked around with our genes and also just got captive bird hybrids to, uh, sex." Tubbo stared. "So you're actually a bird hybrid."

"I mean, apparently? Plus I've got a horrible ache in my back, so I turn to look and there's just two bumps! Big ones, that keep moving." Tubbo seemed both disturbed and interested. "Oh, also I make bird sounds too, so there's that."

Tubbo nodded. "I think your wings might be trapped under your skin, big man."

"Well yeah, that much was obvious-" He was cut off by Sapnap. "You busy are acting like this is completely normal, what the hell."

"I mean..." Tubbo shrugged. "Easier to get used to the weirdness of it all then just keep being shocked when Tommy does something weird."

"Hey, I'll have you know that I-"

"We don't even know if he's a bird hybrid! If anything, this could just be like, his cards doing something weird again!"

"Tommy, bird noise now. We need to show the nonbeliever." Tommy shrunches up his nose. "What? No. That's embarrassing."

"See, I bet he's lying-"

"Oh don't be an ass-" The blazy hybrid and Tubbo broke out in an argument whilst Tommy continued to eat his off brand cereal. After a couple of minutes, he let out a caw, ending the fight. Both Sapnap and Tubbo stopped abruptly. Sapnap turned to him. "*What*."

"Tommy, do it again!" The brunette cheered. "That was so cool." Tommy averted his eyes in embarrassment. "No, I'm not going it again."

"Do it!"

"Do it!"

"No!"

The blonde let out another soft caw. Sapnap was curled up next to him, his body unnaturally warm. Tubbo kept headbutting the others gently, something he explained long ago was something that rams did as a show of affection. Tommy was in paradise. He'd allowed few people to touch him continuously, so physical affection was foreign to him.

He felt that if he had wings at the moment, he'd embrace the two in them. Speaking of, his caws stopped abruptly as he hissed in pain. Tubbo and Sapnap looked up immediately. "What's wrong? Can I get something for you?" They looked at him worriedly.

"It's the fucking wings, they hurt so much because they're trying to get out, and.." He finished lamely. "Can't." He grunted.

"Tommy." Tubbo started. "I don't think they're gonna break out of there by themselves."

"Eh? Y-you sure?" He squeezed his eyes tightly, the pain increasing tenfold. "Ow- shit- are there any videos online? Tutorials?"

"Any bird hybrids besides Phil haven't been around for a while, there isn't gonna be shit online."

Tommy groaned in pain. "*Ow, s-shit!*"

"Shh, Tommy, it's alright. We're gonna help." Tubbo lightly massaged the bumps. "Sapnap, blades."

"We don't have any! We just use damn butterknives for everything!"

"Then what're we gonna use?!" After a moment, the ravenette hesitantly unsheathed his claws. "These, maybe..?"

"Those are dang-"

"*SHUT THE FUCK-CK UP A-AND JUST H-HELP, DAMNIT!*" Tommy was holding onto the edge of the table, and a few *extra special* cusses made their way out of his mouth.

"Okay! Okay, we're using Sapnap's claws, this is fine!" Tubbo retrieved a marker and drew two dotted lines down the other's back. "You know what to do."

Sapnap lifted his dangerous hands, and did as he was told.

Tommy woke up... Somewhere. An endless black void, tiny planets and stars floated around him.

They weren't any planets he'd ever seen before, none of them had three rings, none were colored black and gold.

Eyes pierced the back of his skull.

He whipped his head around a difficult task when his limbs felt like they refused to listen to him. Floating behind the boy was [REDACTED].

Silvery hair adorned It's head and the whites of It's eyes were beyond dark, casting an illusion of endless pits with two electric blue orbs, bright and terrifying. The thing wore deep black robes with gold trim against blemished, grey skin, and grinned with teeth far too sharp. Enormous wings spanned out behind It, easily beating the wingspan of Phil's, and golden feathers decorated It's skin.

It looked like It had something important to say, and Tommy decided then and there that he didn't want to hear it. Blood rushed in his ears, good people died, and the planets with gold and black began to shatter behind them. The universe was collapsing in in itself, he realised numbly.

Tommy couldn't find it in himself to care.

"Theseus." It spoke, sounding like too many people. It looked like It hated him. It did hate him. He hated It more. "What do you not remember?"

"I'm good now." He whispered. "I'm not him."

Liquid hate dripped down It's pale, grey face, and it sobbed. "***What do you not remember!?***" The universe was collapsing, and It lunged for him, jaw unhinged.

Tommy screamed, but his throat was already horse. "I'M NOT HIM ANYMORE! NOT ANYMORE***NOT ANYMORE***!"

Just as he'd felt It's alabaster flesh on his own, he opened his eyes and...

And...

And Tubbo was doing chest compressions. He gagged. "Tubbo, what the *fuck!*?"

"HE'S ALIVE! SAPNAP, GET THE CONFETTI!"

"WE'VE RUN OUT OF CONFETTI, CAN I RIP UP SOME PAPER AND THROW IT AROUND?"

"EVEN BETTER!" The ram hybrid turned to him. "Hi, Tommy. You've got some dope ass wings now."

Said teen chuckled weakly. "Yeah?"

"Hell yeah. Look at them! Uh, when we've washed off the blood." Blood slowly oozed out of two huge scars on his back, jagged and painful, but not as painful as when the wings were trying to escape his skin. He supposed he had to thank, uh, being dead for the lack of a lot of blood.

...That was such a weird sentence to say.

He shook his fathers slightly, marvelling at the array of shiny blue feathers and sleek black fethers, some were deep beautiful blues whilst others were oddly reflective(?) They weren't a common bird's of any sort, and Tommy actually considered the idea that he could have multiple different

bird feathers, due to the nature of the... Selective gene passing from the scientists.

"Woah."

"Yeah. Crazy." Tubbo nodded before glaring back at the doorway. "SAPNAP! DO YOU HAVE THE CONFETTI YET?"

The blaze hybrid came rushing in. "Yes! I have it, look at me go. Tommy, aren't you glad that you aren't gone forever?" He noticed the way the other did not say dead as he tossed scraps of paper around, some stuck to the floor because of the thin sheen of blood, others landed on Tommy. He made a fake gagging motion. "Ew, Sapnap, I'm all gross and bloody."

"Don't worry, that just makes the confetti spicier!"

"You're going to eat the blood confetti? Kinda weird, but hey, if that's what you're into-"

*"I'm not into that, holy shit!"*

"Don't worry, Sapnap." Tubbo patted his shoulder comfortingly, but the shit eating grin proved that he was about to say something vastly different. "I'm sure Tommy will make sure to tell Karl and Quackity the next time he sees them."

The apartment was filled with sounds of yelling and two boys keeled over in laughter.

*(Today was good.)*

...

*([REDACTED] knows something, doesn't It?)*

## Chapter End Notes

UHH QUESTION OF THE DAY if you guys could only choose one thing to take with you when you start a new life what would it be? I'm bringing my phone for obvious reasons lmao

Aldo, summer's coming up!! I'm excited because classes will be getting out soon, so I will hopefully have more time to write :D

# **Shawtys like a melody in my head that I can't keep off it like na na na everyday got my ipod stuck on replay replay**

## Chapter Summary

Also known as wuh oh sally isn't a good significant other

## Chapter Notes

Fun fact about the story: Tommy, Clementine, and [REDACTED] are the only (consistant) canonical self-aware characters in this story

Just some food for thought...

Tw for syringes, talk abt the egg, and Wilbur HATING HIMSELF mega big time

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy grinned. "Hey, you know what I can do that I have these?"

"What?" Sapnap tilted his head in confusion before yelping when he was encased by two warm wings. The blonde had brought them in for a hug, giggling. "You two are so bloody clingy."

"You were the one who brought us in-"

"Shh..." He shushed them. "You hear that? It's the sound of shutting up and letting me embrace you."

Tommy rewrapped his wings, using a mixture of binding them to his back and his deck to conceal them. Even though they spanned almost his entire body, he could use illusions and other slightly illegal means to hide his wings. The problem now was that he couldn't move as well in fear of snapping a fragile feather.

He watched several videos on birds preening their feathers, imitating what the winged *meanaces* did with their mouths with his fingers. A few loose feathers fell out, and the others straightened up. He looked in the mirror, and what stared back was a freak.

He shook his head. *No. I'm normal. I'm fine. I deserve good things.*

*I'm okay. I'm normal. I deserve good things. I'm okay, I'm normal... I...*

*I'm fine.*

(Maybe, if he repeated it enough he'd believe it.)

The boy's wings ruffled the tiniest bit, and the echoes of *what do you not remember* stayed with him on his slow walk all the way to the office.

"I assume you all know why we've called you back." Phil stood at the front of the room, face stony. "We have some bad news about the egg."

That was the sentence that ruined Tommy's entire day.

"There have been some... Recent discoveries. The egg is going to hatch." Whispers and muttering broke out amongst the table. Phil signalled them to quiet down. "That's not the worst part. It also seems to have escaped our vault." Sam whipped his head to the man. "What? It was built with the specific purpose to not let that happen. How?"

"We still don't know. It'd be impossible to sneak something that size out."

The room quieted, just in time for a small voice. "And what if it had a teleporter?" Tommy looked slightly nervous, but the taller blonde shook his head. "Not possible. The DNA tests showed that-"

"I know what they *showed*." The other cut in. "Did you seriously not consider that the egg could be working with other people? Did you not at all consider a third party in any of this?" Everyone looked away, uncomfortable. "I-" He cut himself off with a sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose in between two fingers. "All I'm saying is that the innocent people that were used to make the egg didn't just form into it one day. The same goes for the Magma Man guy." He paused, and Phil flinched.

"As a cat hybrid, I have a rather good sense of smell." Some heroes looked up questioningly. "I can tell what people smell like, I can tell if they're being brainwashed, if they've talked to someone recently, or if it's not even them with my nose, everyone has a distinct scent. Weird, I know."

Tommy looked Phil in the eyes. "Phil, the villain that attacked us wasn't just one person, and they weren't in control. Someone is out there, and they're making people into monsters."

The tension in the room was thick as everyone soaked in what he said. "Whoever's doing this is kidnapping people with strong powers, and they're using those people in their sick experiments to do something. To get something."

"But what would they want? They've pretty much demonstrated that they have a lot of materials, and they have power. They could overthrow the governor for all we know, and they haven't. We need to know what they're looking for, that's the issue." Phil sat back down.

Tommy nodded. "Guess we'd better find that out soon, huh?"

(His wings throbbed uncomfortably against the bindings.)

"Tommy. You stay." The blonde looked back. Electric blue eyes filled with distrust, he slowly nodded and sat back down.

The room was empty.

"Tommy, do you know the vigilante Atlas?"

"Atlas?"

"Yes."

"Well that depends, who's asking?" He leaned forward, a tiny grin on his face.

"This is serious, please." The other man sighed. "He offered me a deal yesterday. Do you want to know what it was?"

"Sure."

"He'd help Wilbur out of his coma quicker in exchange for five favors."

"Oh really?" The boy did his best to look interested. "What's this have to do with me, Phil?"

"I want you to tell me everything."

Tommy looked on in disbelief before laughing. "Wait, that's a joke, right? That's actually a joke, oh my god."

"It's not a joke." The adult leaned forwards, face infuriatingly unreadable. Tommy noticed he looked tired before looking away. It was a familiar expression.

Everyone seemed to be tired these days.

"I'm actually not going to tell you *anything*." His expression was filled with... Contempt? Anger? Bitterness? Phil couldn't place it, it felt like an accusation.

What Tommy was accusing him of, he didn't know.

(You're no hero.)

He pushed back and got up, glaring at the other man in the room. "I'll do what he asked, so stop asking about shit. That bloody bastard's gonna tell you stuff when he's gonna tell you stuff, you can wait." He turned his back to the door. "Didn't he say no questions, anyways?"

(You never came to save me, you never came to save my world.)

Phil stared at the retreating figure.

(What Tommy was accusing him of, he didn't know.)

Tears burned in his eyes, and Tommy scolded himself for getting so teary. Phil was literally trying to *interrogate* him, the man didn't care.

He didn't.

(You've already failed me.)

He strummed on his guitar again. Wilbur was in his hospital room, and he'd found out how to manifest things to entertain himself with in the spirit realm.

Or he was just hallucinating. Who knows.

Tommy'd been here a few times, sometimes bringing flowers, sometimes bringing little pebbles, one time he'd brought a small blue sheep plush that Wilbur absolutely adored, sometimes he brought only himself and the strange syringes.

He always brought the strange syringes.

The brunette didn't know what they were doing, but he'd felt a small buzz in his muscles whenever it was discreetly injected into his fluids bag. After that, the teen would ramble on about anything and everything. His day, a cool cat he'd seen, a bad nightmare, a deep fear of small spaces and muzzles. (Wil didn't like thinking about that last one too much. He'd seen the faint, almost imperceptible scars on the boy's face that can only come from being gagged and muzzled constantly. He'd heard the fear in the other's voice when he talked about the metal contraption.

Wilbur was many things. A poet, a singer, a brother and a friend.

But he was not stupid.)

But in the end he can do nothing. He can say nothing, he can't interact with anyone, anything. It's maddening, and he's taken to laughing randomly at night when no one's there to fill the silence, when no one's there to stop him from imagining a day where he can go home and claw his arms until they bleed, just to show himself that he was real.

The isolation might be getting to him.

Maybe.

Honestly, the only thing keeping him from going absolutely apeshit was the visits from Tommy. Techno and Phil visited him... Sparsely, was a nice word for it.

Almost never was also an accurate descriptor. He hadn't seen either in a while.

*Seems those two are reverting back to old habits and leaving me again. Just like old times, always like old times.*



He let out a bittersweet chuckle that only he could hear, because *of course* it was that way.

People change, people can mature. People learn and improve. They can change with time.

Now as he watches his family, his brother and father toe away from redemption, he isn't too sure about that anymore.

He stares out the window these days, and he wonders if the bitter contempt he feels for the two was always there.

He isn't sure, but at least he has quite a lot of time to think it over.

(Are you sure that's what you want, Wilbur?

Do you really want to think about it?)

All he could do is be miserable and hate himself at this point. It was all he was good for.

("Wilbur, I don't think this relationship is working out anymore.")

He wasn't good for much else. Really, he wasn't.

("I've been seeing someone else, and I don't want Fundy getting in they way of my relationship with Jared. You're taking him.")

He wasn't good for anything at all.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey tommy.... What are you injecting into Wilbur....

QUESTION OF THE DAY who do you think [REDACTED] is? I've seen some good theories, one was that he WAS tommy (sorry, close but no!) And I did put a misleading note on another comment, something about him being a relative that wasn't true either lol.

Let's just say.... there's a reason I'm not showing y'all his official design.....

## Chapter Summary

Gold black gold black gold black gold black gold black gold black g  
Tommy commits a crime and also hallucinates as his several war crimes become  
apparent to Wilbur ghost

## Chapter Notes

Tw for tommy literally murdering someone in this chapter after verbally and  
physically asulting her oh yeah also redacted is like not stable  
At all  
so... Prepare for loony man  
Knives

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was here again.

...Wherever "here" was.

He was in the space thing. The space. The place where he'd met [REDACTED]. Black and gold planets filled his vision, and dying supernovae went off in the distance, never coming close but he could still feel it. Universes were born and universes died here, this was the place where gods fell, where new ones rose, and where legends were well and truly known. Every nameless hero, every unfortunate villain who never wanted to be, every powerless citizen who was told to kill themselves one too many times and then they tried it.

(The ostracized and villified; the ones who wanted to simply live in peace, the ones who wanted to show they were equal, but the world said "no, you can't," until they prover them all wrong and died in the process.

Tommy knows that no one is born equal, he knows that bad things happen to good people and good people do bad things, and at the end of the day people change, because that's what they are. People.)

This place was nothing. This place was everything. He was nowhere and everywhere at the same time.

"Hello again." He didn't whip his head around like last time, but he still turned to look at [REDACTED]. "Hello." The other was holding flowers. Purple hyacinths, he distantly noticed. The flower of sorrow.

How fitting.

"I'm assuming you're back for questions." It played with the soft petals on the plant. "Why else

would you be here? You wouldn't."

"I don't really know. I guess I can ask some questions, but I pretty much came here on impulse." The other nodded jerkily, Its shaggy shoulder length hair messing up wildly. Its hands were twitching, and Tommy could only guess that It was trying very hard to try and look normal.

It failed, but it was the thought that counted.

"Of course, of course. Ask." [REDACTED] spoke wildly, eyes already filling with tears. "Ask anything, I can answer. Or I can't. It depends on what you ask."

"Okay... Who are you?" Its head abruptly hit Its shoulder, and Tommy heard a muffled snap before it righted its head. "You want to know? Who I am? What I am? You want to?"

"Yes."

"I am what you hate about yourself." It hiccuped. "I am everything you are too, but I show you what you don't want to see. I am your weakness, I am your ugliness, I am what makes you a monster and more. I, in short, am your consequence." It sniffled. "I'm everything you wish you weren't, I'm everything that gives you power, and I am everything that makes you weak."

"That doesn't really clear things up."

"I am your consequence, Theseus."

"And how are you punishing me?"

"You don't know? Of course you don't, you never will you stupid piece of shit-" It cut itself off with another violent head twitch, and Tommy suspected that the last part was more directed at itself instead of him. Its hands were shaking harder. "Theseus, I think you know."

"Tell me anyways." He didn't.

"Look at me. What do you see? What is different from you and I, Theseus?"

Tommy looked over It. The only differences were the clothes, the hair, the eyes, the wings, and the expression that rapidly changed from manic happy to on the verge of an anxiety attack. He looked closer. Were its eyes gold and black now? What were they last time?

Black and gold.

Black and gold... Where had he seen those colors before?

Wait. Wait, no, this couldn't be, this wasn't-

Its grin widened, and Its eyes were crazy. "Theseus!" It cooed. "Oh, you've figured it out, you have, you have! You know what I am, I'm so *happy*!" It giggled when It decidedly, shouldn't have. "Oh, finally, finally! You, know, you know, you know you know you know!" It laughed, manic and loud this time. It flowed over to him, grabbing his face painfully. "TELL ME, THESEUS!" It screamed, tears pouring down Its face.

It was so fucking *happy*. Finally, he knew! He knew! "TELL ME WHO I REALLY AM! PLEASE, NOW, NOW! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!" Its sharp nails dig into his cheeks, and It laughed again. "I CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS, THESEUS! WE CAN'T KEEP DOING

THIS! *TELL ME WHO I AM, PLEASE!"*

He opened his mouth, but it was too late. The planets began to shatter, and the supernovae began to get closer, and he was waking up.

"No... No! NO, NO, NO! NONONONONONO, IT'S NOT DONE! NOT WAKING UP! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING!" It clang to him, leaving bruises. Leaving scratches, and tears and snot on his clothes. "DON'T LEAVE ME AGAIN, PLEASE!" It sobbed. "I DON'T WANT TO **BE ALONE AGAIN-**"

He opened his eyes, and instead of infinite galaxies, he stared at the peeling wallpaper on his ceiling.

He stared, and the silence had never been louder.

(In the void, [REDACTED] laughed and screamed, and lost It's fucking mind. It's precious little Theseus wasn't gone again, he wasn't! He'd be back, and then [REDACTED] could cling to the younger and tell him about how much he missed him, and he could hear the human say it.

He could hear the human say who he was, fucking *finally*.

"Are you alright, ~~Tommy~~?"

No, no, no, no, no! She was gone was gone was gone gone gone gone Clementine was gone was gone she was gone-

She was gone.

He whimpered, twitching erratically. "Ariadne, I'm so lonely. It's so cold here.")

Tommy was sitting next to Wilbur's bedside when he heard it. His ears flicked up immediately.

Tap.

Tap.

Tap.

Footsteps. His eyes narrowed.

No nurses or doctors were supposed to come see him at this time. A woman with a tight red bun walked in, looking shocked at his presence. "Ah! Hello there, sir." Her green eyes were annoyed.

"Hello, Miss." His eyes narrowed. "If I recall correctly, no one should be visiting him at this time besides family. May I know if you're related?"

"I was just going to-" she paused. "Uh, he needs a new room, so-"

"It seems this one's working just fine." He leaned forwards ever so slightly. "Please, tell me if there's any problems that we can fix." Which was basically code for *fuck off, or else I'm going to stomp on you until you're only a bright red smudge on the floor.*

Her eye twitched slightly. "I'm the doctor here."

"Are you? Where's your nametag, then? Where's your scrubs?" He went in for the kill. "Either you don't work here, or you're a pretty *shit* doctor." She glared, and he almost didn't catch her hand slipping into her pocket. He hummed, just as she flicked her wrist and the blade of a knife embedded itself in his artery.

The woman's eyes widened as he slowly stood up and took the knife out in between his fingers, black blood (when was it black?) Slowly leaking out, much slower then anyone else's.

*Caught you in 4k, bitch.*

She slowly backed up, but to the woman's misfortune, her back hit the wall. She let out a small *eeep* as the very knife she'd attacked him with was embedded in the wall, right next to her head.

"Listen here." She shivered. "*I don't take kindly to people touching what's **mine**, so you're going to tell me what you were intending to do with this man or else you're going to show up on the news tomorrow because each limb that I rip off of your disgusting body is going to be found in a different **continent**.*"

She spat at him. "I don't like brats like you-" but choked on her words as a firm hand cut off her air supply and lifted her up. Tommy held the woman up by her neck. "Don't fucking sass me, you little shit. You're going to listen to me, and you're going to *answer my questions*. It really isn't that hard, and yet you can't even do it, stupid fuck."

She choked. "C-can't.. Brea...the..."

"Yeah, that's kind of the point. Were you actually born yesterday, or do I need to spell it out for you again? What were you doing? I won't ask again, my patience runs thin."

She scoffed, voice raspy. "F-fine, brat. Some asshole named Alex or some shit asked for him. Something about his power, not that I could car-" She was promptly shut up with a swift kick to the head.

"Alex, huh?" His face was angry. "Damn, that bastard's still alive?"

"Aren't you too young to be cussing...?" The woman muttered, voice slurring. He kicked her in the head again. "I dunno, aren't you too old to be alive?"

He turned back to Wilbur. "Don't worry Wil, I'll keep you safe. Alexn't ever get to you, not on my watch."

Wilbur's ghost stared at him with a mixture of fear and shock. The boy just went over and put a bandaid over the wound on his neck (his *neck*!) And sat back down.

A bandaid.

"What the actual fuck, Tommy?"

The woman that was slped in the corner groaned, and the experiment looked over at her. "Ah, I should probably take care of that. Now, should I erase your memories, or should I just kill you?"

He hummed as if it was a legitimate question.

Wilbur shook his head, translucent hands waving in the air. "Okay, I'm all for dark humor, but that's a little much, ay Toms-"

"Ah, I'll just kill you. Cmon, lady! I'm off to drown you."

"TOMMY WHAT-"

He clapped his hands together. "There we go, all good!"

The woman kicked and screamed, the gag in her mouth muffling any possible sounds. He frowned.

"Okay, that's totally rude, Miss... Uh, what's your name?" She glared at him. He glared back.

"Fucks sake, why do people never make this easy? Just let me murder you in peace, goddamn."

She said something that was probably a cuss, but it just came out as a muffled noise, so who was the real winner here?

"Here we are!" He grabbed a black trash bag. "Okay, get in."

She let out another muffled cuss. He kicked her lightly. "I'm so glad that I tied you up, this would be SO much harder if I didn't." The boy grabbed a particularly large rock, tying it to her thrashing figure. Tommy took off the gag. "Any last words?"

"Fuck you, you monster! They-they'll catch you, the heros, or-or the police-"

"Well, I mean, they hadn't caught me the other twenty seven times I did it, I don't know why you think twenty eight's gonna be the magic number or some shit." She paled. "Twenty seven?"

"About to be twenty eight. Say hi to the others in hell for me, yeah?" He kicked her into the lake, and a splash cut the woman off. Immediately, a few large bubbles flew up to the surface and broke the otherwise calm lake. A minute or two, they stopped entirely. Tommy sighed and sat down on the pier. "Have fun being fish food, lady."

Wilbur stared in horror. "I..." He shut his mouth.

*Not today, Satan.*

"That's fucking horrific, but okay, I guess."

Tommy clicked his tounge. "Man, what a great day. I should go eat some churros."

He looked down at the currents, but his reflection didn't stare back at him. Suddenly the water was red, the sunset was red, everything was so red, why was it so red-

[REDACTED] stared back at him from the water's reflective surface, grinning. It's teeth were sharp, and there was blood on it. It was practically bathed in the red crimson.

He blinked, and his vision was back to normal. No more red, no more [REDACTED], just the inky, starry night. Just his reflection staring back at him, exhausted.

Weird.

He got up. "Churro time."

## Chapter End Notes

Tommy: oh yeah no I love women they're great!!

Also tommy: watch me brutalize this lady for a good half hour in a hospital while I degrade her and call her a piece of shit before I drown her to death

QUESTION OF THE DAY do you think Sam or Phil's gonna get the custody of child?  
Or eret, she's tryna adopt too this is a group effort

## No particular reason.

### Chapter Summary

Tommy gets a hug and has trauma  
[REDACTED] is more than it seems, but it's not allowed to tell you  
Not yet, at least (~~what is it~~ ~~what is it~~ ~~what is it~~)

### Chapter Notes

Tw for self hate

FHSISVSJSVSH I WENT THROUGH THE BOOKMARKS AND EVERYONE  
JUST WAS GOING "CHAPTER 27" AND NOTHING ELSE

I posted a new story called Benthic!! Go check it out b l e a s e

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy ate a leftover churro on the floor while the cracked-to-hell-and-back TV talked about a missing person- a lady with green eyes and orange hair, apparently.

He crunched on a churro and paused. His brain had to choose between living his life and having a moral dilemma, and it loved to torture him. Was murder a good thing to do? The scientists said it was, but the scientists were also full of shit, so he didn't really know anymore. He turned to Tubbo. "Tubbo, is murder okay as long as you get away with it?"

The ram hybrid nodded wholeheartedly. "Of course."

Tommy hummed, resuming to his tasty treat. "Good to know. Thanks, Tubbo."

"Of course. Actually, if you're not opposed to murder, can you get this one guy? He's been annoying me for so long."

"What's his name?" The blonde looked at his friend curiously.

"Uh, Alexis, or something."

"Alexis..." The name sounded familiar. "I'll have him gone in a week." Tubbo grinned and patted his friend on the other's surprisingly soft hair. "Thank you, Tommy."

"No problem. It's just murder, after all."

"Just murder." The brunette nodded. "And what's the one rule to murder?"

"Never get caught."

"Attaboy. Can you help me with the eggs?"



"Now that I know that I'm a bird hybrid, I don't know how I feel about you making eggs, Tubbo." He got up anyways.

"Do you lay eggs, Tommy? Have you laid any eggs-"

"Oh my god-" He smacked his friend weakly. "You are *awful*."

Tubbo cackled. "It's my best trait, along with being handsome and cool and also all the nukes I own."

"You don't own them."

"I have the launch codes."

The other nodded. "You sure do have them."

"And I'm going to use them, too."

"Pog." His hair was patted again. "Thank you, Tommy."

Tommy's life settled into a somewhat comfortable routine. Go to the office, work for a while, shake suspicions from his increasingly broken childhood, don't eat lunch, finish work, visit Wilbur, go home, patrol for a few hours, and then he would either work more on the work laptop he'd brought home, or he'd go to sleep and sometimes meet with [REDACTED].

It was a busy schedule to be sure, but he was used to busy. It was something familiar. Something he could hold on to.

~~(It was stressful, he barely got a moment to himself and it showed when he holed himself up in his office, working for hours on end while he simultaneously managed to isolate himself from everyone who cared.~~

~~It was what he was used to, yes, but what he was used to wasn't anywhere near healthy.)~~

It was late at night, and Tommy was up on a roof again. He was pretty sure it was just bird instincts to want to be up so high constantly. He was tapping away on a cobbled together laptop, trying to get to the main pool of information from the labs. The main reason he was trying to get in was because he wanted to figure out why he was still alive. His heart wasn't beating, his lungs weren't working, his organs didn't function, yet he didn't rot. He didn't smell like a corpse, he didn't even go through rigor mortis.

He was just... There.

It didn't make sense.

Tommy tried getting answered from [REDACTED], but It just giggled and told him not to worry about it.

Constantly. It was a bit strange.

He tapped a few more buttons angrily, because *nothing was working*. Why? Why!? He tried so hard, and for what? He was *supposed* to be smart, he was *manufactured* to be smart. What was he worth if he couldn't even do this?

He was *useless*. He was a stupid defected piece of shit. That's what he was.

"God, I'm so fucking idiotic. Why did I think I could do this? I can't do anything right, Jesus fucking Christ." He groaned and curled up. "Why can't I just do it? Am I not smart enough? Am I just a defective piece of garbage? Is that what this is?" He curled up. "Fuck, fuck. Why did I think this was a good idea? Why did I-"

A sandwich was dropped next to him and he startled. "H-huh?" He looked up.

The Blade stood above him. He squeaked.

"Wh-"

"Eat."

Tommy stared at the sandwich. "What?"

"Eat it."

"No."

"Why not?" The man grunted.

*Because my organs stopped working, dipshit.* "You probably poisoned it or something."

"Just accept it."

"No." Tommy huffed, but reluctantly grabbed the sandwich. Maybe Sapnap or Tubbo could have it. Maybe even that one lanky-ass bastard that Tubbo brought home once.

"I'm not gonna snap a pic of you with your mask down. You look like you could get blown away with a slightly strong breeze, kid."

"I'm not a fuckin' kid."

"Child. Itsy bitsy little child. Where are your parents? Do they know you're out this late?"

Tommy chuckled bitterly. "I sure fucking hope not."

Techno looked up slightly. "Atl-"

"Shh. Do you had that?" Silence. "It's the sound of you not prying into my shit, Blade."

"Techno."

"Technoblade?"

"Just call me Techno."

"...Technoblade."

"No-"

"It's too late. I'm immune to your attempts of stopping me." He grinned. "Hey, I appreciate you trying to get me to eat something even if it's probably poisoned, but I've gotta finish up some work. Mind leaving me alone for a bit?"

"Hmmm..." The piglin sat down next to him. "No."

"What- seriously?"

"Mhm." He took a bite of his own sandwich- where did he get that? "Real comfy up here. I think I'll stay."

"You're seriously going to do this?" He scowled. "Fine then, I'll leav-" A strong arm pulled him back down and encased him. "-Ack!"

"Nope. You stay with me."

"What?! This is so fuckin' unfair. You're an arse, Blade."

"How many times do I have to tell you to just call me Techno?"

"Not enough, obviously. Let go of me."

"What if I said no?"

"Then I'd call you a pedophile and scream for help."

"Oh, ew." Techno let go of him. "Whatever. Just stay here."

"Why would I do that?"

"...Because I asked nicely?"

"You grabbed me and pulled me to the ground before hugging me close and telling me to call me by your real name."

"We aren't taking about that right now. You can work just fine as it is."

"But you're fucking hugging me? And you can see my screen?" Tommy wasn't enjoying the hug.

Not at all. If he'd snuggled closer, that was just your imagination.

"Just live with it."

"God... You're an-"

"Asshole, I know."

Tommy scoffed, but slowly opened his screen as Techno settled his chin on top of the boy. He went back to angrily typing, albeit slightly calmer then before.

Tommy had learned one very important thing.

Techno was very warm. Maybe it was because of his piglin heritage, maybe it was because the man was *fucking jacked*, maybe it was just him.

To others it would probably be uncomfortably warm, but to Tommy, the living CONSTANTLY freezing course who could not produce his own body heat, it was pretty much paradise. His smile was soft, and the laptop had been long abandoned in favor of simply enjoying the heat that he was provided.

Techno didn't seem to mind either. Tommy couldn't see, but Techno's usually still and calm tail was wagging at about two hundred miles per hour.

A tiny croon fell out of his mouth, and he promptly shut his lips. Did Techno hear? He could've. Were piglins the ones with better or worse hearing? After a tense minute, he deduced that no, Techno didn't hear it, and melted back into the warmth. His eyes were droopy and his smile was dopey and large, and everything just felt so *right*. It helped immensely that he almost never touched anyone, and avians were naturally physically affectionate.

Everything was right, he decided. It was perfect, just now, just here. Just the warmth fighting off the usual chill of his skin, making him feel alive and good. Making him feel like a person again. He sighed contentedly.

"Enjoying the hug?"

"Piss off." He replied, though it had a severe lack of bite.

"Mm. Most people don't like hugs with me, I'm too warm apparently. I think we've been here an hour."

"Whatever. I'm not like most people, I'm always fucking cold and can barely get warm. This is just a welcome change of pace."

"Really?"

"Don't get cocky."

Techno hummed, a smug little smile coming on his face. "Aww, Atlas, do you want me to do this more? Do you just want hugs from me? Lil' old me? Is that it?"

"Oi, you're a fuckin' cunt, you know that?"

"You can stop the hug anytime."

"...No."

The hero laughed, rumbly and baritone. "Alright. Only 'cause you're a fan of Greek mythology as well."

"I actually dont know too much. I know a bit."

"What stories do you know?"

"...Theseus."

"A good one."

"Just a classic, not really the best ending."

"Not many have good endings."

"Yeah. You ever heard the phrase "Heroes don't get happy endings?" That's pretty much just Greek mythology summed up. Or a lot of sex." Techno snorted. "Aren't you a little young to know that?"

"I'm seventeen, fuck off."

"Child."

"I'm not a fuckin-!"

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding." Tech laughed, holding the boy closer. "Chill. Theseus is one of my favorite tales."

"It's my least favorite."

"Why?" Techno looked at him questioningly. "I think it's alright."

*It reminds me of my sister. It reminds me of Tanaka and Alex. It reminds me of the Scrapper and the nameplates and the injections and the multiple multiple surgeries I was forced to have that replaced my flesh and more and made me a freak, that made me feel both incapable and undeserving of love. The name Theseus means more to me than you could ever imagine-*

"No particular reason."

## Chapter End Notes

Bitches, bros, and my nonbianary hoes:

I have a serious question how old do you think I am??? Just curious

ALSO!!!! BIG NEWS WOOOO

I HAVR DONE TWO WHOLE THINGS:

working on a discord server!!

And posted an official design for [REDACTED] on my twitter!! Go check it out at insomina-hours

## (Chanting) LORE LORE LORE LORE

### Chapter Summary

Also known as tommy get new friend :)

### Chapter Notes

Wooo not many of you were right abt my age oof  
Its okay boys we'll get em next time

Someone: I love your story!!  
Me, sticking my hands into the plotheoles: thanks! it has pockets :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy woke up in a cold sweat. "Wait a minute, how was I eating that churro earlier if my organs don't work anymore?"

I acend from hell and immediately knock him out. "Shhh, plotheoles are plotheoles. Don't ruin the magic of my inconsistent memory."

He is sleeping. I am vibing. I descend back into hell and continue writing.

"Oh, Theseus! You're here, you're here! Hello!" [REDACTED] floated up and down happily, not unlike a puppy. "You're back! You didn't leave!"

"I won't leave you. Although I'd still like some answers for my questions."

"Fair, fair. Here, come, sit! Eat." A table manifested behind them, and Tommy was sitting at a nice teatable with a cup of bright blue liquid. He blinked. "What-"

"Shh, I'm here to answer you! Give me your questions, give them now. I want them for myself." [REDACTED] twitched.

"Alright. Who are you?"

"...Really?" The other blinked, gold pupils dilating in whatever emotion It was feeling. "You seriously haven't figured it out?"

"I think I have, but I'm not sure if I'm right."

"Try me."

"Are you..." He started. "A deceased family member?"

[REDACTED] snorted. "Nope, nope! Try agin, one more time!"

"Can I get a hint?"

"Hmmm, hmmm! Hint, hint, hint...." It giggled. "Oh, okay! I have one, a real good one! Look at me, look around. What do you see?"

"Uh, the void?"

"Not that! Colors."

"I see black and gold?" [REDACTED] nodded It's head wildly. "Mhm, mhm! Where have you seen those colors before, Theseus?"

"Where have I seen those colors before...?" He closed his eyes.

*Where have I...?*

He opened his eyes. "Wait."

"Yes?"

*"Wait, wait, wait."* He squinted at the other. It looked like a perfect replica of him on the outside with the few obvious changes, it had the exact same sewn on patches on skin, had the same hair style, the same eye shape. The same nameplate.

"Oh."

"Well?"

Tommy leaned forward. "I know what you are."

"Go on!"

*The deck chooses what powers I get, meaning it's somewhat sentient. The cards are all black and gold. The cards are all black and gold.*

*This is-*

"You're my deck."

[REDACTED] smiled. "About time."

"So then-"

"Yup!" It threw it's hands back and laughed loudly. "Holy shit, I've been waiting and waiting for you to say that for SO long!"

"So you're-you're sentient?"

"Sure am!"

"But no one else has a sentient power..."

"That's because I'm not a power, Theseus." [REDACTED] switched from elated to serious and nervous in a jarring moment. "I have something to tell you."

"Yeah? What is it?"

"I'm not..." It started. "I'm not really a power, per say. The closest thing you could make me out as is a parasite."

"A parasite?"

"Yeah, so, uh, I also have an explanation for why you're still here."

"Here?"

"Still up and moving, even after you died."

Tommy gasped. "What!?"

"Yeah. I'm the reason for both."

"Explain. Now."

"Well, like I said, I'm a parasite-like power. I give you awesome-dope ass powers, but in return, I start sucking the life outta you. Literally. And uh, I panicked when you kinda died in the middle of your sleep because you were the only user that could-"

"User?" [REDACTED] stiffened. "A-ah, ignore that-"

"No. Tell me."

"I-"

"Tell me now."

"... Fine." [REDACTED] looked away. "Listen, you weren't the first person to have this power."

"Huh?"

"I said I'm a parasite. I got passed around but people kept dying too quick, like, after a month or a few days of having me. But you-" It jabbed its finger at him. "You were different. You were special. You weren't bred to HAVE this power, you were bred to be able to CONTAIN it. Your ancestors have all tried and yet they have all failed miserably."

"...So- so what made me the different one? What made me..." He made a vague gesture to himself. "Be able to handle you?"

"Honestly? I don't know."

"What?"

"I think you just had a bad case of 'wrong place wrong time,' and a lotta bad luck. Listen, I know I'm annoying and awful to have as a power, but maybe... Would you like to be, my uh, permanent holder? I know this is a bit much to ask, but I've never felt as happy with anyone else as I have been now. If you say no I'll leave. You won't have any powers left, but no one's going to be hunting y-"



"No."

"E-eh?" It blinked. "What?"

"You aren't getting rid of me that easily." Tommy grinned, taking It's hand in his own. "Besides, could you even find another holder with my super duper pog requirements? Probably not."

[REDACTED] sniffled. "T-Theseus!"

"Just Tommy. All my friends and family get to call me Tommy."

It's eyes widened, and It promptly launched Itself over the table to catch him in a hug. "T-Tommy! Tommy, Tommy, Tommy! Thank you, Tommy!"

"It's no problem."

*Isolation isn't good for anyone. They can get a lot clingier.*

He looked down at his friend's trembling form.

*Fear leaves it's imprints on people.*

He hugged back. "It's no problem at all."

...

"Can you finish answering my other question though?"

"Oh yeah." The parasite sniffled, removing Itself(himself? What pronouns does a parasite use?-) and wiping it's their face. "So, uh, you died, right? And so I panicked bug time, and uh..."

"What did you do?"

"When I'm scared enough, sometimes a new card in the deck will appear..?" He offered nervously. "So, in short, I was like 'oh shit' and a new card appeared." He pointed to a planet. "By the way, each planet here represents a card. Just thought that was cool. And! The card was not like others that I've created before."

"What was it?"

"It was strange. Most of my cards were made of fear for my safety, but this one was made of of concern for yours. So, the vibes are a little off? I think you should experiment with it, maybe."

"What can the card do?"

"In short, I call it freeze. It can freeze the state of anything, and, well, human brains do work a little linger after the body dies, so that's probably how you're still able to think. As for how you're moving, I just kinda fucked around with your muscles and nervous system until they started working again. Freeze simply froze the state of how your body is forever."

"But I got hurt?"

"No, not that, I mean that your body isn't decomposing or smelling bad or anything because I quite literally hit pause on the decomposing of your body. That's it. You won't be able to heal naturally now though, do you're gonna have to use your cards of that."

"Oh wow." Tommy stared at his hands. "That's strangely cool? Also it explains so much."

"Yeah. Also I suggest you don't eat things anymore. Your body isn't digesting, so they're just sitting in your organs being mush."

The blonde winced. "Oh, that's disgusting. Anything else I should be aware of? Wait, am I going to starve since I can't eat anymore?"

"No. Your body's frozen. You're gonna stay the same pretty much forever. Sorry."

"Oh, okay." Tommy paused. "Am I not going to age?"

"Nope. Have fun staying seventeen forever."

"Forever as in-"

"Yeah, until the sun explodes. Sorry."

*Everyone I love is going to die while I continue on. Wilbur's going to die. Sapnap's going to die. Tubbo's going to die. Techno's going to die. Phil... I don't know about Phil, actually.*

*...Unless I use the freeze card on them too-*

"Oh. Well, that's going to be... interesting?"

"A positive way to put it, yes. To answer your other other question of anything else you should be aware of, I think you already know about the lack of a heartbeat and need to breathe, so you can swim forever now, don't you feel lucky. Uh, oh! One more thing."

"Go on?"

"I'm working on a way to manifest myself into your dimension. It's gonna take a while, and is damn exhausting, but it's going. Right now, I could probably be there for a minute or two."

"Good to know, good to know."

"Oh, Tommy!" The experiment scratched the back of their head sheepishly. "You wanna learn how to fly?"

It was quiet out.

Wait, how many chaotic nights had started with that? The last time it was "quiet out," Tommy had committed a murder.

Well, another murder.

His mind was still processing the information that [REDACTED] had given him. Ever since they'd

been getting closer, another thing had happened.

*"Tommy, look out!"* Their voice echoed in his head, and he swiftly brought a bo staff down and tazed a mugger.

"Thanks, uh, what do I call you?"

*"Just call me chat when we talk like this."*

"Isn't that Techno's thing?"

*"Yeah, it'll be hilarious."*

"...You make a good point. Thanks, chat. Now, where are we going?"

*"There's a building close by that some people want us to check to make sure they can safely store weapons in there. If you want, I'll show you the coords?"*

"Much appreciated. Pull up a screen."

*"Would you like it to be visible to only you, or everyone?"*

"Everyone, please. I don't want to look delusional."

*"Got it."* A few softly glowing gold and black screens popped up, thanks to Redacted. In his words, *I want to practice summoning small things in the real world before summoning my body.* He had good methods that were both useful and practical. Tommy tapped on a few screens. "Lovely. Chat, can you pull up the location and visuals?"

*"On it."*

"I feel like Tony Stark or something, this is awesome." After a few moments a visual of a building with the location of about a mile away popped up.

"Well then, what are we waiting for?" He stretched. "Let's go check this place out."

*"Hell yeah!"*

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter was so pog to write honestly

### QUESTION OF THE DAY:

If you could get any power/hybrid transformation from this story, who would you pick? (This includes the drawbacks, like techno/tommy having their "chats")

I'd get techno he's cool as fuck and also being a piglin sounds fun

Maybe schlatt who knows OR PHIL WINGS ARE POG

# Tommy: why's everyone left the chat? Hello?

## Chapter Summary

Hey tommy you need to learn about human customs people are getting (more) worried

## Chapter Notes

White lives matter? Black lives matter? You misunderstand, I don't support either, I support the no lives matter movement. Its where I think everyone should just all simultaneously cease to exist forever

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Hey, I haven't talked in the groupchat in a while." He pulled out his phone and clicked on the employees groupchat.

### The loo

Neko femboy nightmare: I'm just saying that dumplings imply the existence of a larger duple

EAT PANT CONAR: IT IS 3 AM GO TO SLEEP

Trauma! At the disco: wait no he has a point

EAT PANT CONAR: tommy???

Trauma! At the disco: conar?????

Neko femboy nightmare: TOMMY!!!

Trauma! At the disco: HBOMB!!!!

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: hey tommy

Trauma! At the disco: hey Callahan

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: you're just returning the same energy back every time huh

Trauma! At the disco: I really have no fucks left to give

EAT PANT CONAR: SHOULDNT YOU ALL BE

OH IDK

SLEEPING???

Trauma! At the disco: why SLEEP when I can have flashbacks of my TRAGIC past

Neko femboy nightmare: owo do I get to hear it

Trauma! At the disco: no

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: why are you guys up???

Trauma! At the disco: read up idiot

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: what about up???

Trauma! At the disco: there is no way someone can be this stupid

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: oh fuck you

Trauma! At the disco: gross

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: NOT LIKE THAT

Trauma! At the disco: yeah yeah ik

That privilege is reserved for Hbomb, yeah?

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: NO

Neko femboy nightmare: YES

Trauma! At the disco: this is a trainwreck and I am the conductor

Neko femboy nightmare: FUNNDDDDYYYYYY

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: AAAAAAAAAA

Neko femboy nightmare: uwu owo uwu owo ~\*

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: keep that thing away from me

Trauma! At the disco: hey hbomb I have his address

Neko femboy nightmare: OWO????? M-MASTER-SAMA HAVE YOU BEEN C-CHEATING???

\*cries\*

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: okay fist off that was fucking disgusting

Second off Tommy no you don't

Trauma! At the disco: check your DMS

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: ....

WHT TGH FUDKCK

TOMMY WHAT THE FUCK

EAT PANT CONAR: WAIT WHAT DID HE SEND

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: HOW DO YOU HAVE MY ADRESS

Trauma! At the disco: :)

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: TOMMY????

Trauma! At the disco: chill, I know everyone's

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: WHAT

THAT DOES NOT HELP ME RELAX

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: send me mine

Trauma! At the disco: k

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: ...how

Trauma! At the disco: I know a lot of potentially dangerous information

EAT PANT CONAR: that is terrifying, have a nice day

It was me, Deo: so we can all agree that he would be the one to know how to clean up and dispose of a dead body

Cat (derogatory): yes

It was me, Deo: @Trauma! At the disco well???

Trauma! At the disco: depends, you gonna snitch?

It was me, Deo: JFHSJSBSSJBS WHAT

Trauma! At the disco: I mean haha what

Slmccl: plot twist: tommy is a murderer and thought the best place to hide was among the people looking for him

IM NOT A FUCKING FURRY: Wait that's actually a good theory what

Trauma! At the disco: close but no

Slmccl: what does that mean

Trauma! At the disco: haha

Slmccl: TOMMY

Trauma! At the disco: counter that someone has yelled at me in this chat in the last hour: 11

Slmccl: And I'll do it again.

EAT PANT CONAR: you know he's serious when he whips out the proper punctuation

Slmccl: (wipes tear) technoblade would be proud

Cat (derogatory): wait didn't he drop out of college to become a hero

Trauma! At the disco: w h a t

Cat (derogatory): he was going to become an English major

Trauma! At the disco: Interesting.

Cat (derogatory): what..... what does that mean

Trauma! At the disco: don't worry about it. Charlie I need a change in topic now

Slmccl: so y'all ever trespass

Trauma! At the disco: DIFFERENT ONE

Slmccl: so y'all ever steal from the government

Trauma! At the disco: different one, less incriminating ones please

Slmccl: y'all ever bake cookies with a parent

Trauma! At the disco: what are cookies

EAT PANT CONAR: I'm beginning to think tommys just a government funded super soldier shoes never been let outside

Trauma! At the disco: no

EAT PANT CONAR: tommy answer honestly okay

Trauma! At the disco: okay

EAT PANT CONAR: quickly

Trauma! At the disco: ...okay

EAT PANT CONAR: observe:

Question one: what's an inside joke that you and your friends had

Trauma! At the disco: I don't know what that is

EAT PANT CONAR: Next question

How would you take down an opponent with a knife

Trauma! At the disco: you have to trip them by kicking their dominant leg before pinning them down with their arms in the air to incapacitate them, make them drop the knife, then kick it away from their grasp

EAT PANT CONAR: I

Trauma! At the disco: ??????

EAT PANT CONAR: last question: how old were you when you learned this

Trauma! At the disco: three and a half??? Why

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: ...

It all makes sense now

Trauma! At the disco: ???????????????? No one is explaining anything ever to me

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: I'm dming pufffy

Slmccl: I'll talk to Sam and phil too

EAT PANT CONAR: Maybe also bad and skeppy?

Slmccl: good idea. Hbomb

Neko femboy nightmare: already on it, the new groupchat is in progress

Trauma! At the disco: what's going on???

EAT PANT CONAR: don't worry about it

Slmccl: don't worry about it

Neko femboy nightmare: don't worry about it

Trauma! At the disco: ominous

Cat (derogatory): not anymore ominous then your shitty anime back story, sasuke

Trauma! At the disco: who

Cat (derogatory): hbomb, please restrain yourself

Neko femboy nightmare: YOU DONT KNOW WHO SASUKE IS!?!?!?!?!??

Trauma! At the disco: why are you putting ones in there what's going on

Is sasuke the creator of anime or something

Neko femboy nightmare: ...this situation is more dire then I'd previously thought

The chat is done. I will add you all

Trauma! At the disco: guys?

GUYS???

**Tommy sus**



EAT PANT CONAR: you're probably all wondering why I (and some associates) have brought you here today.

Sam: Not really, considering the chat name.

EAT PANT CONAR: shut up sam

Anyways, like I was saying before I was RUDELY INTERRUPTED FUCK YOU you're probably wondering why we've gathered you here today.

Philza: is it because of Tommy

EAT PANT CONAR: god you guys are no fun

Cat (derogatory): yeah it's because of him

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: we've got some concerns

Puffy: Can we first off know who you guys are? The names don't really help.

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: a good point. I'm Callahan

Cat (derogatory): antfrost

EAT PANT CONAR: can you guess who I am

Connor

Philza: figured

Slmccl: I'm Charlie Slimecicle, I have bones

EAT PANT CONAR: are they yours?

Slmccl: I have them, yes

Neko femboy nightmare: but were you born with them? Are they in your body by natural means?

Slmccl: they are in my possession. I have them. They are MY bones.

Puffy: Okay, while this is all great

Um

Who is @Neko femboy nightmare

Neko femboy nightmare: Hbomb uwu

EAT PANT CONAR: this chat is beyond unprofessional

Someone just talked to another with UWU. Fucking uwu

Sam: Wait, do we get cool nicknames too?

Slmccl: never call these monstrosities cool

*Sam has changed Sam's name to Minecraft's grim reaper*

Minecraft's grim reaper: :D

EAT PANT CONAR: precious.

*EAT PANT CONAR has changed Minecraft's grim reaper's name to Sam.*

EAT PANT CONAR: boomers don't get nicknames

Sam: D:

EAT PANT CONAR: this is the real world, get used to it

Philza: boomer discrimination

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: shut up Phil you aren't even a boomer

You're something..... More

Something more sinister

Philza: I'm just a couple centuries old

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: how you can still do hero work amazes me forever

Philza: respect your elders or die you little shit

Sam: how many times have you used that phrase

Philza: enough to regret my continued existence

Sam: okay

EAT PANT CONAR: as amazing as this conversation between two FOSSILS is, we came here for a reason

Puffy: Tommy?

Slmccl: tommy.

Hbomb! The screenies!

Neko femboy nightmare: uwu here

*Neko femboy nightmare has sent four images*

Neko femboy nightmare: the screenies of our chat! When tommy was acting sus

Philza: you guys have a chat?

Neko femboy nightmare: no we communicate telepathically like fucking rats

Sam: rats can communicate telepathically?

Neko femboy nightmare: yes and they are all of the Christian faith. They have found rat god

Sam: they are??

Neko femboy nightmare: no, I've stringed you along like a puppet the entire time

Sam: :(

Neko femboy nightmare: die mad about it

EAT PANT CONAR: don't fucking bully him

Neko femboy nightmare: (bullies him)

EAT PANT CONAR: WHAT DID I JUST SAY

Puffy: EVERYONE

EAT PANT CONAR: SIGH sorry puffy

Neko femboy nightmare: My pain is sharp and constant, and I don't not wish for it to go away, the contrary, I wish it on anyone and everyone I meet. I hope that it will plague them until their dying breath. Even now, this confession has meant nothing. I get no deeper understanding of myself. I do not resolve any lifelong tension. I do not feel remorse or pity, only cold hatred for your pitiful attempt at saving what was once a person and now a dull, lifeless husk of a man.

Puffy:

Sam:

Philza:

Slmccl: you're supposed to save the emo poetry for AFTER work, silly!

Neko femboy nightmare: lol!!!!!! Sowwy uwu owo uwo

EAT PANT CONAR: this is normal and he means every word

But aside of hbombs burning rage for humanity and hybrids, let's talk about why we're here.

Tommy. Something isn't right with him.

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: the only question is: what is it? What happened?

That's what we need to find out. That's what we WILL find out.

Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: what's your love language? Mine is physical touch/gifts

# ENDERMAN TOMMY POG??? UM OKAY BRO

## Chapter Summary

Tommy figures something out. Everyone in the sus chat has come to a realisation as well, but is it correct?

## Chapter Notes

Tommy: (is an experiment)  
Everyone: ENDERMAN????

Some people have said that I update really fast so let me give you an idea of how much I do this: I start working on the next chapter of this fic not even thirty minutes after I post a new one, I have never waited over an hour to get started on a new chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy noticed that everyone was acting odd the next day at work. Callahan was staring at him more, Charlie was asking him a ton of questions about strange things (what was a beach party? Did you celebrate the beach?), and the heroes were looking at him even odder. Puffy stared at him with this sort of... forlorn expression. Phil and Sam stared with pity.

He hated pity.

They also started calling him "son" as a joke

(Tommy had to excuse himself the first couple of times they addressed him as son because he would cry), but they only did it periodically. Soon Eret caught onto it and she jokingly addressed him as son while asking him to hand them a file.

Another thing would be the fleeting touches they would give him. A hand on his shoulder, ruffling his hair, patting his back. Callahan had a strange look on his face when he patted the boy's back though, and Tommy soon realised the it was probably because of the *wings* that the other man most likely felt. Okay, no more back pats.

...He could do more with some hair ruffles though. Those were amazing.

But nonetheless, something was up. Something weird. They looked at him strangely when he excused his lack of a lunch every time as "going on a diet" and they winced when he excused his lack of... well, food and beverages in general as either going on a diet or just not being hungry. Eventually he started finding little things. Protein bars, sticks of gum, cake pops, little baked goods, a lot of things on his desk which he chuckled and set aside to usually give to homeless people on his way home.

Ah, there was another thing.

He was getting followed.

Not just back home. Everywhere outside of work. When he went to go read a book at the library? Someone was watching him. When he went to go take a walk? Someone was watching him. When he went to go do generally anything outside of his apartment?

Someone was watching him.

He wanted to say that he didn't notice it for a while, but honestly? He noticed it from the start. Due to this, he was able to lure them away from his apartment before making a mad dash out of there. His stalker never found the apartment, thank god, but sometimes it was close.

This lead him to wonder. Who was following him? Were they employed by the scientists? Were they trying to take him back? If it wasn't them, then who was it? Had he angered a mafia boss recently? Had he killed someone's daughter and now they were out for revenge?

Was someone watching him for a completely different reason?

He sat on the park bench pondering these questions (as he felt himself getting stared at) and decided to finally get to the bottom of this. He pulled out a stray piece of paper, wrote a few words down, and stuck it on the park bench before leaving. With any luck, the person watching him would be curious enough to go see what it was....

Skeppy stared at the note. Did he dare see what it was? Was getting added to the groupchat and really his best course in life? He was definitely curious...

The diamond man made his way over to the note and plucked it up. He squinted at it and read the surprisingly neat words.

"Look behind you? Wha-"

"Hello, Skeppy." A cold voice greeted him. He whipped his head around to see Tommy, ears back and tail whipping around erratically. His teeth were somewhere between being bared in a snarl and a toothy grin.

He was not happy.

"Care to tell me why someone's been watching me everyday?"

*Shit.*

...

...

...

....

"It's a traditional thing in my family?"

"You're lying." Tommy huffed. "When people lie, their heart rates speed up ever so slightly, I can hear yours. What's the truth?"

*Double shit. I forgot this guy was just Built Different™.*

"I'm not lying! I just... get super happy when I think about my family is all?"

"...Really."

"Really!"

"..."

"..."

"Oh." Tommy looked away, embarrassed. "I had no idea your family did that."

*I need to look into human customs. I've been acting a fool the entire time.*

"It's fine." *That worked?!* "I can understand why you could take that the wrong way."

"Ah, alright. Well, uh, could you continue your... tradition with someone else? It's a bit strange to be watched so much."

"Of course, of course." Skeppy nodded. "Well, I'll see you around."

"Yeah, see you around." Tommy nodded and continued with his walk.

The diamond man waved at the retreating figure and quickly opened his phone.

**Tommy sus**

[THE FOOL]: BAD NEWS LADS

EAT PANT CONAR: oh god what did you do

[THE FOOL]: tommy caught me

Slmccl: I knew we shouldn't have employed you

[THE FOOL]: HEY

Slmccl: anyways tommy's caught on then?

[THE FOOL]: NO GUESS WHAT

HE FELL FOR A WEAK ASS EXCUSE

EAT PANT CONAR: WHAT

what did you tell him

[THE FOOL]: I TOLD HIM IT WAS FAMILY TRADITION TO DO IT AND AFTER A SECOND HE WAS JUST

"oh sorry I thought you were stalking me"

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: no way

NO WAY THAT WORKED

[THE FOOL]: HE LOOKED SO BASHFUL AND EMBARRASSED

JUST "oh"

Although I did get some new information

Slmccl: ?

[THE FOOL]: this fucker is a human lie detector

Sam: explain

[THE FOOL]: HES SO BUILT DIFFERENT HONESTLY

THIS MAN IS SO OP HE COULD HEAR MY HEARTBEAT AND APPARENTLY HEARBEATS SPEED UP SLIGHTLY WHEN YOU LIE AND?????! HE JUST "I can hear your heartbeat, I know you're lying" WHAT

EAT PANT CONAR: no fucking way

Your heartbeat????

[THE FOOL]: IT WASNT EVEN FAST HEARTBEAT, I WASNT TIRED OR ANYTHING

TOMMY'S JUST BUILT THAT DIFFERENT

Phil: oh wow

That's impressive

More then impressive, actually

Almost unnaturally impressive

[THE FOOL]: Hbomb can you add this to the "sus tommy moments" folder

Neko femboy nightmare: yes!!! This was really weird because I'm a cat hybrid and my hearing isn't that good

In fact my hearing's above average for a cat hybrid but I still couldn't for it

I think the only hybrid that could do it would be an an enderman hybrid? They'd have to be SUPER enderman tho

Phil: could tommy be an enderman hybrid?

He definitely has the height but his skin is still peach

The king: it isn't

SImccl: who are you???

The king: eret

SImccl: who added you

Cat (derogatory): me

She's talked to tommy enough to know something

And apparently they do. Eret?

The king: thanks

Okay so Tommy's skin might actually have greyish skin?

Phil: explain

The king: so I was fixing up my mascara (always have to look good) and he comes into the bathroom holding his cheek and asks me if I have any concealer

And so I'm like "oh yeah of course" because we look about the same tone and hand him some and he turns around to put it on BUT

his hand moved a bit early and???? I thought it was just a grey smudge BUT it was his natural skin color??? And when I looked closer the concealer on his fingers was a bit patchy and I could see a greyer skin tone under it so

Phil: ah

Well

SImccl: and he has the eyes!!!! Hbomb and antfrost dont have eyes like his

Phil: I was going to say that that could be from him being a cat hybrid but you're right

SImccl: yeah!!! He has the like, one color eyes with the black slit in the middle

You know who else has those eyes? Enderman

AND BLUE IS REALLY CLOSE TO PURPLE



Phil: wait this is actually staring to become believable??? What

EAT PANT CONAR: WAIT AND WHAT IF HE HIDES LIKE, DARKER PATCHES OF ENDERMAN SKIN UNDER HIS CLOTHES??? IVE NEVER SEEN THAT MAN WEAR ANYTHING THAT ISNT LONG SLEEVES AND PANTS

Rudolph the red nosed hellspawn: ANOTHER GOOD POINT

EAT PANT CONAR: ALSO ENDERMAN CANT EAT PLANT MATTER??? SO THAT'S WHY HE'S BEEN REJECTING OUR FOOD HMMMMM

The king: maybe we should leave him meatballs... or something....

Slmccl: there is obviously only one way to test this

Phil: do not dump water on him

Slmccl: lol

Phil: CHARLIE I SWEAR TO GOD

Slmccl: lol

"Chat, why's everyone acting so weird?" He pondered whilst attempting to hack through the lab's cameras once more. "God, this is just so weird. They're weird." He squinted. "Why do you think they're acting like this...?"

*"No idea."* The other's voice echoed and sounded slightly staticky, an affect that was apparently only when he felt strongly about something. *"Maybe they're going to attack you?"*

"They might not. Why do you immediately assume that someone's going to attack me?"

*"I'm just worried! Sorry, but after both of us growing up I'm that rather... Unhealthy environment, I'm just scared. Paranoid, one could call it."*

"I don't fault you. I think it wasn't our faults for being there. Hopefully."

*"It-"*

"Can't really fault someone for literally being born."

*"Fair... Ah, Tommy! You missed a line."*

"Oh, thanks, Chat. Good eye." He could practically feel the parasite's smile. *"Of course!"*

"Mmm.... Got it! I think." He grinned, but it quickly fell. "Bloody hell, this place hasn't really changed, has it?" There was still blood on the walls, staining them. There were still chains and cages, and-

He bit his lip as he leaned into the screen, accidentally bonking his head slightly. In his old cage was...

*No way.*

"No way." He whispered. "No fucking way."

But that blonde hair was unmistakable. The tall frame of the person on his screen, the everything- It was too familiar, and he abruptly shut his screen.

"Oh ***fuck.***"

*"That wasn't who I thought it was, right?"* Chat spike hurriedly. *"I-I was just mistaking- my eyes were tricking me, right?"*

"Chat..." He spoke. "Your eyes aren't tricking you, it's... It's exactly who you think it is."

"*Oh.*" They spoke worridly. "*Oh no, we are in so much trouble.*"

"Couldn't have said it better myself." He stared at the figure on screen, their too familiar blonde hair and too familiar light eyes and freckles and the too familiar posture of fear and uncertainty.

"I truly couldn't have said it better myself."

As he watched the person on screen get up and bang on the bars again, he came to the terms that the two were completely and entirely fucked.

## Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: what's one super sketchy fact that you just know? Mine is that if you're going to eat someone you shouldn't eat the organs or the head because there's too much bacteria on them. Instead eat the legs and arms (not the feet or the hands tho, cut those off.) I promise I do not cannibalism  
Oh yeah also people can think about up to 1-2 minutes after they get decapitated.  
Cool!

Also who's that person in the cage.... Sus..... With the blonde hair.... SUS.....

# Hey watch this (hits Tommy with the Trauma™ button over and over again) pretty cool right

## Chapter Summary

This is the closest Tommy's ever gonna get to therapy, let's be honest here

## Chapter Notes

Tw for:  
Purging/vomiting  
Past electroshock torture  
Being caged

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He groaned and shut his laptop. "Why the fuck do they have *Dream*?"

"*I don't-*" Chat cut himself off. "Chat? What's up?"

"*Tommy, I...*" He started. "*I can think of a few reasons why they'd have him.*" Dream flicked his eyes around nervously.

"Why?"

"*He can revive people, no?*" He could feel Chat shiver from the confines of his mind. "*They could be doing three different things. A, they could be trying to revive you because they think you're dead, which you are but you're frozen. B, they could be trying to revive someone that was useful to them, like a founder for the foundation, or C, uh, they could be trying to revive someone that could be used to lure you back.*"

"Lure me back? But who-" He stopped. "Oh."

*Oh double, possibly triple shit.*

"Oh, we are *double fucked*."

"Agreed."

"We need to get him out of there."

"*Double agreed.*"

"...Break out mission?"

"*Break out mission.*"

The cell was dark and damp was Dream's third thought. The fourth was that he had exactly *no idea* where he was. He tried summoning even the slightest bit of power, but all of it was gone. Untapped.

The fifth thing he found out was that they'd fastened the chains around his wrists far too tight and the skin underneath was getting rubbed raw. He could even see small droplets of blood.

For days on end, they'd asked him to do one thing in particular but he'd refused. He kept saying no, he kept saying he wouldn't, he kept denying them even the thought of it.

And then they'd threatened George.

The first and foremost thing Dream knew was that he was a weak, weak man.

"Fucking fine. What do you want from me?"

Then they'd smiled cruelly and asked him to revive someone called *Ariadne*.

The second thing that Dream knew was that he would burn the fucking world down for the people he cared about.

(Perhaps, he thinks, perhaps the first thing he'd truly learned about himself was that he was a dirty, dirty coward.)

For days, probably a week or two, after he'd caved, someone came in. A tall person with a mask and wrappings over their eyes, with a black and red bodysuit.

He had the distinct feeling they weren't supposed to be here, so the man kept his damn mouth shut. "You're..." His voice was raspy and spent, mostly likely from the screaming that had happened when the scientists attached an electroshock collar to him and said that he could *be an asset*.

Disgusting. He burst into a fit of wheezed coughs, and the newcomer probably winced. "I'm Atlas, aka the one who's getting you the fuck out of here. Take my hand."

"Ok-ay." A calloused hand found a gloved skinnier hand, and he was abruptly pulled through what looked to be a portal. "What-"

When the ends of it closed, his chains were cut off with a snap, and he looked over at Atlas. "Th'nks."

"Shut up or drink some water, idiot." A heavenly looking bottle was produced, and Dream chugged it like there was no tomorrow. Atlas winced. "Hey man, go easy on the water. Don't get hiccups."

The older blonde choked on a wheeze of laughter. "You think I'm worried about getting hiccups right now?"

"I think that you need medical attention is what I think."

"But where am I gonna get that? Also I don't want anyone, uh, recognising me."

"Already thought of that. Think fast." A plain full face mask was tossed his way, devoid of any marks. Dream quickly strapped it on. "No smiley face?"

"The name of the game is to make sure-" He grunted as he hoisted the other man up. "-that you aren't recognised. Your name for right now is Clay, and I'm just a concerned friend who wanted to take you to the hospital because you were tazed by a robber."

"But won't they fact check anything?"

"Oh, Clay my friend, I don't think you understand." Atlas's voice turned predatory. "This fucking facility is *not any sorts of legal*."

"Steven! My bitch."

The man looked at the vigilante in horror. "W-what? I did what Tommy asked, why are you here!? Why?!"

"Well I think you owe me infinite favors forever. Look this man over, and don't leave anything out when you tell me or else I'll leak all your dirty little secrets."

"...Fucking fine. Name?"

"Ohh, unprofessional. This is Clay."

"Come along, Clay."

"..." Dream stared at him incredulously. "I'm not going in there-"

A well placed hit to the neck, and the man was slumping over in seconds, going lax in Tommy's grip. Steven only looked slightly terrified.

"Well, what room are we going to?"

"He's suffering from moderate dehydration and starvation, as well as a few electric burns, nothing untreatable, but they will scar. He will also have scarring on his wrists, as well as a few other places with bodily lacerations."

The teen nodded. "Brilliant. I'll be taking him home now."

"You can't just-"

"Ah, I think you misunderstand." He smiled, sharp teeth baring in a threat. "This is not up for debate. I will be taking him home *now*."

"Kay, this is your stop. Get off." Dream made no attempt at moving to his *dickishly* expensive apartment.

Seriously, this man owned three stories of building. For himself. What an arse.

"Get up."

The older groaned. "But Atlassss-"

"Shut." He ends the conversation. "Get off my back and get into your huge fuckin' house. I bet you have a butler and a personal chef or some shit."

"Nope. Just me and my cat, sometimes my friend comes over."

"Just one? That's kinda lame."

"Oh, shut up. My family comes over as well, and I have a cat."

"Still sad. I live with two other people in a three room apartment though, so I don't really have any room to speak."

"Wait, three rooms? Like, only three?"

"Bedroom, living room, and bathroom. Why?"

"No kitchen?"

"Eh, the living room functions as a kitchen. Just we only have a microwave and a fridge."

"...That's kinda pathetic."

"Oh, thanks, bitch. I sure do like getting up every morning after sleeping on the *damn floor* and choosing to live there, it's just the fucking *best* so thanks for reminding me."

"I didn't mean it like that."

"Yeah yeah, just get in your stupid lavish mansion, prick."

"Not a mansion-"

"It's funny how you think I'd be able to tell the difference. I'd say have a nice night, but the way this conversation went, I really hope that goes the opposite. I hope your cat shit in your bed or something."

"Wow, you're just an absolute ray of sunshine, aren't you?"

"You're welcome for saving your life, protecting your identity, and taking you to a hospital. You owe me a favor."

"...Thanks."

"Sure. See you around." Tommy deposited the weak man by his door and leapt off. "See you, boomer."

"I'm not a boomer!" He shouted. The boy was already gone, leaping away with the exaggerated swagger of a teenage human experiment.

The next day, Tommy was approached by none other then Dream. "Can I talk to you?"

"What's up?"

"In private, please."

"...Alright." Charlie seemed to perk up at this, a smile coming onto his goopy face.

Strange.

They slowly walked to an unused office, the older man shutting the door behind him. When Dream turned, his stare was heavy behind the smiley mask. "Tommy, I have some questions I need to ask you."

"God for it." The other nodded, making his body and expression as neutral as possible, seemly frustrating the other slightly. "Do you know anyone named Atlas?"

"The famous vigilante, yeah? Everyone knows about them."

"They said the name Tommy. Does that have any relation to you?"

"Yes."

"...Can you-"

"No."

"You're gonna have to tell me-"

"Why though?"

"Because you could know who they are."

"Even if I did, why would I tell you?" Tommy laughed bitterly. "Listen, Dream, I think you are severely misunderstanding the situation here. Atlas and his gang patrol because heroes don't want to go through our shitty ass neighborhoods. The only reason you guys started coming over here is because you went to capture them, and guess what? You won't have the help of the locals, you won't have the help of anyone there except the other heroes."

"You *top ranking heroes* only care about the spotlight." He spat out the words "top ranking heroes" like a cuss. "So don't you even dare think that I'm going to tell you anything. Don't you even dare think that you haven't failed us all." He walked past the man and angrily opened the door, only for a bucket of icy water to fall on him.

*("Another bucket." Alex watched the experiment struggle in his binds. "And amp up the volts to two thousand. Let's try it again." Four year old Tommy writhed in the tight leather binds while his hair dripped with water. "Ma'am! Commencing eighteenth shock in five seconds!")*

"Do it."

*Tommy shrieked as a bucket of freezing water fell on his head before he got electrocuted into unconsciousness. Alex stared at the limp body in the electric chair in disgust. "Take it away.")*

Tommy shrieked and sprinted away towards the bathrooms.

*No, no, no- no more shocks no more water it hurts it hurts- my concealer's fading they're all gonna know what a fucking freak I am- nO-*

He locked himself in the biggest one and curled up into a ball in the corner. His hands made their way into his hair as little bits of it fell to the ground. Chat's voice echoed in his ears.

*"Hey, Tommy, you're alright! It's okay, it's okay. You're safe, you're safe, it wasn't what you thought it was. You're okay, you're here."*

"I'm okay." He muttered. "I'm here, I'm here, I'm here. It's okay, it's all okay. Okay, okay, okay."

*"There you go."*

"T-Thanks, Chat."

*"Of course, Tommy. I think your friends are about to enter the bathroom though, so try to look presentable if they want to get into the stall."*

"Thanks again." He got out before some worried voices entered the room.

"Tommy?"

"I told you we shouldn't have done that!"

"Sorry, sorry!"

"Now's not the time to be fighting you two! Tommy, are you okay?"



"Y-Yeah, I'm fine!" His voice stuttered slightly. "I just got spooked, being a cat hybrid." Tommy reached through a portal and pulled out concealer and a small hand mirror that definitely weren't stolen and began covering his face.

"Oh, I'm so sorry." The person- Eret?- sounded remorseful. "I couldn't catch Charlie and stop him in time."

"I'm sorry, Tommy!" Charlie called. "I didn't know that you'd react like that!"

"It's fine!" Tommy continued covering his face. "You didn't know!"

"Still sorry! It was kinda funny though!" A gasp was heard and arguing came from the entrance of the room.

He looked in the hand mirror and muttered under his breath. "Chat, do you think this is good enough?"

*"I think you need a little more on your nose."*

He nodded and quickly remedied his mistake. "Now?"

*"Ah, looking good! I don't think they could tell the difference now. Also, maybe invest in some waterproof makeup."*

"Excellent idea." He unclicked the stall and *wow, this bathroom is surprisingly big.* "Sorry to worry you all."

Eret perked up. "Oh, good, you're alright. A bit drenched, but..." He looked down at his clothes. "Not to worry! I have some extra outfits in my office, come with me!"

"Uh, wait, shouldn't you-"

"Off we go!"

*"Eret, wait-"*

And so he found himself sitting in a lavish office with a baby blue shoulderless sweater and slightly tight black pants. With a cup of hot chocolate.

Chat was laughing at him. *"You-you look swamped in that sweater! Tiny boy, itsy bitsy child."*

The sweater was indeed huge, and apparently only supposed to go over one shoulder. Unfortunately, since Tommy was Maximum Skinny™ it went over both and created the dreaded *sweater paws.*

Sam and Phil were the ones who brought the hot chocolate. Tommy had heard muttered arguing.

*"I want to give it to him!"*

*"He looks more like me, I get to give it to him!"*

*"You're being immature!"*

*"Just let me give him the-"*

Sam had given him the hot chocolate with a soft smile.

"Wait, where's Phil? I thought I heard his voice?"

"In the other room. He just randomly got a bloody nose which was super weird." He lied.

"Huh." Tommy pointedly stared at the creeper's bloodied knuckles. "Okay."

"Hey, uh, Miss?" He turned around. "Yeah?"

"Well, I really really enjoy your hospitality, but um..." He trailed off. "I don't know how I'm supposed to pay you back. I don't have much money, so should I just-"

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy! It's alright. There's no need to pay me back." The small blonde blinked in confusion. "What?"

"You don't need to pay me back, don't even worry about it. I did this so that you didn't have to go around in soggy clothes at the office the rest of the day." The avain startled. "Oh my god, I have so much work to get to- uh-"

The crowned man stared at him with narrowed eyes behind her glasses. Tommy smiled nervously. "Uh, actually, nevermind?"

"Good." Eret slowly made her way over to a soft sofa across from the boy. "So, Tommy, do you know what my job is here?"

"...Employee work? Like paperwork and stuff?" He smiled softly and shook their head. "That's part of it, but not quite. I also work as a therapist."

"What?" The experiment sank into the cushions and his eyes darted to the door for a moment.

"I'm primarily a therapist. Some of your friends are, ah, a bit worried about you and came to me."

"O-Oh?"

"Mhm." She spoke smoothly. "I'm not forcing you in any way to talk about thing you don't want to talk about, but if you'd like, this can be an unofficial therapy session?"

"Oh! Um, how much does it cost-"

"It's completely free."

"It's..." The words died in his throat. "It's *what*."

"Completely free."

Tommy looked around for a response desperately. "...That's no way to run a business."

*Fuck!* Chat was laughing their ass off in his ears.

*"That's no way to run a buisness! Was that really your best answer!?"*

"Shut it, Chat." He murmured softly. Eret flinched slightly. "Sorry, I'm not sure if I'd be okay with a therapy session."

"That's alright." She smiled. "Just say the word if you ever change your mind, alright?"

"I will." He wouldn't. "May I be allowed to leave now, Miss?"

He waved his hand in the air as if to swat away the formal title. "Just Eret is fine. And drink some of your hot chocolate before you go, Sam and Phil made it just for you." The other stared down at the warm liquid strangely.

*But... I can't digest it...*

...

*Guess I'll have to force myself to puke it later.*

He forced a gulp down, the motion oddly unfamiliar. The taste was severely dulled ever since the last time he'd had it, which was probably because he was alive back then and not anymore. In all honesty, the boy was surprised he could taste at all. It settled uncomfortably in his gut, and he could feel the sloshing in his stomach.

It was... Gross.

After drinking a little less then half the liquid, he excused himself with a small bow and sincere apology for taking up Eret's time, to which they waved off and told him that it wasn't any trouble.

And so now, Tommy found himself sitting in front of a toilet, vomiting up anything he'd had today. As quietly as possible of course, because there were in fact almost *all of his co-workers still in the building*.

He let out a wheeze as the last trace of sickly sweet chocolate left his stomach and shuddered violently. Vomiting was never pleasant, no matter if it was self inflicted or not. It was a familiar feeling that never quite got comfortable. He winced and took out a stick of gum, wincing again at the dulled yet overly-sugary taste. "God, that's never pleasant to do."

The hybrid got off of his knees and shakily made his way outside, unaware of the eyes practically drilling into the side of his head. Of course, how could he know? No one could see his invisible watcher.

No one could see Wilbur, not yet.

Eret: hwy, want some therapy?

Tommy after having to go back to the place where he was abused and experimented on, being bitter because someone apparently was trying to find him out probably just for clout, having a severe panic attack because he had a traumatic flashback and had to be calmed down by his brain demon (who's also going through something): nah I'm good

QUESTION OF THE DAY: which is better, Burgers or Tacos? I, a typical american, like burgers better

# Flawless

## Chapter Summary

What have you done?

## Chapter Notes

Tw:

Panick attack

Mentions of r@pe (yeah, they really messed tommy up)

Minor mentions of past torture

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Flawless:

verb

[FLAW-LESS]

To lack flaws; have a perfect state of being.

Ex: Wilbur is unseeable.

Ex: Wilbur is afraid.

Ex: Wilbur hates who he sees staring back in the mirror.

Ex: Wilbur is not flawless.

Ex: Wilbur is, in fact, quite flawed.

What are you afraid of?

A question that was asked by so many, perhaps as a passing question, or a query asked by children at silly little play dates to learn more about a companion. Wilbur Soot had never been asked such a question, and as such, never truly wondered about it. He simply didn't have the time.

Well, being unseeable and dead to the world around you left you with time on your hands.

Wilbur, as many have come to learn, is a flawed man. He can't talk to pretty girls, he can't write an absolute perfect musical number, he can't constantly stay on good terms with the people he so

endlessly loves, sometimes his anger gets the better of him and then he doesn't apologize.

This wasn't like any times he had lived through, though. He'd never been in anything close to this situation, except maybe for the time he had to sit in time out for an hour because he'd broken his brother's paper crown as a child and then laughed about it, which caused Phil to make him sit in the corner and think about what he'd done.

But that wasn't here, nor there.

And he wasn't back then either.

This was *now*.

He couldn't tell the time apart anymore, but it had probably been, what, a few months? Maybe three, maybe four?

He just hoped he'd wake up soon, because he did *not* like thinking about his mistakes. He just wanted to get on with his life. But no, he was stuck here as a ghost, and no matter what he did, he couldn't just nod and say "alright, next thing."

So here he was, floating and staring at his unconscious body once more, noticing the tiny changes and hating them. His hair was longer, and there was a white streak. The tiniest amount of stubble had shown itself, and he had gotten somewhat taller, even though he was supposed to stop growing in his teenage years. Ah well. Life was full of surprises, right?

He looked older, Wilbur thought. He looked exhausted. Maybe his physical being was tied to his little ghost self, maybe this was just what fear did to people.

Maybe people change at the end of the day, and that's all he was. A person.

The brunette chuckled softly. "Ah, my glasses broke. How did I not notice that before?" He absentmindedly wondered if the glasses on his ghastly apparition were broken too, and so he decided to check. "Oh, they are. Well, the more you know." He paused, and slowly brought the glasses back up to his eyes.

Instead of a soft, calming oak brown, there was violent crimson. He winced. "Why're my eyes red?"

...

"What's Tommy been injecting into my IV bag...?"

He slowly floated out the window and stared at the endless sunset, so perfect in it's beauty yet so limited in it's time.

He'd use this time to think.

He'd use this time to regret.

He'd use this time to beat himself up over everything he abandoned the moment he left that house to fight a stupid villain.

*Fundy, Tommy, Phil, Techno, Schlatt, my coworkers, my friends.*

*Tommy.*

Because that's what it always circled back to, huh?

Thomas Smith. Or, apparently, Theseus.

Wilbur was a changed man after hearing the stories uttered by the strange boy during their visits when there was no one there but him and Tommy. He heard about horrific, horrific things. Tales of huge mechanical claws and sisters and getting *manufactured* for a singular purpose of one evil man, to become a superweapon of mass destruction.

He no longer saw in colors and shapes, he saw in regret, and stupid little nicknames that metled his heart, and family, and broken promises.

*("Promise me we'll grow up and be the bestest heroes ever, Wil?"*

*"Okay, Tech! We'll become the bestest heroes the world's ever seen, and we'll do it together.")*

Promises weren't meant to be broken, but Wilbur was just a man, flawed and imperfect. He couldn't hold the weight of an "I promise" on his shoulders, and would collapse onto the scorching hot cement while a villain rampaged and a boy with impossibly golden hair and impossibly sapphire eyes begged him to stay awake.

Wilbur was just a man who was afraid of being alone, who cried every time he closed his eyes because then he wasn't standing anywhere in the world, but instead a desolate train station.

*I'm sorry, Toms.*

*It was never meant to be.*

(He shattered, but a few sweet, light strums pieced him back.)

Wilbur opened his eyes as soft guitar filled the room. Tommy was there, and *how long had he been here?*

The apparition slowly hovered over to the side of his bed as Tommy played a soft and simple melody. He smiled. "You really started playing without me, huh?"

He sniffled. "I wanted to be the one to teach you how to play, gremlin."

Tommy continued to play, and before the older man could get any more words out, a few flowed from the experiment's mouth.

"I used to hear a simple song."

And so instead of fighting, instead of speaking, instead of breathing spite and pitying himself over and over into an endless pit of despair, he simply stopped.

The apparition of Wilbur Soot sat on the end of the bed where his corporeal body lay, next to an impossible boy in a not-so-legal hospital, and unraveled on display.

It's so hard being strong. Maybe he was allowed to slip, just this once.

Just this once.

*(Tommy stared at the lyrics, glaring angrily at them. He'd already learned a song, but this one didn't feel right. It didn't feel authentic, it didn't feel Wilbur enough to sing to the man. I hear a symphony was a good song, sure, but it didn't have quite the vibes that he wanted. He groaned. "How am I supposed to find a song that captures what I want?" It wasn't like a tune would just manifest itself with exactly what he wanted.*

*Unless....?*

*He picked up a piece of paper. "Songwriting can't be that hard, right?"*)

"I'm actually writing a song right now. Did you know that, Wil? It's real fuckin' difficult, no idea how you manage to do it." He sighed and put the guitar down carefully. "You wrote a lot. I'm kinda jealous."

"Aww, Tommy! That's so sweet of you."

"You're gonna wake up soon, and then I get to brag about my cool-ass song in person, and- and you're gonna tell me how pogchamp it is and how cool it sounds and how much better it is than all of yours." His voice trembled, and he slowly reached out a cold hand to entwine it with his brother's. "Hey, I love you, alright? I'm not sure if you're even conscious, but uh... I really do love you. You might even be as cool as me in my books." Tommy paused.

"I love you too, Toms." The smile was evident in his voice.

"Oh, guess what? Okay, so, I think people are starting to get suspicious of me? Yeah, astute fuckin' observation, I know. Eret offered me therapy."

Wilbur winced. "Please tell me you took i-"

"I said no, of course."

"Damn it."

"Honestly, offering me therapy, as if I was broken or some shit..."

"That's not what-"

"I'm not broken." Tommy smiled weakly at the unconscious body. "Just a little fucked up, promise."

"..."

"I'm not-" He sniffled. "I'm not broken, I'm still useful. You can- you c-can still-" He closed his eyes painfully, mouth screwing up into a painful grimace.

He looked to be in such pain that Wilbur couldn't help but stop and stare. "I'm not useless, I swear it. I do, I do." He muttered to himself. "I'm- I'm-" He choked on a hiccup. *"Wilbur, I'm so sorry-"*



"Tommy-"

"Oh, god, it's all my fucking fault, isn't it?" He twitched painfully. "It always is, it always comes back to me, doesn't it? I should've done something to make you stay, I should've done anything to save you. I'm such a horrible person." He cried. "I'm so fucking awful, first I fail my sister, and now you? I'm such a stupid screw up, I don't know why I wasn't killed for being so useless and taxing."

"Toms, plea-"

"I should've done anything, damnit." He croaked out. "I'm such an idiot. I'm so, so stupid. I should've just died when I had the chance. Now you're here and I'm out here, and I'm so *scared*, Wilby." He curled up. "I'm so, so scared. Do you- do you know why? Because there's so many people looking for me out there, and if they find me then I'm going to become nothing more than a thing again."

He sobbed. "I know its selfish, but I don't wanna go back, I don't." He bit his lip. "Because then I'm going to get taken apart and put back together, and then they're gonna hurt me over and over before they touch me in places that I don't like and then after that they're gonna shove me in a damp stupid cell where maggots eat my skin and I'm alone." He rasped out.

"But you wanna know the worst part?" He sobbed. "It wasn't when they tortured me, it wasn't when they violated my body over and over with their filthy pedophilic hands, it was when they said I did a good job after every session. Because then I'd feel happy, and then my brain would try and come up with excuses to forgive them, and *I don't want to do that*."

He shook. "I don't want to do that." The boy's whispers were so silent at this point he wasn't even sure that he was speaking aloud.

He sniffled again. "Ah, I've made a mess of myself. Sorry about that." Tommy wiped his eyes. Wilbur went up to hug him, but like the visit before this, and before that one, and before that one, and before that one, and before all the others, they all just phased through the boy harmlessly. "Oh, *Tommy*." His brother warbled, fresh tears streaming down his cheeks. "Don't you apologize, don't you dare apologize. It was *never* your fault."

Wilbur sobbed, and shook, and tried desperately to hug Tommy. "I wish I'd come sooner. I wish life wasn't so messed up. I wish people were born equal to eachother, none of this fucked up human experimentation shit."

But just like the visit before this, and before that one, and before that one, and before that one, and before all the others, the ramblings and muttered out apologies fell on deaf ears.

...

. . .

. . .

She spoke, voice quivering, eyes wild. "*What have you done?*"

*(This is not where her story ends. She's here, she's awake, and is going to take the opportunity flawlessly.)*

## Chapter End Notes

Hey, aren't you supposed to be somewhere else, Mrs. [xxxxx]?

QUESTION OF THE DAY (also happy pride month!!! Sorry for being late :( ):

Friends in the lgbtqia+ community, how did you realize?

For me just kinda came to me one day and now I'm a gay dude who's here queer and full of existential fear

# MEXICAN TOMMY CONFIRMED????

## Chapter Summary

(Evil laughter) NO ONE SUSPECTED A THING, YOU FOOLS!

## Chapter Notes

Tw for a dead bird, I guess (and eating cyanide, wanna guess who did that?)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was relatively annoyed. No, it's not because he was reminiscing over the time that Sapnap and Tubbo broke the oven, no, it wasn't because he'd just finished writing to a particularly... Irritating penpal who told him he needed therapy, it was simply because he'd woken up in the wrong side of the bed.

Oh yeah, also the fact that there had been at least seventeen attempts on his life recently.

He sighed when a "new intern" gave him coffee that smelled particularly like it was dosed with a heavy serving of cyanide, and they watched him chug half of it down. He couldn't eat natural foods though, so he'd have to throw it up later.

Tommy would be damned if he couldn't assert his dominance in the most metal way possible.

The intern stared, baffled. He looked over slyly. "Hey, you're Jon, right? New intern?"

"Ah! Uh, y-yes." The blonde picked up his cup again and rolled it around, hearing muffled sloshing. He'd probably force feed it to the other man. "May I talk to you for a moment?"

"Oh, I've actually got a lot-"

"It's important." He leaned over, eyes narrowed in such a way that said *if you don't listen to me right fucking now I am going to fashion myself a new pen out of your femur, you miserable little insect.*

"Ah." Jon looked like he was about to shit his pants. "Okay."

After a fun chat with the "intern" in a secluded area with no means of escape, Tommy patted the man's back. "Well, good talk! I sure hope we won't be having this problem again. Am I correct in my assumption, *Jon*?"

"Y-Yes!" He nodded rapidly. "Yes sir!"

"Brilliant, brilliant. Well then, I suppose I'll be seeing you around." He looked back at the trembling adult. "Or, would be seeing you around. If I were to see you around, that would mean that you had kept your job, and I'm just looking out for my friend's safety when I say that I most certainly will *not* give you a clean death if you stay in my presence any longer then strictly necessary. This is nonnegotiable."

"But-"

"Oh?" Tommy looked at the man. "Sorry, I just thought you said *no*. Of course, you wouldn't do such a stupid thing, right? You wouldn't actually put yourself in danger that easy, only a damn *fool* would." The experiment chuckled, reveling in how watery the other's eyes looked. "You aren't that stupid, right? I mean, I'm letting you go. You should be grateful I'm letting you go back to your family."

Tommy paused. "Well, you particularly managed to piss me off, so one of your sons might be missing. Other than that, we're all good! No worries. As long as you follow my instructions, we won't have any problems."

"C-can.." Jon sniffled. "Please don't hurt my children."

"Hmm, nah. Actually, sure, I won't hurt your children." The brunette untensed in relief. "The same cannot be said for your wife, however." Tommy hummed. "Yknow what? Not even that. I'll just make your life a living hell."

"What's that mean?"

Walking over and putting the chubby man's shoulder in a bone crushing grip, he smiled sweetly at the tiny cracks he heard from underneath it. "I'm not sure if you want to stay and find out. Just go tell your little boss to meet me in person instead of trying to fuckin' kill me over and over, it's getting annoying."

He watched the man scramble away, tail flicking in mild interest and wings puffing up in mild irritation.

*"That was badass."*

"Thanks, Chat."

He stared at the office doors. Clean glass, impeccable, thanks to Hbomb's efforts. He didn't understand why the man insisted on wearing a maid outfit to do it, but he also had the incredible showstopping realisation that he didn't really care.

He stepped outside. A bird carcass laid there.

*Hm. That's nice.*

Upon further examination, he realised that it was killed with a bullet, which was weird because he had no idea who was out actively putting *duck carcasses* in front of his building.

Wait. Duck carcasses.

Why would they choose ducks specifically?

He racked his brain, eventually coming upon an explanation. He did say for the boss to come and meet him, right? There could've been a chance that it was who he thought it was.

Quackity actually had quite a bit of the underworld under his thumb, dealing in drugs and gambling under the name Alexis.

Tommy wondered what the man wanted with him.

(A piece of paper stuck out of the corpse, and he leaned over to read it.

Ah.)

"Hello." He called into the empty building. "I know you're here, I can hear your heartbeats."

"Wow, really?" A familiar voice called. "Impressive." He turned. A masked man stood there, along with two strong looking bodyguards.

Tommy bet he could probably kill them both. "You called, Alexis?"

"Indeed I did." Quackity sounded delighted. "I'm surprised you know of me."

"I know a lot more about you than just your existence, but continue."

"Well, I've noticed you're quite strong." The shorter (hah!) said. "And I'm quite interested in having a man like you in my ranks, I'd pay well-"

"No."

Silence filled the room. "...What?"

"I said no. Nien, non, *no gracias, Quackity*. I don't want to be in your ranks." Quackity startled at the usage of his name. "Wh-"

"However." He paused, flicking his eyes to the guards. "Actually, can you call the attack dogs off? A cat can't feel too welcome with them around."

"They're precautions."

"For what? In case I decide that you're suddenly my most crushing enemy and I must execute you immediately, even though I was just about to offer you a business deal which requires you to *consistently be alive*?"

Quackity blinked. "Ah."

"Yeah, *ah*. The reason I don't want them here is because I'm going to be spilling possible state secrets, and you're kinda that only one I could trust with those. That is, if you decide to take me up on my proposal."

"...Very well. You two may leave." He nodded to the two burly men, and they quickly left. "So. What's this business proposal?"

"How about we have a seat?" Tommy snapped his fingers and a portal opened, two sleek chairs fell out. Quackity's eyes widened. "You...?"

"Well come on, don't make me wait." He sat down casually, crossing one leg over the other in an act of elegance. "Don't have all day." The black haired man went over and sat. "There we go. So, my proposal is this- I won't be in your ranks, we'll have a bit more of a partnership. I'm about to tell you something, but you'd best keep it secret, yeah?" Quackity nodded.

"You know the vigilante Atlas?" He nodded. "Yeah, that's me. I was thinking my group and your organization could have a partnership. Neither would be in anyone's ranks, we'd be on the same playing field. You have tech that I particularly want to see, and I'm sure I have plenty of talents that could be of use, as well as my associates, if they say yes."

Quackity hummed. "Tempting offer. You've demonstrated that you can create portals, but what else is there?"

"Honestly? Anything. Teleportation, shape shifting, illusions, freezing the state of something permanently, those are all things I can do. Oh, also flying, but that doesn't really tie in with my ability."

Quackity froze. "Flying?"

"Yup. But I've spilled enough, if you want anything else out of me then you're gonna have to spill something about you."

"..." The man looked deep in thought before an apparent realization came over him. "Alright. I'll tell you something that I've told almost no one else, only one person."

"Go on."

"It's easier if I just show you. I know it'll look weird at first, but just give me a minute." With that, he began *unbuttoning his shirt*, *what-*

"Wh-"

Two large white wings fluttered out. Small blue accents highlighted some of the edges.

Tommy gasped, eyes wide. "*No way.*"

"Yes way."

"How?"

"Apparently my parents were in some real fucked up shit at the time. My mother was a Brit, my father was Mexican, both were avians. Apparently they'd been hooked into some freaky human experimentation shit, had to try again when I came out of the womb, but they ran away long enough to put baby me into safety. Well, if a box on the side of the road could be considered safe. The old boss of this mafia found me, and boom." He made a small explosion movement with his hands. "Me and that Philza hero are the only two left though, which is sad."

"No." He blurted out because *oh fucking shit*.

"What?"

"You aren't the only two left." Tommy put his hand on the other's shoulder, uncharacteristically serious. "Quackity, I was the experiment."

*Shit.*

"And uh, I'm an avian too?"

*Double shit.*

"You- what? How can you be an avian if you're a cat hybrid?"

Tommy blinked. "Did you literally just hopscotch past the fact that I can shapeshift?" He waved his hand and the tail and ears poofed out of sight.

"Oh."

"Yeah. Anyways, I can show you my wings, but you might also see some other weird stuff which is why I'm telling you now that I'm the experiment that they were trying to make. Great? Great." He pulled down his shirt and let the two wings spring out. Quackity gasped this time, reaching out.

"No way. *No fucking way.* This isn't a lie?"

"No. Wait, you said your mother was a Brit?" Tommy spoke with dawning horror. "What did she look like?"

"Blonde? With blue-" Quackity cut himself off. "Oh my god, are we about to have a cliché "you are my brother" anime moment? Is that's what's happening now?"

"I think we are, big man."

"But- you don't even look like dad!"

"And you don't look anything like mom! The scientists fucked around with my DNA anyways,



they were obsessed with making me look more..." He made a strange gesture with his hands. "Marketable, I guess. Wanted the looks with the brawn, not that I'm any more attractive then if I looked more Mexican. They were kinda racist."

"Oh woah."

"Yeah. I can bet that if they didn't, I'd probably have black hair or some shit, as well as darker skin."

"Oh *woah*. I have blue eyes, actually, so you were wrong about me not looking like my mother."

"*Our* mother. And you have grey eyes, you fuckin' idiot!"

"Hey, don't talk to your long lost brother like that." They paused. The blonde groaned. "That is so weird to think about."

"Yeah." Tommy looked up. "You sound uncomfortable."

"..." Quackity looked away, and the joking atmosphere went down significantly. "...Can I have a brother hug?"

"What?"

"Like, I dunno! You're making me feel all weird now-" He was cut off when a tall body was pressed into his. "Shut it. C'mere, brother."

The experiment elected to ignore the quiet snuffle that came from the shorter, and just hugged him tighter. "Thanks."

"Yeah, of course. I think we've got some catching up to do later, no?"

A wet laugh came from underneath him, and Tommy let out a quiet caw. "Yeah."

The two sat back down, hugging both with their arms and wings, as if to welcome back a familiar stranger. But that's what it was, wasn't it? Welcoming a brother back.

Their quiet talking devolved into giggles and bird trills between the two. Tommy hummed happily. "It feels right, doing this. I've never gotten to for it with another bird hybrid. Eh, trilling."

"Dude, it's actually so nice too, this is better then any drug." The blonde looked down at his brother. "I'm your brother so I'm allowed to get on your ass about the drugs now."

"Oh piss off. I'm your brother so I'm allowed to get onto you about not going fucking Rambo on the job. I think I prefer you when you're not dead."

"...About that."

"So, I met my long lost biological brother today."

Tubbo choked on their food, Sapnap just laughed at the ram's misfortune.

"It's Quackity."

Sapnap choked as well.

"Oh, and by the way, he kinda runs the mafia."

"STOP DROPPING BOMBSHELLS ON US!" They two shouted simultaneously. Tommy blinked before a slow smile came across his face. "Oh yeah, by the way, we're business partners now."

He was promptly kicked in the ribs.

Chapter End Notes

THERE IS NO QUESTION OF THE DAY, I WANT YOU TO SCREAM AT ME IN  
THE COMMENTS

## Nightmares come true, retribution approaches swiftly.

### Chapter Summary

Keep your eyes closed, keep them squeezed tight; you don't want to know what's got it's eyes on you.

(Can you feel the fear? Do you feel the bone deep dread settle in as you remember the first thing you were taught? Selfish, selfish thing, you've forgotten again.

Don't worry though. We'll help you remember.)

Also known as Tommy is so blissfully unaware.

Reminder that not everything is as it seems.

### Chapter Notes

Me, jokingly: lol scream at me in the comments

You guys: AHDBAJDVDJSBSJSBSJSJSB WHAT THE FUCK BRO I DOTN  
EVEN UNDERSRAND WHATS GOIGN ON ANYMORE

DBSHSJDNFKZVSKSBSJSJSSHSIJS AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

...

So uh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"This is Ranboo." Tommy stared at the enderman hybrid in front of him.

Daring the other to stop making eye contact.

True heterochromic eyes stared back nervously. Tommy still said nothing. "Um, hi! It's nice to meet you."

"..."

"H-hi?"

"..."

"Tom-"

"Nice to meet you too." He nodded firmly and stuck out his hand. "I'm Tommy, but you probably already knew that." Ranboo had to surpress a sigh of relief. "Yeah." The two shook gloved hands.

Tommy snorted. "Those are some interesting gloves." He gestured to the black and white gloves.

"Eh? Oh, thanks? I actually made them myself, to for with the whole..." He gestured to his face.

"Half and half thing. Also I'm *pretty* sure you aren't allowed to judge me for my gloves when you wear elbow length fingerless gloves."

Tommy laughed. "Oh, you're funny. I'm sure we'll get along just fine, Ranboob."

"It's Ran-"

"Oh, I know." He turned to Tubbo. "Tubbo, I am going to steal him for a minute, if you see us on the news tomorrow just ignore it."

"Wait, what-"

"Please bring him back home with everything still attached."

"...Do they have to be attached where they originally were?"

"Yes."

"You're so pushy, but fine. Only because I'm the coolest fucker to exist."

"Of course, Tommy. Have fun you two!"

Tommy nodded. "Good luck with your nukes." Ranboo choked. Again. "Cmon Ranboy, let's do *crime*!"

"How did we even get here!?" The monochrome boy exclaimed. "What the heck happened!?"

"Well, uh, I taunted some super powerful people-" He grunted as he yanked Ranboo out of the way of another bullet. "-And you were too preoccupied with your weird monkey puppet thing!"

"Why on earth would you do that!?"

"Entertainment value, mostly!"

"That's the worst excuse I've ever heard!"

"It's the truth, bitch!" Tommy tugged Ranboo into an alley and put his hand to the other's mouth. "Shut."

"Mmph-" The avian twitched and leaned over to bite Ranboo.

Yes, bite him.

Ranboo jerked violently as teeth sunk into his arm, gasping in pain. Shouting men ran past them, oblivious to the two boys. Tommy grinned, a tiny bead of purple blood dripping down the corner of his mouth.

"What was that for!?"

"Well I saw you stub your toe on our way here and all you did was gasp, so..."

"You bit me..." Ranboo started. "So that I would stop talking."

"Yes."

"You thought of literally no other way."

"Oh, I thought of plenty of ways. I just wanted to bite you." The black and white teen sighed. "Of course."

"The other option was stabbing-"

"Forget I asked anything."

Tommy smiled. "You catch on quick, Big R."

"Let's just go home."

"We've got a few more stops to make, actually."

"Fantastic." He groaned. "Superb."

"This is revenge for making spaghetti tacos."

"You didn't even eat them! I actually haven't seen you eat anything-"

"Unimportant. And I still took *offense* from them!" Tommy glared. "You fed spaghetti tacos to your platonic husband, what a bad friend."

"Hey, that-"

"Shush, I liked you better when you were all nervous n' shit. Can you, like, revert?" Ranboo smacked him. "Ow, hey, it was just a question! Now you're gonna help me steal stuff."

"What was my original plan?"

"Getaway driver."

"But I don't know how to drive?"

"You'd learn."

The green and red eyed enderman shuffled uncomfortably. "That's ominous. And worrying."

"It's okay, you can still be our getaway driver."

"But I already told you I don't-"

*"You'd learn."*

"Okay." He said weakly. "Okay."

"Brilliant!"

Ranboo looked *very* close to breaking.

Tommy was sitting on the edge of a donut shop when he heard a quiet voice. "Hey." A teen with four arms sat next to him. He looked over, and was met with astonishing lavender eyes, along with strange facial markings and antennae.

This might as well be happening. "What's up?"

"You're that vigilante, right?" Tommy snorted. "There's a lot, you're going to have to specify."

"No, I-" Purple not cut himself off. "The one who's like, neck deep in illegal stuff?"

"Yup. Also sorry, but I don't sell drugs. I do, however know someone who does-"

"Do you know how to make someone disappear?"

It went quiet. "... What exactly are you asking here, Purple boy?"

"Name's Greyson. I really need to get away, preferably with a new identity."

"Oh yeah? What've you got planned out?" He was handed a paper and skimmed over it. It was surprisingly well planned out, and he said as such.

"Thanks. I've just been thinking about it for a while."

"That's good, one shouldn't go into a situation completely unplanned." He hummed and chuckled at the name. "It doesn't say anything for your new name."

"I still haven't really decided, to be honest. I was wondering if you had any bright ideas that might just suit me."

"Mmmm.... Lilac? You're very purple."

(Maybe in another world Tommy would've noticed the near-silent noise of footsteps. But this is not another world, and he hadn't noticed the man that quietly watched him.)

"Really? Hadn't noticed." The boy sighed. "Sorry, I'm just jittery, I guess."

"Eh, don't worry. I was just as jittery when I had to forge my own birth certificate too." Greyson's head whipped toward him before he shook it slightly. "Why am I not surprised? If you don't mind me asking, what was your real name?"

"It was pretty uncommon." Tommy clicked his tongue. "Never met anyone else with the same name. I've heard of one person who had it, and that's who my name was based off of."

"Oh wow. Maybe you've just never seen someone with it?"

"Believe me." Tommy chuckled. "It is, and probably never will be a common name. You wouldn't be able to find out who I was with it, but it's not everyday that someone's named after a Greek myth."

"Woah." Greyson breathed. "That's... Pretty cool. Way cooler then my name."

"I haven't even said it."

"That implies that you're gonna tell me."

"Oh my god, you're so moody. I can't believe you're the same age as me." He quickly checked the papers. "Yeah."

"Wait, you're seventeen too?" Greyson looked shocked. "Holy shit, I thought you were like... Thirty."

"Yeah, well a lot of people do. I actually just turned seventeen a few days ago."

"Awesome. So, uh, new identity thing? Is that happening?"

"Depends." Tommy lowered the papers. "Can you pay?"

"How much money-"

"I don't deal in money, Purple boy." He clicked his tounge again, just for the fun of it. "I deal in favors. There's a reason that I'm so deep in the underground, and it's not just because I've been doing this shit for years."

"Where can I sign?" The response was quick. "I'll do anything to get out, I just need to start anew."

"Quick response." The avian tapped his thumb on the edge of where his mouth was. "Fine, I'll bite." He wrote down some coordinates on the corner of the paper. "Meet me here, same time tomorrow and with all your shit. Tie off loose ends, write letters, whatever. You can't go back to Greyson after this."

"I know." The purple boy offered quickly. "And thank you." He took back the papers and nestled them deep in his hoodie. "I'll see you then."

"See you."

Tommy paused. He slowly turned and sighed. "Theseus." *Why am I telling him this?*

"What?"

"My old name was Theseus, idiot."

"Oh." Greyson nodded. "...It suits you."

"Thanks, I guess." *I wish it didn't.*

"So, gremlin child." An irritating voice spoke. He turned. "How do?"

Motherfucking Philza Minecraft. Of course. "Philza. What do I owe the pleasure?"

"You're deep in the underworld, yeah?" Tommy groaned. "Oh my god, that's the second time that someone's asked me that. Maybe I'll quit being a vigilante out of spite."

"Please."

"Ohhh, don't *tempt* me, old man. I'll stop once this whole thing blows over anyways."

"Whole thing?"

"Moving on-"

(Something is brewing, Tommy. The only question is if you remember the first lesson you were taught-)

## Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: what's yall's weirdest dreams? I had one where I was:  
Tied to a cross and beaten with a Teletubby femur by a group of cannibalistic  
ritualistic Teletubbies until my organs fell out  
Unknowingly ate human thinking it was candy  
Got sacrificed to Satan  
And ripped someone's throat out with my teeth  
Oh yeah, I and I played jumprope with someone's small intestine. I promise I go to  
therapy guys-



# Have you missed me?

## Chapter Summary

Revelations are made, a song is sung.  
Someone wakes up from a nightmare.

## Chapter Notes

The song at the end is "In case you don't live forever" by Ben Platt! Go listen to it, it's a fuckin bop but it does make you cry so be careful

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Hey, Ranboo, what do you know about vigilantes?"

"No, no, you have to hit like *this*." He swiftly hit the air with his palm, making a small *swoosh*. "If you want impact, that's one of the best hits with your arm that you can do."

"Okay, uh-" Ranboo copied it, albeit slightly messy. "Like this?"

"Yeah, yeah! You've got it. You just need a bit more confidence."

"H-How do I do that?"

"Alright Ranboo." He sat down and patted the mat next to the boy. "Sit down." Ranboo sat down, legs crossed. "Close your eyes and take a deep breath in." They both did it. "Now let it out. Repeat after me: I am strong."

"I am strong."

"I can do this."

Ranboo's shoulders slumped, letting go of tensions. "I can do this."

"I am confident in my abilities."

"I am confident in my abilities."

"I am safe."

"I am safe."

"And I will finish the exercise proud of my results."

"I will finish the exercise proud of my results."

Tommy smiled. "Attaboy. Do you want to try again, or do you want a quick break?"

"Let's try again, if you don't mind?"

"Of course." Soon enough, the monochrome boy was doing small combos.

"Alright, kick the side of the training dummy's head, don't be afraid to use as much force as you deem necessary."

"Got it!" Ranboo was smiling. He took a solid stance before quickly rounding his leg and kicked the dummy over. Tommy gave an affirmative nod. "That's what I call progress."

"Really?"

"Hell yeah! Don't go underestimating how far you've come."

"Oh." He seemed bashful. "Alright." After a couple of hours the boy was panting on the floor. Tommy smiled cruelly. "Awesome! Now that we're done with warm up-"

*"WARM UP!?"*

The blonde cackled. "I'm joking, I'm joking. Let's take a break, c'mere." He grabbed a black gloved hand as Ranboo squeaked and-

There was something solid underneath it.

...?

"Ranboo?"

"Uh-"

"Ranboo, what's under your glove?"

"Tomm-"

"Off. Now." He grabbed the other's wrist and grabbed the glove when a white hand grabbed his own. "Tommy, please."

"Take off your glove." He stared down at the other.

"...Don't tell anyone please." Ranboo requested meekly. He slipped off the article of clothing, and the avian went to examine his hand.

Nailed dead in the middle of the other side of his palm was a familiar nightmare.

*Experiment 278, "Janus."*

*S-rank. Dangerous.*

(No.)

Ranboo was shaking. "Please don't hurt me-"

Tommy hugged him.

"Tommy?"

"They got you too?" The two toned experiment froze. "Too...?"

The other blinked, reaching for his glove. "When did you get out?"

"Uh, only a couple of weeks ago, two?"

"How long were you there?"

"About a year and a half."

"What did they do to you?"

"...I was a human."

"Now you're half enderman half...?"

"Ghast, I think."

"Mm." Tommy examined his face. "How the fuck did they manage that?"

"I really don't know, and I'm not sure I want to know."

"Fair, fair." Tommy nodded. "Wow, I can see the little stitches if I look close enough."

"How the heck do you know all that stuff anyways?" Ranboo shook his head, as if to shake the human(?) boy off. Tommy stubbornly held on. "I was there too, you know."

"Eh?"

"Here, sit." He groaned as he sat down. "Wow, I haven't met up with another conscious experiment in so long."

"Conscious?"

"Most of them were feral F-ranks that had escaped. My boss knew more about it then me, but he's in a coma at the moment, so you'll have to excuse me if I sound salty." He said saltily.

"Oh."

"Anyways, my story is that I was manufactured there as a superweapon, got some pretty pogchamp powers, got my sister, along with everybody else I cared about killed, and then I escaped with Tubbo and Sapnap."

Ranboo nodded slowly. "...What rank are you? I'm an S-rank, so I'm probably the strongest."

Tommy snorted. "Hah, okay. Look at this." He slipped off his glove and showed his hand to the other.

His eyes widened significantly. "Oh, what the *heck*. You're Theseus?"

"Yup." He sounded gleeful. "Sure am."

"The fabled SS-rank."

"Mhm."

"Oh *wow*." The older seemed amazed by this information. "I can't believe it. I thought they said you were suppose to have wings."

"Yeah, I've gotta bind my wings to my back constantly." He griped. "It's kind of annoying."

"I-" Inhale. Exhale. "Okay. Okay, that's okay, you're just one of the last avians alive. That's cool."

"Yeah. I also have a brother who's an avian."

"This just keeps getting crazier and crazier. Next you're gonna tell me that Philza's your dad or something."

"Why would you say that?"

"Both avians with blonde hair, blue eyes, British, pale skinned and tall?"

"I got my looks from my *mother*, mind you." He huffed amusedly. "And don't tell the author about that theory, you're gonna give xem ideas."

"Wait, wh-"

"Okay, break over! Get up, Ranboob, we've got a workout to finish."

"Tommy-"

"Hi again, Wil." Tommy was standing at the edge of the other's bed, empty syringe in his pocket.  
"It's been five months now. I brought my guitar."

Silence.

"I wrote a song and memorised it. I call it " In case you don't live forever," dedicated to, uh, you. It was hard to write."

...

"I'd ask you if you wanted to hear it, but I wouldn't get an answer, would I?" He chuckled sadly. "I really shouldn't be making jokes about this. Unfortunately I don't know how to cope, so you're gonna have to deal with my awful humor." He clicked his tongue. "You'd better like this stupid song, it took me weeks to make."

Still no answer.

Of course there was no answer. Why would there be? He was stupid to hope that he'd get one back.

He picked up his guitar and tuned it nervously. "Well, here goes." Tommy took a breath.

*"You put all your faith in my dreams. You gave me the world that I wanted, what did I do to deserve you?"*

It was a beautiful day outside, Tommy noticed absentmindedly. He could be anywhere else, if he so desired.

The boy kept playing anyways.

*"I followed your steps with my feet, I walk on the road that you started. I need you to know that I heard you, every word."*

The heart monitor sped up ever so slightly.

*"I've waited way too long to say everything you mean to me. In case you don't live forever let me tell you now: I love you more than you'll ever wrap your head around."*

*Thank you.*

*"In case you don't live forever, let me tell you the truth; I'm everything that I am because of you."*

Flowers bloomed outside, and birds chirped. The melody continued.

*"I have carried this song in my mind, listen, it's echoing in me, but I haven't helped you to hear it. We, We've only got so much time, I'm pretty sure it would kill me if you didn't know that pieces of me are pieces of you."*

*I love you. I love you, and even though I'm terrified of it, I'll play just for you.*

*"I've waited way too long to say everything you mean to me. In case you don't live forever let me tell you now: I love you more than you'll ever wrap your head around. In case you don't live forever, let me tell you the truth; I'm everything that I am because of you."*

The heart monitor beeped steadily, and Wilbur's finger twitched.

*"I have a hero whenever I need one, I just look up to you and I see one! I'm a man 'cause you taught me to be one!"*

*Thank you for so much, Wil. For showing me how to feel human. I felt like a person because of your efforts, even if you didn't know back then how much they meant to me.*

His voice whispered now, as if afraid to finish the song. *"In case you don't live forever let me tell you now: I love you more than you'll ever wrap your head around. In case you don't live forever let me tell you the truth; I'm everything that I am because of you."*

And he meant it.

He laid his upper half on top of the bed, stretching his hands out. He daintily places one on his brother's. "Not too bad, aye? I tried hard."

The calloused hand jerked to life and intertwined their fingers. The blonde stiffened.

"Was beautiful." A raspy voice greeted him.

He looked up slowly, and electric blue met bloody red.

"Hello, Tommy." Wilbur said. "Have you missed me?"

## Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: What's everyone's pronouns? I jive with good ol he/him and xey/xem

# **I just feel like I'm forgetting something, is all.**

## Chapter Summary

Blood for the blood god

## Chapter Notes

Everyone: OMG WILBURS AWAKE HES GONNA SPILL THE TEA TO EVERYONE!!!!

Me: unless....?

Also I don't want to see a single bitch in the comments say this was unexpected, be joyous I let him live for now  
I left so many clues but then again I'm a fool and assume that everyone else can just psychoanalyze like I can IM SORRY IF YOU DIDNT REALIZE

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You.." Tommy started, eyes wide. "Wil?"

"Tommy." He smiled. "Er, Thomas. Sorry."

"I-" He cut himself off. "God fuckin' damnit." Wilbur's expression morphed into one of surprise when the younger leapt and hugged him. "You'd better call me Tommy or I'll rip your stupid red eyes out of your skull, you bastard." He leaned back.

Wilbur giggled. It sounded like home. "Hello to you too. How long has it been? A day? Two?"

"..." Tommy looked away. Wilbur frowned slightly. "Actually, you look different."

*You look more exhausted* went unsaid.

"It hasn't been a few days. Or a week. Or a month. It's uh, been five months, nearing six."

"...You're joking." The brunette laughed. "Please don't joke about these things, Tomm-"

"I'm not joking. It's been five and a half months." The blonde looked at him with tired, tired eyes. "Five and a half months, Wilbur. Welcome back to the land of the living."

"Good to be back." An uncomfortable silence filled the room, and the twenty three year old eventually sighed. "Five and a half months, huh?" His face was tense, screwed up in thought.

"Penny for your thoughts?"

"Ah, don't worry about it." He looked out of his window, it was a sunny day outside. "I just..."

*Screaming, thrashing, ghastly blood and tears pouring down his face as he ran awry in a train station, the only escape was when he would wake up to float around the hospital to see the horrific acts of his little brother.*

*The worst part is that he wasn't scared, wasn't afraid. He felt a sick, twisted satisfaction in watching his little brother become dangerous.*

"... Feel like I'm forgetting something, is all."

"So, uh, where's Phil and Techno?" He cocked his head. "Actually, did anyone visit me?"

The experiment looked away, blushing. "Someone visited you everyday, yes. N-not that I know them or anything! Just-"

"Did you visit me? Everyday?" He laughed, and *wow that is so good to hear*. "That's kinda weird, Toms."

"Oh, piss off. You look homeless, you're the weird one." It was true, the man looked much more scruffy, his hair had grown out and there was even a bit of stubble on him, nevermind the red eyes and cracked glasses. "You look like an *evil* homeless man."

"Evil?" He laughed scratchily. "Why evil?"

"You have red eyes, Wilbur! Red!"

"Red eyes?" He moved to prop himself up but groaned. "What the...?"

"Oh yeah, your muscles have surely deteriorated by now. Some of them, at least. Now you're scrawny."

"I-"

"It's gonna take a few months to get back all that muscle, how sad." Tommy falsely whined. "A good few months where you get to be in the office with me."

*Where you're away from danger.*

"Nooooo." Wilbur groaned. "I don't wanna do *paperwork*!"

"Suck it!" Tommy looked triumphant. *In all honestly, I could've stopped your muscles deteriorating, but this was a better idea. I'd tell him that I put a little something in there to slow down the process quite a bit, but he'd get suspicious.*



"Oh, fuck you." The brunette paused. "Actually, it's gonna be you and me together in the office."

"Wait." The experiment realised with dawning horror. "Wait, wait-"

"We're gonna be together in the office, and Phil's gonna let me pick the person that helps me through my days until I'm back on my feet!" He sang happily. "Since you have *such a great work ethic*, you're sure to be a *great* choice!"

"No!" The blonde shook his head back and forth quickly. "Absolutely not."

"Wanna bet, gremlin?"

Tommy scoffed, ignoring the nostalgic twinge in his chest at the name. "Oh piss off. I'm the person that visited you everyday and this is how I'm treated? Awful." He paused. "Ignore that. Wilbur, do you want me to call Phil and Technoblade now, or later?"

"I can call them." He rummaged through his pockets to pull out a shattered phone. "...Or not."

"Yeah, I'll call Phil." He took out his own shitty phone and dialled the man who picked up after the first six rings. "*Hello?*"

"Phil! My friend, the only man to ever exist, I have some news!"

"*Oh yeah? What's up, mate?*"

"Okay, so, uh, your son."

"*Techno?*"

"Wilbur."

A gasp was heard on the other side of the phone. "*Go on.*"

"He's awake! Just woke up a few minutes ago, he looks like a homeless man and his throat's all scratchy. Actually, Wil, do you want some water?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Great, I'll get you some. Phil, I'm putting the phone on speaker so you can talk to him, don't yell too much while I'm gone."

"*Thank you.*"

He clicked the speaker button and promptly slunk out of the room, his ears catching a faint "*Listen here, young man!*" from the room.

If he lingered at the water fountain a bit longer then strictly necessary, well, that was no one's business but his own.

Wilbur was almost crying by the time he got back, which was objectively hilarious. "Da-"

*"I don't want to hear it! Honestly, if it weren't for Tommy you would have died!"*

"What?"

"Ah, don't worry about that, Will." He entered room. *I don't think he was lucid enough to remember.* "Drink up."

He scoffed, but took the water anyways, gulping it down. "Haah, thanks."

"No problem." Tommy nodded. "Phil, I'll check him out of the hospital, I remember where you guys live."

*"Thank you, Tommy. I owe you a lot, we can discuss more when we get home."*

"You got it. See you in an hour at the most."

*"See you soon."*

"An hour?" Wilbur questioned. "Shouldn't they do, like, checkups?"

"Don't worry about that, I'll talk to them." The blonde smiled with a few too many teeth to be natural.

"Isn't it illegal-"

"Shush, I'm bringing you back to your worried family. Get out of bed and shit, I'll see if they have spare clothes."

"Maybe they have my old clothes." Wilbur moved his legs to get out of bed, but as soon as he stood, the man promptly sunk to his knees. "Wil? What is it?"

"I-" He struggled to pull himself up. "Fuck."

"...Did..." The avian started. "Did you forget how to walk?"

"Oh my-"

The younger exploded into laughter, coughing at one point. "Th-That! I- I can't- you can't *walk!*" He lost his shit over the concept of the usually muscular man not only becoming lithe and thin, but also having to rely on someone else to move around. "Oh Jesus, this should not be as funny as it is."

"Don't laugh at me!"

"Do you want me to carry you back home?" He cooed. "Do you want me to hold you up to walk?" Wilbur stood up on wobbly legs, collapsing onto the mattress. "God, I leave for five months and you become an absolute brat."

"Five and a half, that half month was crucial, mind you." He walked over to the IVs and began to take them out with practiced ease, which worried the older.

"Oh yeah? What happened?"

Tommy clicked his tongue. "Please respect my privacy, Wilbur." Grinning, he took the final one out and pulled out two Band-Aids. "Alright, do you want my little pony, or deadpool?"

"Ah, this is so nice." The blonde swayed happily. "Just you, me, and the fact that you need a wheelchair for a week."

"Piss off, gremlin child."

"If I do that then who's gonna push you- *ow!*" He was flicked. "Hey, calm down, have a carrot." He said soothingly, not offering any carrots whatsoever. "We're almost home."

"I hate this wheelchair."

"Well it's not exactly like you can get up and leave, can you?" They advanced through the forest, gravel crunching under the wheels. Wilbur snorted. "I can try."

"Don't."

"C'mon, Tommy!" He cheered. "Let me walk, I've just lost a bit of muscle."

"You forgot how to walk."

"I can relearn! Anything would be better than this awful wheelchair."

"Anything?"

"Yeah? Wait, what-"

"Toms, put me down." He hit the other's bony chest halfheartedly. "*Tommy.*"

"No."

"Tommy!"

"No!" The experiment jostled him angrily. "Shush, Wil, I'm giving a piggyback ride to a piglin hybrid, this is very ironic and funny."

"No it is not, it's annoying!"

"No need for the *sass*, young man." The other tutted playfully. "We're almost to your house anyways, calm yourself or else I'm going to have a bacon sandwich for lunch."

"Is that a-"

"I'm threatening you."

"You couldn't beat me."

"Wilbur Minecraft Soot." He started. "I am carrying *you on my back* because you *physically cannot walk*. Don't you dare try and square up right now when a particularly strong kick would send you to the floor."

"When did you get this moody?" Wilbur wondered. "Ah, teenagers and their mood swings."

"I'm not- wait, I am a teenager- but still! You're just mad that I have to carry you."

"A little. Actually, I think you should be angry."

"Why?"

"Because I can give you a long hug like this!" The scruffy man secured his arms around Tommy. "You fool, embrace my affection!" The blonde screeched wildly and sped off to the house. "Ew, ew, ew! You're gonna get your old man germs on me!"

"*Take my love and affection, Tommy!*"

"*I refuse!*"

"*C'mon Tommy, take his love and affection.*" Chat laughed in his head. He made a small groaning noise. "Chat, shut up." He muttered.

Wilbur giggled. "Take my care, Toms."

"No!"

"Take it!" He was *so* evil, Tommy hated him.

"Never!"

"Then *succumb!*" The brunette started tickling his sides, causing loud wheezing laughter from the boy, happy tears pricking the corners of his eyes.

"We're here!" The blonde cheered. "Finally! Okay, get off."

"Mmmm, no."

"Wilbur."

"Thomas."

"Off."

"You're warm."

"I'm not?" *I literally can't produce body heat?* "Get a better excuse."

"You're right." Wilbur shakily slipped off. "You actually feel like an iceberg. Did you take a trip to Antarctica recently, Tommy?"

"I'm just a little cold, it's just who I am." *Actually I'm a corpse, but you don't need to know that.* "PHIL! WE'RE HERE!" He called.

Wilbur turned to him. "Oh, you little-"

The blonde examined her cage with sharp eyes.

The bars were even weaker than the last time she'd seen them. Then again, it had been a good few years since she'd last seen any trace of this place.

She stared at her reflection in the iron, bedraggled and ruffled, spiteful yet young. The piercing blue of her eyes stared back at her like stormy oceans, or the blue plastic of the clipboards the scientists held.

No, she thought. It wasn't either of those. They looked like diamonds.

A diamond girl stared at her reflection in a bar, and rows of strangely sharp teeth greeted her as if to welcome her home; as if to welcome a monster back into its den.

Several rows of teeth.

Her grin was cunning, unsettling, upsetting.

*They won't be prepared.*

She walked back to the wall of her cell, slumping down against the wall as chains that could only contain her for so long rattled irritably against the hard concrete.

The girl with diamonds in her eyes lay in wait for the inevitable call of her name. Ariadne was back in business, and she had no plans of going back out so soon.

*Come at me with everything you've got. It won't be enough.*

"*TOMMY!*" Chat screeched in his ears as he flinched, making a long dark score over a paper with his pen. He groaned and tossed the paper aside. "*Tommy, I fucked up.*"

"What happened?" He was in his office, so there was little reason to whisper. "You sound frantic."

"*We don't have much time, I just wanted to say that I'm so sorr-*"

A barrage of voices *exploded* in his mind. Looking back, he can confidently say that this was some grade-A *bullshit*.

"*Tommy?*"

"*Ayooooo it's tommy!!!!*"

"*Guys he looks confused calm down*"

"*Tommy! Tommy! Tommy!*"

"*Tommyinnit in the office? It's more likely then you'd think.*"

"*New vessel! New vessel! Can we get a blood for the blood god in here?*"

"*Blood for the blood god!*"

"*Blood for the blood god!*"

"*Quick, spam the chat with L's!*"

"*L!*"

"*L!*"

"*L!*"

"*GUYS STOP HR LOOKS LIKE HES ABT TO CRY shhhhh its ok baby boy your brain demons gonna explain it as soon as everyone else SHUTS THE FUCK UP CMON GUYS*"

"*NO FUCK YOU BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD*"

"*BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!*"

"*AMEN!*"

"*WHERE'S TECHNO???? GET TECHNO???*"

"*WAIT, IS THIS GONNA BE A TECHNOTUTOR ARC?? IS HE GONNA HAVE ONE OF THOSE??*"

"*TEACHNOBLADE POG!*"

*"CALM THE FUCK DOWN tommy we're so sorry."*

He groaned. "Oh, what the *fuck*?"

*"He speaks!!! Hello tommyinnit can you trickshot that pen into the trash?"*

*"Don't do that."*

*"WAIT DOES TECHNO KNOW ABOUT THIS???"*

*"TECHKNOWBLADE?????"*

*"TOMMY CAN WE TELL HIM"*

"Do not tell Technoblade, please." He muttered miserably. "I physically cannot deal with that amount of stress right now, my skin will break out or some shit."

*"TECH-NO-KNOW???"*

*"TECH-NO-KNOW POG!!!!"*

*"F!"*

*"L!"*

*"CHAOOOOSSSS!"*

*"I'm going to subways does anyone want anything?"*

*"Can I get a mcmuffin?"*

*"I WANT BOOOOOOOD!"*

*"Bood lol"*

*"Bood is one letter away from the Sacred Word, I'm jus saying."*

*"TOMMY IS A CHILD, A BABY BOY, HAVE YOU EVEN SEEN HIS LITTLE SWUISHY CHEEKS!???? DONT TALK ABOUT PRIVATE PARTS??? TOMMY YOU ARE SO SOFT AND SQUISHY AND COULD DO NO WRONG WE LOVE U!"*

"Don't... Don't say that." He settled on weakly because *what the fuck did chat do?* "I'm just calling you all chat now, I guess. Did I just steal Techno's brand? Maybe."

*"THIEFINNIT?????"*

*"CAN WE GET A THIEFINNIT POG TRAIN??"*

*"NO, NO MORE NAMES! I CAN ALREADY BARELY HANDLE TEACHNOBLADE"*

*"Did somebody say TEACHNOBLADE??"*

*"NO, NO MORE PLEASE!"*

*"OH MY GOD HES STEALING TECHNOBRAND"*

*"\*wipes tear\* I'm so proud"*

*"Baby's first crime, let's gooooooooo!!!"*

"First crime?" He muttered sarcastically, a small grin coming over his face. "Oh, you have *no* idea."

## Chapter End Notes

Oh my god tommy

OH MY GOD WILBUR

QUESTION OF THE DAY: what's a hobby of y'all's? I enjoy witchcraft and other somewhat dark arts, like drawing



# Chat goes crazy, goes stupid (at least Tommy's never gonna be lonely again?)

## Chapter Summary

Tommy: heres a neat trick  
Wilbur: oh cool  
Wilbur, internally: where the fuck is his pulse  
Also chat goes batshit insane

## Chapter Notes

Tw: uh I think we're good (tell me if I miss smthn <3)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Today is national go batshit insane day." Tommy muttered. "Go crazy, go stupid."

"*What???*" Wilbur muttered next to him confusedly. "Tommy, are you alright?"

"Peachy." It turns out that Technoblade's chat was a lot louder and rambunctious then his own.

*A lot.*

He kinda understood why the man looked like he was on the verge of committing So Many Crimes™. He was on the verge of burning a local company's main office down, preferably the one with a pedophillic CEO.

Could he do that with Ranboo? Tubbo did say he wanted the two to bond...

Could that be considered bonding? He asked chat quietly.

*"OOOOOOO YESS BURN DOWN THE PLACE"*

*"ARSON POG! ARSON POG!"*

*"Wait is he actually gonna do that?"*

*"I hope so, it's gonna be hilarious."*

*"Won't the CEO die?"*

*"That would be ideal, yes."*

*"Lmao remember when techno fed a man poison while he was undercover and the dude was like "I ain't never heard of any champagne called poison, what's it gonna do to me" and techno was like "well ideally you will die" and then shoved it down his throat?"*

*"Oh yeah that was fucking great"*

*"I still can't believe his code name was Sir Billiam. SIR FUCKING BILLIAM"*

*"DONT SLANDER MY MAN BILLIAM!"*

*"Billiam simps rise UP"*

*"OKAY BUT I WANT TO BRING UP THE FACT THAT TECHNO SERVED LOOKS™ IN A SUIT????"*

*"I want to see tommy in a suit"*

*"SUITINNIT?????????"*

*"Suitinnit my beloved"*

Tommy sighed.

He didn't even sleep that night, too busy absentmindedly answering questions about himself that wouldn't expose him.

*("Yes, I have paw pads, no I won't be showing you.")*

*"Please???"*

*"Tommy catboy poggers?"*

*"Catboy tommy?"*

*"No." He groaned. "No more catboy Tommys in chat."*

*"did somebody say CATBOY TOMMY?!?!?!?"*

*"No!" He cried out helplessly. "No more catboy tommy! I can't take it anymore!"*

*Alas, it was all for nothing.*

*"Catboy!! Catboy!!! Catboy!!!"*

*"Guys please he looks exhausted"*

*"CATBOY NEEDS A CATNAP LMAO"*

*"God I fucking wish I could have a catnap." He sighed. "It is twelve and I am still at the office, what the hell?"*

*"Cats need at least sixteen hours of sleep a day, tommy go to sleep!"*

*"Sleepinnit!"*

*"Sleepinnit!"*

*"Sleepinnit?" He muttered. "Yeah, I fuckin' wish. I've still got papers to finish, go bother Technoblade or something."*

*"TECHNOSLEEP!"*

*"WAIT WHAT IF WE GET TECHNO TO COME FROM HIS PATROL AND MAKE TOMMY GO TO BED???"*

*"Do **not**." He hissed.*

*"Mmmmmmmmmmm time to get technooooooo"*

*"VOICES ASSEMBLE OUR TASK TODAY IS TO GET THIS MAN SOME SLEEP"*

*"SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP!"*

*"TECHNOS GONNA TUCK HIM INTO BED? TUCKNOBLADE???"*

*"TUCKNOBLADE WOOOOOOO!"*

*"TUCKNO! TUCKNO! TUCKNO!"*

*"Would techno give good lullabies?"*

*"He has a pretty voice."*

*"Singnoblade?"*

*"WILBUR IS THE MUSIC CHILD THERE CANNOT BE TWO"*

*"GUYS GET BACK ON TOPIC WEVE GOTTA GET TOMMY TOM TO BED!"*

*"Tommy tom my beloved."*

*"I've got papers." Tommy groaned. "And seriously, don't get Technoblade. I've got only a few more things left to do."*

*"Huh??????? I think he's saying to get techno"*

*"EVERYBODY LETS GO BOTHER TECHNO TO GET TOMMY TO SLEEP LMAO"*

*"WE ATTACK TECHNO WITH A BARRAGE OF VOICES IN FIVE!"*

*"No." He muttered sleepily.*

*"FOUR!"*

*"THREE!"*

*".."*

*"WE FORGOT WHAT COMES BEFORE THREE, EVERYONE GO GO GO!"*

*The voices abruptly left his head and he sighed. "Maybe I can use this time to finish my work."*

*Techno came into the office not even five minutes later, panting. "Someone told me that you were overworking yourself. Again."*

*"Eh? How'd you get here so fast...?" Wasn't Technoblade's usual patrol route thirty minutes away?*

*"Who's gonna tell him that Techno nonstop sprinted here and broke at least four traffic laws in order to get to tommy as quick as possible?"*)

*"I just didn't get much sleep." He spoke miserably.*

*"We're sorry, Tommy!!"*

*"Look on the bright side, we have valuable information"*

*"???????"*

*"We know he has toe beans."*

*"THATS THE INFORMATION THAT WAS SO IMPORTANT!?!?"*

*"YES SHUT UP"*

*"WE HATE YOU!!!! HATE HATE HATE HATE"*

*"CANCEL THE REASONABLE VOICESSSS"*

*"STOP GUYS WE'RE NOT TWITTER CALM DOWN"*

*"Inhale. Expire. Have you done your eight hours of yoga today?"*

*"We arent corporeal you fuck"*

"r/wooooosh, we'll get em next time"

"Let's just say that a *few people* kept annoying me." He hissed as if to tell them to *be quiet*.

"Jesus."

"Can you hand me another pen? This one's run out of ink." He sighed.

"Uh, sure." Wilbur leaned over and tossed him a new black pen. Tommy grabbed it from midair and continued to write. "Thank you. Are your legs any better?"

"They're doing alright, I guess. As good as they can be right now, Techno's helping me gain back the muscle I lost which is nice."

"How sweet of him." Tommy's tail flicked as he placed another paper on the sizable stack he'd already finished. "Hey, do you want to know something useful in combat?"

"What is it?"

"Let me show you what to do if someone's grabbed your wrist. Look." He put his wrist in Wilbur's firm grip, nodding once. "Okay, look." He jerked his hand down quickly, switching their roles and grabbing Wilbur's wrist. The brunette gasped. "Woah, I didn't know that!"

"Well now you do." Tommy grinned in satisfaction before turning back to his work. "Sorry if that seemed out of nowhere, I just thought it'd be a useful thing to know."

"It certainly is useful." The musician agreed.

He felt slightly perplexed, though. His grip was so hard on Tommy's slim wrist, yet he felt no pulse at all.

But that was impossible, right? Everyone had a pulse. Everyone alive, anyways. Tommy was here, he was talking and moving and working, he couldn't be *dead*. People couldn't live without a *beating heart*, the very notion of it was ridiculous.

(If so, then why couldn't he stop thinking about it?)

## Chapter End Notes

Chat is one of my fav dialogues to write deadass

QUESTION OF THE DAY: what sign are you? I'm a mothafuckin cancer, the c r a b if you will

## **This is your fault.**

### Chapter Summary

Sap...nap...?

### Chapter Notes

Okay, please read the trigger warnings. This isn't going to be a happy chapter.

Tw for:

Sexual assault/abuse

Physical assault/abuse

Derealization

Forgetting someone

Mention of being drowned

Blood. A lot of blood.

Reality deadass getting altered

Someone tries to kill you (yes, you.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy woke up in-

Tommy woke up-

Tommy woke-

Tommy....

T(?)O(?)M(?)M(?)Y?

Tommy's known for a while.

Tommy *wakes* up.

"Can you hear me?" He blinks. "Can you see me?"

You can.

*You* can.

"Can you... Respond?"

Nope.

"That's fine. I kind of expected it anyways." Tommy shrugs. "Do you know why you're here?"

Still no answer. This situation felt familiar.

"It's fine." He shrugs again, leaning back in his chair- when did he sit down? When was a chair even there? "Really. I just needed to know something, before you go."

He leaned forward.

"Why do you hate me so much?" He stares into your soul. He stares past your soul, into something more terrifying. His eyes are captivating, his gaze full of loathing. Blood drips on the floor, and you aren't yourself anymore. You stare back at him, and there is-

*There is-*

Nothing.

There is nothing there.

He has a face, he has a nose and lips and teeth, and flesh, but if you look into the vortexes that are his eyes, you feel nothing. His face is streaked with blood, knowing too much contorts him into something more, and he's Tommy.

He's... Just Tommy.

He's just a figure, constantly warping in nature, the vast expanse of the universe trying yet failing to comprehend itself. He's a faceless entity, he's nothing and everything everywhere, at the end of time and at the start. You cannot stop looking at him because no matter where you turn, he's there. You try to remember what he looks like. He has blonde hair that's slowly turning white due to stress, right? He has lips that aren't full but aren't small either, and he has a button-like nose, but when you try to remember his eyes, there is nothing. You can't recall what he looks like now, your vision spins. Your legs, trembling, do not support your weight anymore. When were you standing? Where are you? Why are there footsteps getting closer?

You try to remember yourself. You fail.

You try to remember the people you love. You fail.

You try to remember anything you love. You fail.

You try to remember anything. You-

You...

You try to remember anything you hate. You succeed, and meet it's eyes.

The blonde is staring at you. He isn't sitting anymore. His face is void of emotion.

His face is void of anything. He doesn't have one.

Tommy is just "Tommy." He has no face.

Stare at him. You know what he talks like. You know who he talks to. You know almost every aspect of his life. You control almost every aspect of his life.

Without you, he does not exist.

Without an audience, what worth does a performer have? They are worth nothing. They have nothing. They are worth less then the water of an ocean.

Stare at him. Look at him. Observe him. Observe his actions, observe his every move, observe the way his mouth forms around every syllable of a wordless scream.

In the end, you move on, and he drowns in the vast, vast sea.

"Watch me." He gurgles out, begging, pleading. There is blood mixing with the saltwater now.  
"Please don't leave me."

You don't care. You have better things to do, you have better stories to read.

You turn away, and he sinks.

Like always.

(Typical.)

"You know, then." He stares at you.





Gaze deep into his features. Gaze deep into his face. You can comprehend it. You can.

Now look away.

What does he look like?

His hands are hiding his face. There's blood everywhere.

Is it his? It's coming from him, but is it his?

There's no way to be sure.

Memory is a fickle thing. You know what he looks like, you *know* this. He looks like... He has....  
He has the... um...

The...

...

...?

When you try to describe it, it warps in your mind. Glitching, his face seems to shy away from recalling itself, as if defending itself from being identifiable, channels on the television switching too fast until they've become a blur of censored pixels, a cacophony of lines that boldly refuse to come together and make an image.

(And he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you and he hated you.)

Tommy is meaningless, there is nothing left of him.

(He doesn't fight it anymore. He doesn't try to ask for help, he doesn't try to stop the hands from touching him, turning sensitive flesh all kinds of colors, he doesn't ask for help when he has to limp to his tests because the adults were too rough on him yesterday, bottom aching. He doesn't ask for help when he needs it because the least painful thing he gets is a kick to the stomach or two. He doesn't ask them to stop touching him in places that he really *really* doesn't like. He doesn't do much of anything anymore.

He allows it now. He allows it to fester, he allows his sickness. He allows the abuse. He allows

them to touch him, even if it makes his insides curdle.

Because what else is there to do?)

Why? Why is this happening to you?

"It's your fault." He informs you, not quite lying.

What is?

"Don't act like you don't know." There isn't seawater covering him anymore.

Tommy is bathed in red.

You already know what the crimson is.

"Don't act like you're innocent. How *dare* you." He spoke. His face is still empty. His face still has the swirling empty vortex-like eyes that give you a headache to look at.

He isn't going to forgive you.

He's not sure if he knows how.

"I'm done with this. I'm done with our little game." He steps forward, but he isn't real.

("I don't care.")

He can't touch you.

("You sure about that?")

The smell of blood is getting to you. Maybe that's how you imagine the sensation of a hand wrapping around your throat.

("Imagine? Try again.")

Tommy attempts to kill you.

He fails.

Just like that, punishment is finally enacted.

(You aren't supposed to do that, Theseus.)

He screams.

Where is the reader?

Where are his friends?

Where are his brothers?

Where is he?

(You aren't supposed to do that, Theseus.)

No.

(Time for his punishment.)

Nothing happens to him.

Do you know why?

Because the thing that Tommy values more than himself is the ones he cares about.

(Tubbo has his part to play, he cannot be changed. Ranboo has his part to play, he cannot be changed.

Sapnap....)

Him.

(Tommy passes out.)

Tommy wakes- woke up.

Tommy woke up in his one person apartment.

He couldn't remember what he dreamed of. He couldn't remember what he did.

(Memory is a fickle thing.)

His mouth tasted like seawater, and the boy got up to wash it out.

The walls of the bathroom were cracked, as always. The mirror was broken around the edges when (-----) dragged it out of a dump.

When...

When Tubbo dragged it out of a dump. Tommy didn't remember dragging it out of a dump, so it was probably Tubbo.

Who else would it be?

His head throbbed.

Tommy stared at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes seemed brighter than usual, and his hair was blonde, though he noticed that it was turning white. From stress, probably.

Chat was silent, which was weird. They were always talking, since the entities(?) didn't have to sleep.

"...Didn't know they could be quiet." He muttered. "Fuck, my head hurts like a bitch. I should really get back to sleep."

He walked back into his room and curled up on the floor. The bed only had Tubbo on it, and Tommy didn't know why he felt so weirded out by the sight.

That's how it's always been, after all.

Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: Why?

# YOUR TIME STARTS NOW.

## Chapter Summary

The stage has been set.  
It's time for the finishing acts :)

## Chapter Notes

Me, scrolling through the bookmarks and reading the notes: hehe  
I love reading the notes y'all slap on ur bookmarks lol

ALSO here is me adressing the sapnap situation, Tommy's "punishment" for attempting to attack the reader is having reality altered; sapnap is now a hero who's in dream and George's team, now he's twenty one tho so I had to age quackity and Karl up too, both of them are now twenty. Sorry for the inconvenience pals, I know that sounds weird but after chapter twenty three I actually realised that I didn't want sapnap to be in the story in the way I portrayed him as so..... yeah  
This is may way of remedying things and also solidifying the fact that yes, tommy is fully self aware

...

I was going to keep sapnap fucking dead but someone offered me cookies. He lives another day

Tw for uhhh tommy going batshit insane? He looses his mind just a little bit uwu

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Several cracks emitted in the room as Tommy stretched out miserably. He felt bad today. Tubbo watched on in horror. "Wha- how are you doing that?"

"Doing what?" The blonde's pose was impressive. "Don't tell me you don't stretch, Tubbo."

"I do, but, like..." He paused, cringing. "Whatever you're doing is borderline contortionism."

"What's contortionism?"

"Forget I said anything." The brunette sighed. "Do you have a free day today?"

"Uh, I can call in a vacation day. Or a sick day."

"Fantastic, do that. We have some very important things to do today."

After a call to work telling them that he'd caught a cold and making sure to make his voice sound miserable, he hung up the phone. "Alright, what's up? I know you joked about me calling in sick,

but I actually do feel kind of under the weather."

Tubbo frowned immediately. "Do you need to push this back to the weekend? We won't work if you feel bad."

"It's all good, boss man. I just feel a little drowsy today, nothing bad."

"..."

"..."

"Fine." Tubbo shook his head, clearly disapproving. "Well, we've got some vigilante business to get to."

"Oh? This ought to be interesting."

"You said ought, that's boomer speak." The ram hybrid said immediately. "But! That's not what the focus is on right now. We need a center of operations, people keep trying to track my computer, and while I've been fending off all their attempts, I don't want to take any chances. Got any ideas where we can set up home base?"

"Worrying. Who's trying to get our location?"

"The heroes. Awesamdude, more specifically. He's tried communicating with me, but so far I haven't responded to any of his attempts at starting conversation."

"I see, I see." The avian nodded. "Can I see them?"

"Go wild, I already have them pulled up." Tommy crooned lowly in interest as he examined the screen. "Don't touch anything though."

*Awesamdude: hello?*

*Is this Aries?*

*I'm Pro Hero Awesamdude, the other heroes and I have to talk to you and your teammate, Atlas.*

*Or have I reached Atlas instead? Atlas, is that you?*

*Have I reached either of you vigilantes?*

*It's important. You could benefit. Us heroes could really use your help.*

*And we also want to help you. We know you two are still children.*

*But for now, we can stay as business partners. Please get back to me when you can. Thanks.*

Tommy snorted. "He sounds so nervous."

"That's one way to put it. I haven't said anything to him yet."

"I could tell." The blonde chirped, looking at the messages again. "What do you think they could want?"

"No idea." He said. "What do you think we should do?"

"Eh? Me?"

"We're in this together. Also Ranboo. And Quackity too, I guess." Tommy thought to his twenty year old brother. "Yeah, I *did* make that deal with him."

"At least we're getting paid?"

"At least we're getting paid." Tommy conceded. "But back to the matter at hand, we need a secret base, right?"

"Right."

Tommy thought back to the warehouse he and Ranboo trained at.

"I have an idea."

"This place is so obvious."

"Yeah, and that's what makes it perfect, Tubbo."

"Anyone could walk in and see our stuff-"

"Wait, you thought we were setting up things *here*?" Tommy tutted, a grin overtaking his face.

"Oh, Tubbo. Sweet, naive Tubbo. Let me show you the *lower floors*."



"Oh."

"Yup." Tommy nodded. "I've already decked this bad boy out, all you need to do is add your little electronics and such." Stolen weapons lined the walls, from grenades to guns to blades, Tommy had a lot. There was even a giant computer screen that was comparable to a movie theatre's screen with how large it was, spanning the length of nearly the entire wall. "I was planning on giving this to you as a workshop for your birthday, but I suppose it can be an early present."

"Also that reminds me, you said Ranboo was in on this earlier?"

"I'm making him into a vigilante."

"You..." Tubbo laughed. "Is he joining? Are we going to become a trio?"

"Why not? He's a natural in combat, I'm teaching him how to use a bo staff."

"What would his name be...?" The ram hybrid pondered, walking over and examining the weapons.

"His name could be Charon."

"Charon?"

"The ferryman to the underworld. Ranboo can teleport, and he could main as a sort of getaway person. So... Charon. Besides, we're sticking to the Greek themes, right? Charon is Greek. I think."

"You-" Tubbo laughed again. "Of course you'd plan all of that out. Sure, he'll join."

"Pogchamp. Come look at this supply of scrap metal that I got, I have this huge pile that you'd might like-"

"WHERE!?"

"Alright, now that you're done doing..." Tommy trailed off. "Whatever that was, we do need to get back on the Sam situation."

"Of course, of course." Tubbo rasped, voice spent after screeching over all of the scrap parts for half an hour. "Let's get to that." He pulled out his computer. "So, Sammy-boy's reached out, huh?"

"Philza also came to me one day. I ran off before he could really get to what he wanted to talk about, but ever since then some heroes have been trying to stop me to talk to me on my patrols. I keep running away."

"Alright." Tubbo clicked on his laptop for another few minutes. "Okay, I'm back to the chatlog. Let's say hi, yeah?"

"Yeah." Tommy say close to the boy on the floor, lifting up the back of his shirt and ripping through the wing binds with his talons before wrapping the two up in a warm embrace. Tubbo giggled. "Your wings are the softest, seriously."

"Why thank you. Make sure to tell him that it's both of us speaking to him right now."

"Got it." He sent it.

*The trouble trio: Hello there, Awesamdude. You're talking to both of us right now, it's a pleasure to finally meet you. :)*

"Okay, so I don't actually know when he's gonna respond, so tell me when he messages back, I want to tinker with a little something right now." Tubbo got up and promptly left for his work table on the other side of the room, hooves clicking on the floor. The winged boy sighed. "Have fun, Tubzo."

"Tubzo." He giggled. "Can this place play music? Should I hook up a music thing?"

"Uh, soundproof the room before you set up any sound systems. You're gonna have to play music from your phone for now, sorry big man."

"It's fine, that's what I do anyways." Tubbo tapped on his small device for a moment before surprisingly tasteful violin music came out. "Whoops, wrong song."

Two Trucks by Lemon Demon came on. He sighed contentedly. "Much better."

His companion let out shrieky laughter when the lyrics came on. "What the- what is this!?"

"Two trucks having sex." Tubbo sang, completely out of tune, intentionally stuffing as many voice cracks into his singing as possible. "Two trucks having sex. My muscles, my muscles involuntarily flex!"

"T-Tub-"

"Two trucks having sex, two trucks having sex, my muscles, my muscles, involuntarily flex!"

Tommy choked on his own spit, wheezing and laughing. "T-Tubs, please, now isn't the time for karaoke."

"TWO PICKUP TRUCKS! MAKING LOVE! AMERICAN- ew- MADE, BUILT FOR-"

"EW!?" Tommy exclaimed. "While I do agree that Americans are so weird and gross, isn't ew a bit

too much? What of the american readers get offended?"

"The what?"

"Don't even worry about it. I think Sam's responding, actually, come look." The ram hybrid raced over and put himself down next to Tommy, turning off Lemon Demon. "Ohh, what's he saying?"

*Awesamdude: Hello, boys. I've got a few heroes with me right now, they say hi as well. The Blade says he's a big fan of your names.*

"Don't you dare say anything about that, Tubb-"

*The trouble trio: thanks! Atlas actually named us haha- ow, don't hit me! He and blade can geek out later over Greek mythology laterhdvajaabaahj*

*Awesamdude: ?*

*The trouble trio: NO ME AND BLADE ARE NOT TALKING ABOUT GREEK MYTHOLOGY HES SCARY AND ALSO WILL KILL ME IF I GET A SINGLE THING WRONG*

*Awesamdude: Atlas?*

*The trouble trio: sup old man*

*Awesamdude: ... I'll take what I can get. Phil says that I stole his nickname*

*The trouble trio: he's not supposed to find it endearing tell him to eat shit and die*

*Awesamdude: We can all see your messages. "No thanks, mate." -Phil*

*The trouble trio: you can WHAT*

*Awesamdude: Jschlatt fell out of his chair because he laughed too hard.*

*The trouble trio: hi schlatt if ur reading this then I want you to know that ur ugly >:P*

*Awesamdude: "Bold claim from a man who hides his face twenty four seven." -Schlatt.*

*The trouble trio: dear schlatt,*

*PISS OFF YOU OLD CUNT THIS IS WHY PEOPLE DONT LIKE YOU BITCH*

*Sincerely,*

*Atlas.*

*Awesamdude: Aren't you a little too young to be cussing?*

*The trouble trio: Isn't Phil a little too old to be in that room with you right now?*

*Dbsvahsvshsvs*

*The trouble trio: "he paid me fair and square, I'm not letting shit slip about his new person." -Atlas*

*Awesamdude: We aren't asking about him, don't worry. the name "Theseus" came up once. Can you tell us more about him? Who is he?*

*The trouble trio:*

*Awesamdude: Well?*

*The trouble trio: ...let me pass the computer to atlas*

*Awesamdude: Alright.*

*The trouble trio: okay here he is*

*Awesamdude: Atlas?*

*The trouble trio: Don't ask again.*

*Awesamdude: Surely you can give us a little bit of information, no? Not even who he is?*

*The trouble trio: How much information did you hear from Greyson and I's conversation? Whichever hero eavesdropped. Or heroes, I know you aren't above doing it on your own.*

*Awesamdude: Philza heard it. He only heard a brief mention of the name Theseus, the rest was too quiet to hear, apparently.*

*The trouble trio: I see. Theseus is the name of someone who was... around. More then the Greek myth.*

*Awesamdude: Did you know him?*

*The trouble trio: I don't think anyone did. His legacy is pitiful and pathetic, and I'm not saying that just because I hate him.*

*Awesamdude: You hated him? Why?*

*The trouble trio: Everyone hated him. Either because he was stronger, or because he was just that disgusting.*

*Awesamdude: Stronger? Who's everyone?*

*The trouble trio: "Hold your tounge, lest you be relived of it easily." That was a quote I heard once, it seems fitting for this occasion. That's a fancy way of telling you to shut up.*

*Awesamdude: Are you threatening me?*

*The trouble trio: Threatening? I'm WARNING you. If you knew the full story then you'd understand.*

*Awesamdude: I'm trying to figure out the full story, Atlas. You seem to have a connection with this Theseus man, can you tell us a bit more?*

*The trouble trio: I'm debating whether I should give you the full story so then when I eventually give you my identity you won't be horrified, or if I should out you on a wild goose chase so that when you find out everything you're going to be horrified AND angry at me.*

*Awesamdude: You're planning on giving us your identity?*

*The trouble trio: I'm not a vigilante because I want to be, dickcramp.*

*Awesamdude: What's that supposed to mean?*

*The trouble trio: things will make sense eventually. How many people you got in that room again?*

*Awesamdude: Pretty much the entire office.*

*The trouble trio: didn't you say that there were only the heroes?*

*Awesamdude: The interns came in later, the janitor joined as well. For some reason.*

*The trouble trio: oooooo fun. Isn't your janitor a catboy maid or smthn?*

*Awesamdude: "HI ATLAS I AM A CATBOY I LOVE YOUR WORK, I'D INTRODUCE YOU TO THE OTHER CATBOYS BUT ONE IS OUT SICK AND THE OTHER SAID HE WASN'T CAFFINATED ENOUGH FOR THIS AND WENT TO GO GET MORE COFFEE LOVE YOUUUU" -Hbomb*

*The trouble trio: wow that guy has no self respect. HI HBOMB IF YOURE READING THIS THEN KNOW THAT IM BEYOND IMPRESSED AT HOW LITTLE SELF RESPECT YOU HAVE also aren't you dating that Fundy guy?*

*Awesamdude: Oh no. Hbomb wants to speak with you personally. And again, everyone is reading this, our messages are being projected.*

*The trouble trio: fuck yeah cmere hbomb let's talk (even cusses?)*

*Awesamdude: You two can chat later, I think we have more pressing matters to get to. (Yes, even cusses.)*

*The trouble trio: >:(*

*Fine. Just this once (hbomb we will talk one day)*

*Awesamdude: "HELL YEAH WE WILL, YOU'RE MY FAVORITE VIGILANTE!" -Hbomb. Aside from that, may we get back onto the Theseus topic?*

*The trouble trio: damnit I was hoping you'd forgotten*

*Ah well. Beggars can't be choosers.*

*Awesamdude: I don't think that phrase works in this situation.*

*The trouble trio: Need I remind you who has the information? Good. Is Whisper in the room with you?*

*Awesamdude: The hero? Yes.*

*The trouble trio: Fun. Whisper, I do believe you received a very special little list a while ago, no?*

*Awesamdude: "Yes? Why?" -Whisper.*

*The trouble trio: Excellent. Theseus is somewhere on that list. Figure that out and it might just be linked to another one of your pitiable charity cases.*

*Awesamdude: "Which rank?" -Whisper.*

*The trouble trio: I've already said my part. All you need to know is to stay away from the people who manufactured him, and you'll be fine. All of you. Even Manifold (yeah I hate him but I'd hate even more to sentence him to those bastards)*

*Awesamdude: Atlas, we need solutions.*

*The trouble trio: And you'll get them. If you aren't even smart enough to figure this simple thing out then you certainly aren't smart enough to go against The Scientists.*

*Awesamdude: The Scientists? You're leaving us with more questions than answers.*

*The trouble trio: Then answer your questions, damnit! This is a test. I have people watching you, so don't worry. I'll know when you figure it all out.*

*Awesamdude: ?*

*The trouble trio: Heroes, interns, all of your coworkers. They see what I'm saying, correct?*

*Awesamdude: Yes? Why?*

*The trouble trio: Everyone, I have a game for you. Your mission is to find out what happened to Theseus. Find out what happened to him. Find the whole story. It will solve a lot of your questions. I'll give you two hints since I'm so awesome. Hint number one: Theseus is connected to The Egg.*

*Awesamdude: Hint number two?*

*The trouble trio has sent one location.*

*The trouble trio: :)*

*Awesamdude: What is that?*

*The trouble trio: That's where it started. That's where it ended. That's where you'll start to unravel your mystery.*

*Go there. Find the missing pieces of the puzzle. Finish the story. You've already learned too much though, so I do have a request for you- no one is to leave the office unprotected.*

*Awesamdude: ?*

*The trouble trio: The people you're attempting to mess with are dangerous. They will do something far worse than giving you and everyone you love a slow and painful death. They will do much MUCH worse.*

*Awesamdude: You aren't making any sense, Atlas. Are you alright?*

*The trouble trio: No, I'm really not. I know you expected a quick and efficient answer, but honestly? This is so much more than that. You're falling down a rabbit hole, heroes. I can only wonder if you're lucky enough to survive the fall with your sanity still intact.*

*Awesamdude: Atlas, what's going on?*

*The trouble trio: Stay safe. I'm sorry that you all got involved in this mess, and if some of you don't make it out then I want you to know that you're all loved.*

*Awesamdude: Atlas?*

*The trouble trio: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Don't forget who you are. Don't forget who you fight for. Don't forget that you got yourself in this mess.*

*Don't forget that one of your employees is missing.*

*Awesamdude: What?*

*The trouble trio: Tommy isn't in the building, Sam. Where is Tommy?*

*Awesamdude: What does that mean? What did you do?*

*The trouble trio: Tommy isn't at home, Sam. This is the final stretch, this is it. Find Theseus. Find Tommy.*

*Find me.*

*Awesamdude: Atlas, please, you have to explain things.*

*The trouble trio: YOU WANTED THIS. YOU DID THIS. YOU. TAKE. RESPONSIBILITY. THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO ASK TOO MANY FUCKING QUESTIONS. I TRIED TO WARN YOU, BUT NO. YOU WERE SELFISH. YOU WERE STUPID. I'M TRYING TO CARE, BUT HOW CAN I IF YOU PEOPLE KEEP PULLING THIS? I'm done with holding back. The Scientists are planning something big anyways, it's due to happen any day now. Tommy is in danger, I am in danger, Theseus is in danger. You'll be in danger now, no matter if you figure it out anymore.*

*Awesamdude: ATLAS, PLEASE.*

*The trouble trio: Tick-Tock, People.*

*Awesamdude: ATLAS*

*The trouble trio: Your time starts now :)*

Tommy shut the computer. "Tubbo. It's time."

"Oh?" The ram hybrid slowly turned. "I thought we were going to start later?"

"Too late." Tommy hummed. "The stage has been set. Let's do this."

"Well then." Tubbo turned back. The small orb in his hands had a nuclear symbol on it, and the blonde smiled. Well, could he really be called blonde anymore? The boy's hair was white now.

Ah, that stress.

"What are we waiting for?"

He put a familiar USB into the enormous keyboard of the large screen. Their grin was predatory. "Make a portal and get Ranboo."

"Of course, Aries."

Tubbo turned back to the screen as it lit up with all of the street cameras, focusing in on the heroes.



Some were rushing quickly outside, presumably to find Tommy. They'd fail.

But everything had been set up. It had been set up for a while now.

This was the beginning of the end.

(This is a world where butterflies flap their wings to cause a tsunami on the other side of the world, where dominoes still fall and mortals still die and bad things still happen to good people. This world was crazy, this world was batshit fucking insane, and someone who wasn't quite human knew that.

He'd conquer. He'd adapt. He'd persist.

This was what he was born for, after all.

A wild boy with his wild cards.

*The Wildcard.*)

"Let the games begin."

The author blinks. "What the- oh shit."

Um.

This is awkward.

Hi?

"...Hey. So, you're probably wondering if this is the end of the story, huh?"

Yeah?

"Valid. The answer is yes and no. Wildcard is ending. This story." I wave my hands around in an aborting gesture that makes me look a little bit insane. "The storyline isn't done. Fuck, I'm ruining this. Where as my notecards?"

(I... I forgot to make notecards.)

"...Yikes. Ignore that, then. What in trying to say is that THIS STORY IS GETTING A SEQUEL! I'm turnjngbthis bad boy into a series. It's pretty much just going to continue the plotline, don't you worry. I'm just kinda ending this story here to make it dramatic."

That's really lame. Why would anyone do that?

"Fair point. Because I'm kinda weird? I'm a weirdo? This is my story, bitch. Let me do what I want. I wrote this to indulge in my writing daydreams, not yours. I'm the intended audience. I don't write it for other people. If you think that, then you're only a little wrong, because I also feel a sense of heavy obligation to continuously update because people actually read this freakshow of paragraphs slapped together to make a half-comprehensible jumble of words. Notice how I said half."

Half is being generous, let's be honest here.

"Piss off. Lemme write my story in peace." I am sad now. This is so sad. Probably the most pathetic author's note I've written ever, and that's saying something, considering I used to write on *wattpad about undertale*.

(Ah, the game of my childhood, the thing that raised me when my parents didn't want to.)

"Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this, get ready for the sequel. I have no promises that it's gonna come out immediately since I have SO MANY FUCKING STORIES THAT I NEED TO UPDATE MOTHERFUCK but other then that have a great one! I again want to make this clear that the storyline is not ending, and this book will be getting a sequel! So, uh, yeah. That's it. That's the announcement. What are you still doing here?"

...

"Seriously. Scoot."

...

"...You aren't gonna leave, huh? Fine, guess I'll tell you that my birthday's coming up. It's in a month which is pretty far away, but I have hopes. Maybe my parents won't forget it this time, who knows." I am a bitter man. Or, boy I guess, since I'm still a teen.

"Aside from that, I want all of you readers to know that I love you to death and you're all awesome. I know that I said that I write this story for myself, but I definitely wouldn't have kept going if it wasn't for your support, seriously. I tried to show that by making the chapter a bit longer then normal, too. I think I might've just made it weird." Insert little heart emoji here, I guess. "You guys are so fucking pogchamp."

Aww, moment of weakness. This is what I'm assuming having friends feels like :D.

...I'm lonely.

Then again, I write funny little stories about block people on ao3, did you *expect* me to have

friends? Unrealistic, next you're going to think I'm *mentally stable* or something.

Actually, after this abomination of a book, I'm not sure if you can even do *that*.

"Well, that's all I have to say! I love you guys, I know this chapter seems completely surprise and out of nowhere, but then again most of my chapters are! Yes, I am salty about people screaming in my comments about how nothing makes sense anymore, I'm trying my hardest :(. Look out for the sequel, I know I said it might take a while, but my guilty conscious won't let me do that, so expect the new story update in two weeks, maybe three." Hah, not updating this series in three weeks. That's the funniest joke I've ever made.

"See you all later! See you *soon*. As Tubbo said, let the games begin." I attempt to evil laugh but choke on my spit and fall over instead.

Just... I'll see you guys soon. Thanks for reading!

## Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: Are y'all excited for the sequel????? Please say yes even if you aren't I have a very fragile confidence over this story and if someone says no then I'm not sure if I'll be able to keep the tears in okay thanks

I love u guys. Stay fresh my cheese slice homeslice breadslice dawgs, I'll catchya on the flipside

Edit: THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF THE SERIES IS OUUTTT GO READ IT :D

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